FRONTISPIECE.

Vol: I

L.F.D.B. inv. Wedding Sculp.

Interview with the Hermit Bragquibar in the Sounding Island

FRONTISPIECE.

Vol: I.

L.E.D.B. inv. Wooding Sculp.

Interview with the Hermit Bragtibar in the Sounding Island

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THE WORKS OF FRANCIS RABELAIS.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

M. LE DU CHAT, AND OTHERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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TO

Sir JOHN ELLIOT, Baronet,

PHYSICIAN TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

THE Author, whoſe Works I have the Honor to preſent you, has had his Talents praiſed by the moſt eminent Men of almoſt every foreign Nation. The Boaſt of Britain, the immortal BACON, deemed him worthy the Commendation of his Pen; and how diligently the Writings of RABELAIS were ſtudied by a SWIFT and a STERNE, are

 eaſily

eaſily diſcernible. There is, Sir, a peculiar Propriety in inſcribing this NEW EDITION to you, becauſe you underſtand and taſte the unrivalled Author, and becauſe, like him, you poſſeſs the rare Talents of lengthening and of gladdening Life, which though you exert in the Palace of a Prince, your Humanity and Liberality give Joy to the Cottage of the Peaſant. That you may long continue to exert your Skill, and to delight your Friends, is the ardent Wiſh of him who reflects with Pleaſure he is honored with your Friendſhip.

T. EVANS.

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THE

Mr. *OZELL's*

ADVERTISEMENT

CONCERNING

The present EDITION of *RABELAIS* in *English.*

IF, for near two hundred Years past, Rabelais *has been read with Pleasure by all sorts of People, more especially by the wisest Men (and, indeed, in my private Opinion,* Rabelais *is fit for none but wise Men to read) How much is the present Generation of* Frenchmen, *and others that understand* French, *obliged to the late Editor of this most learned and ingenious Satire (M.* du Chat), *who, I am informed, bestowed forty Years in compiling Notes on it, and who expired his last Breath about three Years ago at* Berlin. *By means of this Gentleman's Historical, Critical, and Explanatory Remarks, and, in some Measure too, by consulting* Cotgrave's *Dictionary, and the old* Dutch *Scholiast on* Rabelais, *and other Authors on this Occasion, besides not a few Observations of my own, I don't exceed the Truth in saying, I have supplied, filled up, corrected, and amended the late ingenious Sir* T. Urquart *and Mr.* Motteux's *Translation in above Eight hundred very material Particulars in the* Text, *of which the Reader will see below a few Examples. As for the* Notes *at the Bottom of the Pages, none of which were ever before printed in* English, *they cannot but be very*

entertaining as well as inſtructive to ſuch of our own Nation as have not read them in the Original, eſpecially ſince I have tranſlated ſuch of the Quotations in the ancient and modern Languages as might have put ſome Readers to a Stand in their peruſing the ſame.

A Carper, they ſay, can cavil at any Thing, but I can truly affirm, that though I have ſeen *abundance of Faults in that Tranſlation (as Spots are ſoon ſeen upon Ermin) yet I* ſought *for no Faults therein; neither have I carped at any Thing that was not Carp-worthy, if I may uſe ſuch a Word, nor altered any Thing for Alteration-ſake.*

In ſome Places, I have left unamended the Errors of their Tranſlation, and only noted, either between two Crotchets, thus [ ] *or elſe at the Bottom of the Pages, how it ought to be, that the Reader might by them gueſs at the Nature of the other numberleſs Errors which I have altered, without pointing them out to him by ſuch Marks, or, indeed, by any Strictures at all. To make myſelf the better underſtood, once for all; if the Reader will turn to* Book IV. Chap. 37, *now in his Hands, he will find the Words* Left *and* Right, *which were in both Editions of the old Tranſlation* Right *and* Left, *in a very material Point relating to* Pythagoras. *In that ſame* Chapter, Philip *ſhould by all Means have been* Philippus, *becauſe the whole Streſs of the Author's Argument turns upon the Name of* Philip's *being a Word of three Syllables, which it is not in* Engliſh, *though in* French *it is, viz.* Philippe.

Again, the Reader will find, that in many Places where the French *uſe the ſame Word for two Things, the Tranſlators before mentioned have frequently pitched upon the wrong one: Thus for Inſtance, becauſe* Coq *ſignifies both a* Cook *and a* Cock, *they, without turning to the Original, viz.* Plautus's Aulularia, *make* Rabelais *ſay,* Euclio threſh'd his Cook's Jacket *for digging up and diſcovering the Pot of Gold he had hid in his Garden; whereas it was his* Cock (Gallus Gallinaceus) *had ſcratched it up, for which the Creature ſuffered* Decollation. *Thus, in another Place,* Levrier *is tranſlated* Hare, [*the Hare lolled out its Tongue*] *inſtead of the* Greyhound: (Lievre *and* Levrier [*Hare and Hound*] *looking in* French *much alike.*)

In

In another Place they tranſlate un Etique *a* Heretick, *inſtead of one in a* Hectic *Fever.*

That the Reader may the better judge how neceſſary a Thing it is for a Tranſlator to attend well to what he is about, eſpecially where there is any the leaſt Similitude of Words in the Spelling or Sounding, I ſhall refer him to ch. 14, l. 3, *where Sir* T. U. *makes* Rabelais *talk of the* Jewiſh *Interpreters of the Old Teſtament treating of the Verity of* Evangelical *Apparitions, inſtead of* Angelical *Apparitions. There could be no* Evangelical *Apparitions before the Goſpel.* Angelical *ones, no doubt there were. I ſhould never know how to make an End of my Animadverſions of this Kind, were I to ſpecify them all. I have indeed made a regular Collection of them, (which I may print hereafter if there be Occaſion) but ſhall here only glance at a few; and that, without marſhalling them in any regular Order. Many Things there are, which, though not Nonſenſe, yet are not the Author's Senſe; ſuch as, in in* Prol. *to* Book III. *Never did old* Age *make pretty Moppet; it ſhould be, Never did old* Ape *make pretty Moppet.*

As no Book ever needed Notes more than Rabelais, *ſo no Body was ever better qualified than M.* du Chat *for an Annotator, or better acquitted himſelf as ſuch. We are infinitely obliged to him, not only for explaining the Hiſtorical Alluſions in Hundreds of Places, but likewiſe for unfolding the very Phraſeology of the Author. Let one Inſtance ſerve for all. At the End of* Ch. 2. Book III, *as Sir* T. U. *tranſlates them, we have theſe Words.* "*That he might* "*the better ſay* Conſummatum eſt, *juſt as ſince his Time* "*St.* Thomas Aquinas *did, when he had eaten up the* "*whole Lamprey,* Although there was no Neceſſity in "it." *Now, here the Reader's Pleaſure till now muſt be in a great Degree leſſened, for Want of knowing this Story of the Saint and the Lamprey. M.* du Chat *lets us very agreeably into the Secret of that merry Story. As for thoſe concluding Words,* although there was no Neceſſity in it, *this indeed is unintelligible, for Want of being rightly tranſlated. It is in the Original* Cela non force, *which, M.* du Chat *tells us, is an Expreſſion peculiar to* Normandy, Gaſcony, *and not uncommon even in* Piedmont. *We may*

turn it into Engliſh *thus*; But that's neither here nor there——That will break no Squares. *Thus* Montagne, Laiſſez lui allonger une courte ſyllabe, s'il veut, pour cela non force. *Lib.* 5. *c.* 36. *The Lord ſhall reward you in his great* Rewarder [*where's the Senſe of that Word?*] *It ſhould be in his great* Rewarding-place *(Heaven)* en ſon grand Rendouer. *Same Page,* The Goblins devoured one of *Demetrius*'s Halberdiers for Want of Bridles: *It ſhould be for Want of* Bread *(or Luncheons of Bread) in* French, par faute de Bribes, *which M.* M—x *took for* brides. *So in another Place,* Une Chronique *is tranſlated a* Chronicle *(Hiſtory) inſtead of a* Chronical, *i. e. habitual lingering Illneſs.*

The proper Names of Perſons and Places are almoſt always miſpelt, and ſometimes, by putting a Comma between, one Man is made two, as Heraclides, Ponticus; Friſtathius *is put for* Euſtathius, Huchius *for* Huetius, Drouet *for* Herouet. *Moſt of the Towns are miſnamed,* Brignoles *is called* Croquignoles. *The City of* Rouen *is almoſt always ſpelt* Roan, *whereas they are as different Places, as* London *and* Loudon. *Thus M.* M—x *ſays* Bochart *was born at* Roan; *it was* Rouen *that Great Man was born at, and ſo was M.* M—x *himſelf.* Rouen *and* Roan *are at different Ends of the Kingdom. Thus* Doué, *in* France, *is in two or three Places put down for* Douay *in* Flanders: and the Word Plagues *for* Plays, *as* les jeux de Doué, the Plays of Doué, *are tranſlated the* Plagues of Doué. *The Plagues of* Egypt *every Body has heard of; but of* Doué, *no Body till now.*

M. Motteux *ſays, there are Thouſands of Printer's Miſtakes, even in the beſt Editions of* Rabelais *he had yet ſeen. The ſame I ſay of his Edition; the typographical Errors are as numerous as they are unaccountable.* Paylonер *for* Poiſoners; *Wine of one* Oar, *for Wine of one* Ear; Beacon *for* Bacon; Furrow'd *for* Farrow'd; Stopt *for* Stoop'd; Face *for* Voice; Entruſted *for* Entreated; Eyes *for* Ears; Banquet *of Pardons, for Popiſh* Bank *of Pardons,* Pavement *of the* Sorbonne, *for* Lattices *and* Grates *thereof*; Inviſible *for* Viſible; Mov'd *for* Mow'd; Streak *for* Break; Accounted *for* Accouter'd; *Will* be *the Devil, for will* beat *the Devil*; Reflection *for* Refection; Unbottom'd *for* Unbutton'd; Artiſts *for Maſters*

of

of Arts; Over *for* Under, *and* vice versâ; Cornua *for* Corda; Alteration; *for* Altercation; Without *his Fingers for* with *his Fingers*, &c. &c. &c.

In many Places I'm at a Loſs to know whether the Tranſlator or Printer was in Fault: Thus in Book II. *ch.* 5. Rabelais *ſpeaking of* Juſtinian's *Inſtitutes, ſays it is*, Robbe d'Or brodée de Merde, Cloth of Gold edg'd with T. d. *i. e. an excellent Text ill expounded. Sir* T. U. *ſays* edg'd with Fur, inſtead of T, u, r, d.

Moſt of the Latin *and* Greek *Words, and all the* High *and* Low Dutch, Biſcayan, Daniſh, Swediſh, *and* Spaniſh, *are wrong ſpelt, except here and there one. Even in Mr.* M—x's *excellent Preface there's a World of Things unintelligible through wrong ſpelling. Who would readily underſtand the Country of* Cumana *to mean* Cubana, *as it certainly muſt, becauſe he ſpeaks of* America? *Who would not take the* Contours *of* Provence *to mean the Outlines of* Provence, *whereas it ſhould certainly be the* Conteurs, *the Romancers.* Convinced *for* Convicted; Belabours *himſelf for* Beſtirs *himſelf*; Wreath'd *for* Writh'd, &c. &c. *ſhews they were not abſolute Maſters of the* Engliſh; *and indeed the one was a* Scot *and the other a* Frenchman.

Mr. M—x *has no where taken due Care to ſpell his* Italian *right. Thus in lib.* 4. *ch.* 24. Paſſato el pericolo, gabato el Santo: *It ſhould have been* il *in both Places, not* el, *unleſs it had been* Spaniſh. *Beſides, he does not rightly quote our* Engliſh *Proverb, which he gives as an Equivalent to that* Italian *one*; *for thus he ſays,*

The Devil was ſick, the Devil a Monk wou'd be.
The Devil was well, and the Devil a Monk he'd be.

The laſt Line ſhould be,

The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he.

It does not appear to me, that either Sir T. U. *or Mr.* M—x *were ſufficiently vers'd in the* Greek. *How oddly does this look in the Eye of a* Grecian, the Advice-boat was called *Chelidonia*, becauſe on the Stern was painted a *Lark*; *inſtead of a* Swallow? *Again, to ſee* Paralipomenon *tranſlated* Deuteronomy: *Not to mention* Ouga-

nos *for* Ouranos, *and the like, almoſt every where, and* Enneades *(Number Nine, in Greek,) put for the* Æneids *of* Virgil. *I need not trouble the Reader with ſpecifying the Pages, he will find every Thing to be as I ſay, and worſe too, when he compares the Books. I don't know what was meant by it, but there are ſtrange Perverſions of Scripture; thus, the Tranſlators make* Rabelais *ſay in one Place, the* Iſraelites *in paſſing through the Wilderneſs, were in* Hopes *of being ſtarv'd;* Rabelais *ſays no ſuch Thing. In another, they have it,* the Tree of Life, *inſtead of* the Tree of Knowledge (Arbre de tout Savoir.)

Some of the Chapters by being wrong plac'd, having hitherto bred great Confuſion, M. Du Chat *has ſet them to rights, and I from him, as the Reader will ſee when he comes to them.*

Many Things in Mr. Motteux's *Notes, which are printed at the Beginning of each Book, will now be found to be wrong, eſpecially thoſe which he borrowed from the* Dutch *Scholiaſt, who oftentimes commits ſtrange Faults.*

As for myſelf, what made this Work hang the longer on my Hands was, not the numberleſs Quotations it abounds with from the ancient and modern Languages, but its being written in a Language which, I may not only ſay, is now no more ſpoken, but never will again, I mean the old French; *and we have no Dictionary but* Cotgrave *that can Help us to underſtand* Rabelais's *Language.* Boyer, *nor* Meige *take no Notice of any of* Rabelais's *odd Words and Phraſes. By the Way I ſomewhere have ſaid* Boyer *has not the Name* Catin *in his Dictionary: I have ſince found it there, thrown in at the End.*

In ſhort, I have had many a tangled Skain to wind off, but never one like this. Sometimes whole Sentences have been left out; ſometimes only Half Sentences: Beſides, almoſt all the Greek *and* Latin *Appellatives ſo miſerably miſ-ſpelt, as well as the proper Names of Men and Places, as hardly to be underſtood. Theſe I have rectify'd, and alſo have reviſed all the Proofs of this Edition myſelf with great Care; and yet ſome Errors, but very few I am confident, will be found, ſuch as* ſequitur *for* ſequetur, conſpicium *for* conſpicuum, brutus *for* brutis, hominum *for* hominem, Proxmetas *for* Proxinetas, Franco *for* France, Janchez *for* Janotus, Francis *for* Frances. *Theſe, with*

ſome with others, eſpecially in Vol. 3 *and* 4. *have been the Printer's Faults. There are a great many more of my own, no doubt, for I don't pretend to have made the whole Work faultleſs: There's nothing in the whole Work which can* diſpleaſe, *if taken by the right Handle: For every Thing hath two Handles, or at leaſt we have two Hands, to apprehend it, as that witty and learned divine Biſhop* Taylor *ſays. And now I am mentioning that great and equally good Man, I can't but take Notice, that ſome Paſſages in his Works* (under the Roſe, *be it ſpoken) ſuggeſt Ideas, not to ſay corrupt, but as luſciouſly impreſſive, or rather of more dangerous Tendency for being wrapp'd up in fine Language, than any of* Rabelais's *broad home-ſpun Expreſſions. In ſhort, this Work of* Rabelais's *is, as it were, a Comedy, wherein every Actor is made to talk according to his Character, and it were a Fault if it were otherwiſe.*

J. O.

THE LIFE OF Dr. *FRANCIS RABELAIS.*

HAD Dr. *Rabelais*, like *Cardan*, *Scaliger*, *Thuanus*, and other learned Men, given us the Hiſtory of his Life; employed, as it was, wholly in Mirth, and penn'd by ſo uncommon a Hand, it muſt needs have pleaſed not only more than the moſt diverting Works of others, but even more than his own unparallell'd Chronicle.

But by a cruel Fatality, moſt of thoſe, whoſe Works, perpetuate the Lives of others, neglect to eternize their own by ſuch a Method; and, inſtead of painting themſelves and their moſt memorable Actions, only ſtrive to be known by the Pictures of Strangers which they have drawn: Some of them, perhaps, flatter themſelves with the Examples of a ſmall Number of happy Men the Picture of whoſe Lives and Perſons have been conſecrated to Poſterity by Pencils equal to thoſe with which they had redeemed others from Oblivion; but, as few prove kinder to us than ourſelves, thoſe who expect to be excepted out of that Rule, after their Deaths may be aſſured, That if by Chance, ſome of their able Survivors beſtown one ſhort Minute to give, *en paſſant*, an imperfect Idea of their Reſemblance, Ten ill Hands rudely attempting to do the ſame, while they

they faintly hit one Lineament, will miſcarry on the reſt, and thus ignorantly or maliciouſly ridicule what they pretend to repreſent.

'Tis true, the ancient Philoſophers have had their *Laertius*; and the Heroes, their Contemporaries, their *Plutarch*: But now that Hiſtory ſeems almoſt loſt in diſorderly Memoirs, its primitive Chaos, great Warriors are as unlikely to find good Hiſtorians as famous Authors.

Thus *Rabelais*, that greater *Lucian* of *France*, has been even worſe uſed than that of *Greece*; for though we know the Old only by his Writings, yet few fabulous Stories wrong his Memory, while that of *Rabelais* is ſo much abuſed by unkind Fame, that, to know him, it were perhaps better only to ſeek this modern *Lucian*, as we do the Old, in the Pictures which he has drawn of others, than in thoſe which his careleſs or malicious Painters have given us of him.

However, you have here the beſt Account I could get of him: Neither was it without much Difficulty, that, out of the Ruins of Time, in a Kingdom where 'tis not eaſy to find many Books and Perſons that can inform us of this Author, I could get together what follows; principally if we conſider how little is to be found in the late *French* Editions of his Works.

FRANCIS RABELAIS was born about the Year 1483, at *Chinon*, a very ancient little Town ſituate near the Place where the River *Vienne* loſes itſelf into the *Loire*, in the Province of *Touraine*, in *France*. His Father *Thomas Rabelais* was an Apothecary of that Town, and poſſeſſed an Eſtate called (1) *La Devinière*; near which Place, having firſt ſent his Son *Francis* to be educated by the Monks of the Abbey of *Seville*, and finding that he did not improve, he removed him to the Univerſity of *Angers*, where he ſtudied ſometime at a Convent called *la Baumette*, but without any conſiderable Succeſs. There he became acquainted with *Meſſieurs du Bellay*, one of whom was afterwards Cardinal: And 'tis ſaid, that *Rabelais*, having committed ſome Miſdemeanor, was there very ſeverely uſed.

(1) Particular. de la Vie & Mœurs de Rabelais, imprim. devant ſes Oeuvres.

A Famous Author writes, (2) That he was bred up in a Convent of Franciſcan Friars in the lower Poictou, and was received into their Order. Which Convent can be no other than that of *Fontenay le Comte*, (3) in the ſaid Province, where he proved a great Proficient in Learning; inſomuch, that of the Friars, ſome envied him, ſome, through Ignorance, thought him a Conjurer; and in ſhort, all hated and miſuſed him becauſe he ſtudied *Greek*; the Beauties of which Tongue they could not reliſh; its Novelty making them eſteem it not only barbarous, but antichriſtian. This we partly obſerve by a Letter which (4) *Budæus*, the moſt learned Man of his Age in that Tongue, writ to a Friend of *Rabelais*, wherein he highly praiſes him, particularly for his excellent Knowledge in that Tongue, and exclaims againſt the Stupidity and Ingratitude of thoſe Friars.

Such a Misfortune befel *Eraſmus*; as alſo the learned *Rabanus Maurus Magnentius*, Abbot of *Fulda* and Archbiſhop of *Mentz*: (5) For, having while he reſided with them in his Abbey compoſed ſome excellent Poems in Verſe, they only ſerved to expoſe him to the Hatred of his Monks, who accuſed him of applying himſelf too much to ſpiritual Things, and too little to the Encreaſe of the temporal; to the Loſs, as they thought, of the Monaſtery; ſo that, about the Year 842, he was forced to fly to *Lewis* King of *Germany*, his Protector; where his Monks, who had ſoon found their Error and their Loſs in the Abſence of ſo excellent an Abbot, came to beg his Pardon, and prayed him to reſume the Adminiſtration of the Abbey, which, however, he reſolutely declined.

Thus *Rabelais*, hating the Ignorance and Baſeneſs of the *Cordeliers*, was deſirous enough to leave them, being but too much prompted to it by ſeveral Perſons of eminent Quality, who were extremely delighted with his Learning and facetious Converſation.

(2) Scævol. Samarthanus, lib. 1. Elog. Clar. Vir.
(3) Threſor. Chronolog. de St. Romuald, 3d Part.
(4) Budæus Græc. Epiſt.
(5) Rabanus, Brower in Fuld. Hiſt.

A Monk

A *Monk* relates, (6) That he was put *in Pace*, that is, between four Walls with Bread and Water, in the ſaid Convent, for ſome unlucky Action; and was redeemed out of it by the learned *Andrew Tiraqueau*, then Lieutenant-General (that is, Chief Judge) of the Baylywick of *Fontenay le Comte*; and by Tradition 'tis ſaid in that Town, that on a Day when the Country People uſed to reſort to the Convent's Church to addreſs their Prayers, and pay their Offerings to the Image of St. *Francis*, which ſtood in a Place ſomewhat dark near the Porch; *Rabelais*, to ridicule their Superſtition, privately removed the Saint's Image, and placed himſelf in it's room, having firſt diſguiſed himſelf. But at laſt, too much pleaſed with the awkward Worſhip which was paid him, he could not forbear laughing, and made ſome Motion; which being obſerved by his gaping, ſtaring Worſhippers, they cried out, *Miracle! My good Lord St.* Francis *moves!* Upon which an old crafty Knave of a *Friar*, who knew Stone and the Virtue of St. *Francis* too well, to expect this ſhould be true, drawing near, ſcared our Sham-Saint out of his Hole: And having cauſed him to be ſeized, the Reſt of the Fraternity, with their knotty Cords on his bare Back, ſoon made him know, he was not made of Stone, and wiſh he had been as hard as the Image, or ſenſeleſs, as was the Saint; nay, turned into the very Image of which he lately was the Repreſentation.

At laſt, by the Interceſſion of Friends, of which *Jeoffrey d'Eſtiſſac* Biſhop of *Maillezais* (7) is ſaid to have been one; he obtained Pope *Clement* VII.'s Permiſſion to leave the beggarly Fellowſhip of St. *Francis*, for the wealthy and more eaſy Order of St. *Bennet*, and was entertained in that Biſhop's Chapter, that is, the *Abbey* of *Maillezais*. But his mercurial Temper prevailing after he had lived ſome Time there, he alſo left it, and laying down the regular Habit, to take that which is worn by ſecular Prieſts, he rambled up and down a while, till at laſt he fixed at *Montpellier*, took all his Degrees as a Phyſician in that Univerſity,

(6) P. de St. Romuald. Feuillant.

(7) The Biſhop's See is now removed to *Rochelle*.

and

and practiſed Phyſick with Reputation. And by his Epiſtle (8) before the Tranſlation of the Aphoriſms of *Hippocrates*, and ſome Works of *Galen*, which he publiſhed and dedicated to the Biſhop of *Maillezais* in 1532, he tells him that he publickly read Phyſick in that Univerſity to a numerous Auditory.

'Tis vulgarly ſaid, that *Rabelais* having publiſhed ſome Phyſical Tract, which did not ſell, upon the diſappointed Bookſeller's Complaint to him, told him, that ſince the World did not know how to value a good Book, they would undoubtedly like a bad one, and that accordingly he would write Something that would make him large amends; upon which he compoſed his *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, by which the Bookſeller got an Eſtate. But either this is an Error, or *Rabelais* muſt have been more impoſed on than our Sir *Walter Raleigh* was by his ſelfiſh Stationer, ſince the above-mentioned Tranſlation, which was printed by the famous *Gryphius* of *Lyons* at firſt in 1532, was reprinted many Times ſince, particularly in 1543, of which Date, I have an Edition of it; which was undoubtedly before *Rabelais* began to write his *Gargantua*, and none ever mentioned any other Tract of Phyſic by him; and alſo when he ſpeaks of his (9) Annotations on the Aphoriſms of *Hippocrates*, he ſays, that *Gryphius* importuned him very much, to conſent, that they might be printed.

We do not know how he came to leave *Montpellier*, though probably he was ſent by its Univerſity to ſolicit for them at Court, and then was invited to ſtay at *Paris*, of which *John du Bellay*, his Friend, afterwards Cardinal, was not only Biſhop, but Governor; at leaſt, 'tis certain he attended him in his Embaſſy to Pope *Paul* III.

(8) Quum anno Superiore Monſpeſſuli Aphoriſmos Hippocratis, & deinceps Galeni Artem Medicam frequenti auditorio publicè enarrarem, Antiſtes clariſſime, annotaveram loca aliquot in quibus interpretes mihi non admodum ſatisfaciebant. Collatis enim eorum traductionibus cum exemplari græcanico quod, præterea quæ vulgò circumferuntur, habebam vetuſtiſſimum, literiſque Ionicis elegantiſſimè caſtigatiſſimè que exaratum, comperi illos quàm plurima omiſiſſe, quædam exotica & notha adjeciſſe, quædam minus expreſſiſſe, pauca invertiſſe verius quam vertiſſe, &c. *F. Rabelæſus* in *Hippocr.* Aphor.

(9) Contendit à me multis Verbis ut eos finerem in communem ſtudioſorum utilitatem exire.

though

though I believe that the chief Occasion of his going to *Rome*, was to put a Stop to the Ecclesiastical Censures fulminated against him, for leaving his Convent; and 'tis thought the Bishop of *Maillezais* abetted that desertion, and encouraged him in his Studies at *Montpellier*, which perhaps made *Rabelais* afterwards dedicate to him, and own then, that he owed all Things to him. (10.)

'Tis likely our Doctor had then a Prospect of the Benefices, with which he soon afterwards was gratified by that Cardinal; and for that Reason was glad to be eased of the Censures, under which he lay, which made him incapable of enjoying any Thing. The Bishop of *Montpellier* himself was a Protestant, and might have kept always his Bishoprick, had he written as Mystically as *Rabelais*. The Cardinal *Castillon* also was not only a Protestant, but married as well as *John de Montluc*, Bishop of *Valence*; yet as well as many others in those Times, who were against the Errors of the Church of *Rome* in their Hearts, they had Benefices in it, and favoured the Reformation perhaps more than those who openly professed it. So *Rabelais* seems to me to have passed into *Italy* only in the Quality of a penitent *Monk*, being first obliged to submit to his Abbot and the Orders of the Convent which he had left many Years, else had he been then Physician to Cardinal *Du Bellay*, (11) then Ambassador to the Pope, he would not have recommended himself to the Alms of his Superior, the Bishop of *Maillezais*, as he does in his Letters to that Prelate, to whom he writes, that the last Money, which he had remitted to him, was almost gone; *though*, says he, (12) *I have put none of it to an ill Use*. Neither would he have added that he

(10) Hic non dicam quâ ratione adductus sim id, quicquid est laboris, tibi ut dicarem. Tibi enim jure debetur quicquid efficere Opera mea potest; qui me sic tuâ benignitate usque fovisti ut quocunque Oculos circumferam ȣ'δὲν ἢ ȣ'ρανὸς ἢ δὲ θάλασσα munificentiæ tuæ sensibus meis obversetur.

(11) Epist. de Rabel. Pag. 5. p. 49.

(12) Et si n'en ay rien despendu en Meschanceté. Epist. de Rabel. pag. 49.

used

uſed conſtantly to eat either with Cardinal *du Bellay*, or the Biſhop of *Maſcon*, who had ſucceeded him in the Embaſſy (doubtleſs upon the other's Promotion to the Rank of Cardinal) but that much Money was ſpent in Diſpatches, Cloaths, and Chamber-rent; which ſhews alſo, that though he as a Friend did eat with one of thoſe two, yet he paid for his Lodging elſewhere. By theſe Letters which *Meſſieurs de Sainte Marthe*, Gentlemen famous for Learning, have not diſdained to publiſh with their learned and curious Obſervations of ten Times their Length. We ſee that *Rabelais* held alſo a private Correſpondence in Characters with the Biſhop of *Maillezais*, to whom they are directed, and that the Biſhop was far from being bigotted to Popery. We alſo know by them, that *Rabelais* obtained his Abſolution of Pope *Paul* III. the 17th of *January* 1536, whereby he had Leave given him to return to *Maillezais*, and to practiſe Phyſic, either at *Rome*, or elſewhere; that is, without any Gain, and only by Charity. We alſo find that he had gained the Eſteem of Cardinal *de Genutiis* accounted the Ornament of the College, and Cardinal *Simonetta*, eminent for Virtue, and other worthy Prelates, beſides Cardinal *du Bellay* and the Biſhop of *Maſcon*, who procured him his *Bulls gratis*, and had even offered him to make Uſe of their King's Name, had it been needful. (13)

'Tis reported, that Biſhop *du Bellay*, as King *Francis* I.'s Ambaſſador, when he had Audience of *Paul* III. having kiſſed that *Pope*'s Slipper, which Ceremony is by ſome called, *Adoration*; all the reſt of his Retinue did the ſame; if we except *Rabelais*, who fixed as the Pillar, againſt which he leaned, ſaid, that if the Ambaſſador, who was a very great Lord in *France*, was unworthy to kiſs the *Pope*'s Foot, they might ev'n let down his Holineſs's Breeches, and waſh his A—— and then he might preſume to kiſs ſomething about him.

Another Time, that Cardinal having brought him, with the Reſt of his Retinue to that *Pope*, that they might beg ſome Favour of his Holineſs, *Rabelais*, being bid to

(13) Sadoletus Ital. Sacr. T. 4.

make

make his Demand, only begged, that his Holineſs would be pleaſed to excommunicate him.

So ſtrange a Requeſt having cauſed much Surpriſe; he was ordered to ſay why he made it. (14) Then addreſſing himſelf to that *Pope*, who was doubtleſs a great Man, and had nothing of the Moroſeneſs of many others: *May it pleaſe your Holineſs*, ſaid he, *I am a* Frenchman *of a little Town, called,* Chinon *whoſe Inhabitants are thought ſomewhat too ſubject to be thrown into a Sort of unpleaſant Bon-Fires; and indeed, a good Number of honeſt Men, and amongſt the reſt ſome of my Relations, have been fairly burned there already: Now would your Holineſs but excommunicate me, I would be ſure never to burn. My Reaſon is, that, paſſing through the* Tarenteſe, *where the Cold was very great in the Way to this City, with my Lord Cardinal* du Bellay, *having reached a little Huit, where an old Woman lived, we prayed her to make a Fire to warm us, but ſhe burned all the Straw of her Bed to kindle a Faggot, yet could not make it burn; ſo that at laſt, after many Imprecations, ſhe cried, without Doubt, this Faggot was excommunicated by the* Pope's *own Mouth, ſince it will not burn: In ſhort, we were obliged to go on without warming ourſelves. Now if it pleaſed your Holineſs, but to excommunicate me thus, I might go ſafely to my Country.* By this he not only, in a jeſting Manner, expoſed the *Roman* Clergy's perſecuting Temper, but ſeemed to allude to the Inefficacy of the former *Pope*'s Excommunications in *England*, and chiefly in *Germany*; where they only ſerved to warn our *Henry* VIII. and on the other Side, the *Lutherans*, to ſecure themſelves againſt the Attempts of their Enemies.

He, that would not ſpare the *Pope*, to his Face, (15) was doubtleſs not leſs liberal of his biting Jokes to others: Inſomuch that he was obliged to leave *Rome* without much Preparation; not thinking himſelf ſafe among the *Italians*, who of all Men, love and forgive Raillery the leaſt, when they are the ſubject of it.

(14) 'Tis the ſame of whom *Alſtedius* and others write, it was ſaid in 1540, *Paulo* III. Optimo Maximo in Terris Deo.

(25) Particul. de la Vie de *Rabelais*, imprim. devant ſes Oeuvres.

So

So being come as far as *Lyons* in his Way to *Paris*, very indifferently accoutred, and no Money to proceed, whether he had been robbed, or had ſpent all his Stock; he, who had a peculiar Love for Eaſe and good Eating, and no leſs Zeal for good Drinking, found himſelf in diſmal Circumſtances. So he had Recourſe to a Stratagem which might have been of dangerous Conſequence to one leſs known than *Rabelais*.

Being lodg'd at the *Tower* and *Angel*, a famous Inn in that City, he took ſome of the Aſhes in the Chimney, and having wrapped them up in ſeveral little Papers, on one of them he writ *Poiſon to kill the King*; in another, *Poiſon to kill the Queen*; in a third, *Poiſon to kill the Duke of* Orleans; and having on the Change met a young Merchant, told him, that being ſkilled in Phiſiognomy, he plainly ſaw that he had a great Deſire to get an Eſtate eaſily; therefore, if he would come to his Inn, he would put him in a Way to gain a hundred thouſand Crowns. The greedy Merchant was very ready. So when he had treated our Doctor, he came to the main Point, that is, how to get the hundred thouſand Crowns: Then *Rabelais*, after t'other, Bottle or two, pretending a great Deal of Caution, at laſt ſhewed him the Papers of Powder, and propoſed to him, to make uſe of them according to their Superſcriptions, which the other promiſed, and they appointed to meet the next Day, to take Meaſures about it; but the too credulous, though honeſt Trader, immediately ran to a Judge, who, having heard the Information, preſently ſent to ſecure *Rabelais*, the *Dauphin* having been poiſoned ſome time before; ſo the Doctor with his Powder was ſeized, and being examined by the Judge, gave no anſwer to the Accuſation, ſave that he told the young Merchant, that he had never thought him fit to keep a Secret, and only deſired them to ſecure what was in the Papers, and ſend him to the King, for he had ſtrange Things to ſay to him.

Accordingly, he is carefully ſent to *Paris*, and handſomly treated by the Way on free Coſt, as are all the King's Priſoners, and, being come to *Paris*, was immediately brought before the King, who, knowing him, aſked him what he had done to be brought in that Condition, and where he had left the Cardinal *du Bellay*. Upon this

the Judge made his Report, ſhewed the Bills with the Powder, and the Informations which he had drawn. *Rabelais* on his Side told his Caſe, took ſome of all the Powders before the King; which, being found to be only harmleſs Wood Aſhes, pleaded for *Rabelais* ſo effectually, that the Buſineſs ended in Mirth, and the poor Judge was only laughed at for his Pains.

Though this Story be printed before many Editions of *Rabelais*, ſomewhat otherwiſe than I here give it, I would not any more be anſwerable for its Truth, than for that of many more which Tradition aſcribes to him. When a Man has once been very famous for Jeſts and merry Adventures, he is made to adopt all the Jeſts that want a Father, and many Times ſuch as are unworthy of him. For this Reaſon I will omit many Stories which ſome indeed relate of *Rabelais*, but which few can aſſure or believe to be true. Yet ſince the witty Sayings, merry Triflings and the Accounts of the indifferent Actions of great Men, have found not only their Hiſtorians but their Readers, from *Tully*'s Puns, to the falſe Witticiſms, inſipid Drolling, and empty inſignificant Remarks, that make up the greateſt Part of the *Scaligeriana*, and ſome others of thoſe unequal Collections of Weeds and Flowers, whoſe Titles End in *ana*; we may with greater Reaſon relate the Jeſts of *Rabelais*, whoſe Life as well as his Writings have been thought a continual Jeſt; and this would not ſeem to be the Life of *Rabelais*, did not ſome comical Stories make a Part of it.

Neither were his Jeſts ſometimes leſs productive of Good, than the deep Earneſt of others. (16) Of which the Univerſity of *Montpellier* furniſhes us with an Inſtance: None being admitted to the Degree of Doctor of Phyſic there, who has not firſt put on the Gown and Cap of Dr. *Rabelais*, which are preſerved in the Caſtle of *Morac* in that City. (17) The Cauſe of this uncommon Veneration for the Memory of that learned Man, is ſaid to be this:

Some Scholars having occaſioned an extraordinary Diſorder in that City, (18) *Anthony du Prat*, Cardinal,

(16) Grand Diction. Hiſtoriq.
(17) Voyage de l'Europe, T. 1.
(18) Partic. de la Vie. de *Rabelais*.

Archbiſhop

Archbiſhop of *Sens*, then Lord Chancellor of *France*, upon Complaint made of it, cauſed the Univerſity to be deprived of Part of its Privileges. Upon this, none was thought fitter to be ſent to *Paris* to ſollicit their Reſtitution than our Doctor, who, by his Wit, Learning and Eloquence, as alſo by the Friends which they had purchaſed him at Court, ſeemed capable to obtain any Thing. When he came to *Paris* about it, the Difficulty lay in gaining Audience of the Chancellor, who was ſo inconſed, that he refuſed to hear any Thing in Behalf of the Univerſity of *Montpellier*. So *Rabelais*, having vainly tried to be admitted, at laſt put on his Red Gown and Doctor's Cap (ſome ſay, a Green Gown and a long Grey Beard) and thus accoutred, came to the Chancellor's Palace, on St. *Auſtin's* Key; but the Porter and ſome other Servants miſtook him for a Mad-man: So *Rabelais* having, in a peremptory Tone, being aſked there, who he was, let his impertinent Queriſt know, that he was the Gentleman who uſually had the Honour to flea Bull-Calves; and that, if he had a Mind to be firſt ſtead, he had beſt make haſte and ſtrip immediately. Then being aſked ſome other Queſtions, he anſwered in *Latin*, which the other underſtanding not, one of the Chancellor's Officers that could ſpeak that Tongue was brought, who, addreſſing himſelf to our Doctor in *Latin*, was anſwered by him in *Greek*, which the other underſtanding as little as the firſt did *Latin*, a third was fetched who could ſpeak *Greek*; but he no ſooner ſpoke in that Language to *Rabelais*, but was anſwered by him in *Hebrew*; and one, who underſtood *Hebrew*, being with much Difficulty procured, *Rabelais* ſpoke to him in *Syriac*: Thus having exhauſted all the Learning of the Family, the Chancellor, who was told, that there was a merry Fool at his Gate who had out-done every one, not only in Languages, but in Smartneſs of Repartees, ordered him to be brought in. 'Twas a little before Dinner. Then *Rabelais*, ſhifting the Farcical Scene into one more ſerious, addreſſed himſelf to the Chancellor with much Reſpect, and having firſt made his Excuſe for his forced Buffoonry, in a moſt eloquent and learned Speech, ſo effectually pleaded the Cauſe of his Univerſity, that the Chancellor, at once raviſhed

raviſhed and perſwaded, not only promiſed the Reſtitution of the aboliſhed Privileges, but made the Doctor ſit down at Table with him as a particular Mark of his Eſteem.

Much about that Time, hearing with what Facility, for the ſake of a ſmall Sum of Money, the Faculty of *Orange* (ſome ſay *Orleans*) admitted ignorant Pretenders, as Doctors of Phyſic, not only without examining, but even without ſeeing them; *Rabelais* ſent the uſual Fees, and had one received Doctor there unſeen, by the Name of *Doctor Johannes Caballus*, and let the wiſe Profeſſors and the World know afterwards, what a worthy Member they had admitted into their Body, ſince that very *Doctor* was his Horſe *Jack*; or, as ſome ſay, his *Mule*: For if there are various Lections, there may well be alſo various Traditions of the ſame Paſſage.

Though I know that it as little becomes a correct Hiſtorian to launch into large Digreſſions, as to advance Things without good Authorities, I cannot forbear mentioning Something very particular concerning that very Numerical Doctor, I mean, *Joannes Caballus*: And that I may not be thought to relate Stories without Authorities, I will make bold to quote that of a Book written *Stylo maximè Rabelæſano, viz. Le Moyen de Parvenir*; I remember to have read the Story in a leſs Apocriphal Author, but Time hath blotted his Name out of my Memory.

Rabelais being at *Paris*, and more careful of himſelf than of his *Mule*, had truſted it to the Care of the Printer's Men, deſiring them at leaſt not to let it want Water. But he having perhaps forgot to make them drink, they alſo eaſily, though uncharitably, forgot the poor Brute. At three Days End the Creature having drank as little Water as its Maſter, a young unlucky Boy took a Fancy to get on its Back, even like the Miller's Daughter, without a Saddle; another Truant Scholar begged to get behind him, ſo did a third and eke a fourth. Thus theſe four being mounted like *Aymond's* four Sons a Horſe-back on a Mule, without Bridle or Halter, the real and living Emblem of Folly, the grave Animal walked leiſurely down St. *James's-Street*, till it came near a Church, towards which it moved, drawn by the magnetic Virtue

of

of the Water, which it ſmelt at a conſiderable Diſtance, in the Holy Water-pot, which is always near the Porch. And in vain our four Riders kicked and called; in ſpite of them the Headſtrong thirſty Beaſt made up to the Holy Element; and though the Church was almoſt full of People, it being *Sunday* and Sermon-time, notwithſtanding all Oppoſition, the bold Monſter dipped its ſaucy Snout in the ſanctified Ciſtern. The People, that were near it, were not a little amazed at the Impudence of that ſacrilegious Animal, deſervedly curſed with Sterility, though it were but for this one Crime; many took him for a *Spectrum* that bore ſome Souls, formerly Heretical, but now Penitent, that came to ſeek the ſweet Refrigeratory of the Saints, out of the more than Helliſh Flames of *Purgatory*. So the unconcerned Mule took a ſwinging Draught of Holy Liquor, yet did not like it ſo well, there being always Salt in it, as to take a ſecond Doſe; but, having ſomewhat allayed its raging Thirſt, modeſtly withdrew, with her two Brace of Youngſters. However, the Thing did not end thus; for the Brute was ſeized, and *Rabelais*, being thought none of the greateſt Admirers of the *Romiſh* Fopperies was ſhrewdly ſuſpected of having laid the Deſign of that ſcandalous Adventure. Nor was the rude four-legged *Joannes Caballus* releaſed out of the Pound, till its Maſter had dearly paid for its Drink.

As he ridiculed the Superſtition of Prieſts, he alſo was extremely free in his Reflections on the *Monks*, and truly he knew them too well to love and eſteem them; he is ſaid not to have been able to refrain his ſatyrical Temper, even while he was reading Public Service; and inſtead of *Qui mæchantur cum illâ*, as the Vulgate has it, to have ſaid aloud, *Qui monachantur cum illâ.*

It is alſo ſaid, that as he was kneeling once at Church, before the Statue of King *Charles* VIII. a *Monk* came and ſaid to him, that doubtleſs he miſtook that King's Statue for that of ſome Saint; but *Rabelais* immediately replied, *I am not ſo much a* Monk *(Blockhead I mean) as thou thinkeſt me; nor yet ſo blind as not to know, that I kneel before the Repreſentation of King* Charles VIII. *for whoſe Soul I was praying, becauſe he brought the*

Pox

Pox, *out of* Naples *into this Kingdom, by which Means, I and other Phyſicians have been conſiderable Gainers.*

Several Phyſicians being once aſſembled to conſult about an Hypocondriac Humour, which confined Cardidal *du Bellay* to his Bed; they at laſt reſolved that an Aperitive (opening) Decoction ſhould be prepared, to be frequently taken with ſome Syrrup, by the Patient. Now *Rabelais* who was his Phyſician, perhaps not being of their Opinion, while the reſt of our learned Doctors were ſtill diſcourſing in their Scientific Jargon, to deſeve the large Fee, cauſed a Fire to be made in the Yard, and on it to be ſet a Kettle full of Water, into which he had put as many Keys as he could get: And while he was very buſy in ſtirring them about with a Stick, the Doctors coming down, ſaw him, and aſked what was he doing? *Following your Directions*, replied he. *How, in the Name of* Galen? cried one of them. *You are for ſomething that may be very aperitive*, returned *Rabelais, and by* Hippocrates, *I think you will own that nothing can be more aperitive than Keys, unleſs you would have me ſend to the Arſenal for ſome Pieces of Cannon.* This odd Fancy, being immediately related to the ſick Cardinal, ſet him into ſuch a Fit of Laughing, that it helped more to cure him than the Preſcription; and what made the Jeſt the more pertinent was, that Keys are made of Iron and Steel, which with Water are the chief Ingredients in Chalybeat Medicines.

Hearing that the grave *John Calvin*, ſomewhat prejudiced againſt him for his biting Jokes, had played on his Name by the Way of Anagram; ſaying, *Rabelæſius, Rabei læſus, Anglicè* mad Man; he, with an admirable Preſence of Mind, immediately returned the Compliment in the ſame Kind, ſaying, *Calvin Jan cul, Anglicè* Jack Arſe, adding, that there was Anagram for Anagram, and that a ſtudied Trifle only deſerved to be paid back with one worſe, *extempore.*

Thus while, like *Democritus*, he made himſelf merry with the Impertinencies of Mankind, nothing was able to allay his Mirth, unleſs it were the Thought of a Reckoning, at the Time that he paid it; then indeed, he was thought ſomewhat ſerious, though probably it was partly that thoſe, who were to receive it, might not impoſe

impoſe on him and the Company, and becauſe he generally found his Purſe not over full. However, the Time of paying a Shot in a Tavern among good Fellows, or *Pantagrueliſts*, is ſtill called in *France*, *le Quart d'Heure de Rabelais*; that is, *Rabelais*'s Quarter of an Hour, (when a Man is uneaſy or melancholy.

Yet his Enemies, the *Monks*, and ſome others tell us, that he ſeemed much leſs concerned when he paid the grand Shot of Life, than when he diſcharged a ſmall Tavern Reckoning: For they ſay, that he faced Death with an unconcerned and careleſs Countenance; and in ſhort, that he died juſt as he lived. They relate the Thing thus.

Rabelais being very ſick, Cardinal *du Bellay* ſent his Page to him, to have an Account of his Condition; his Anſwer was, (19) *Tell my Lord in what Circumſtances thou findeſt me; I am juſt going to Leap into the Dark. He is up in the Cock-loft, bid him keep where he is. As for thee, thou'lt always be a Fool: Let down the Curtain, the* Farce *is done.* A little before this, he called for his *Domino* (ſo ſome in *France* call a Sort of Hood which certain Eccleſiaſticks wear) ſaying, put me on my *Domino*, for I am cold; beſides, I will die in it, for *Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.* An Author who ſtiles *Rabelais* (20) *a Man of excellent Learning*, writes, that he being importuned by ſome to ſign a Will, whereby they had made him beſtow on them Legacies that exceeded his Ability, He, to be no more diſturbed, complied at laſt with their Deſires; but when they came to aſk him where they ſhould find a Fund anſwerable to what he gave; *as for that*, replied he, *You muſt do like the Spaniel, look about and ſearch*; then, adds that Author, having ſaid, *Draw the Curtain, the* Farce is over, he died. (21) *Likewiſe* a *Monk* not only tells us, that he ended his Life with that Jeſt, but that he left a Paper ſealed up, wherein

(19) Je m'en vay chercher un grand Peut-eſtre. Il eſt au Nid de la Pie. *Which*, verbatim *Engliſhed*, *is*: I am going to ſeek, or look for, a great *May Be (Doubt or Uncertainty.) He is in the Pie's Neſt*, &c.

(20) *Thou. Hiſt. de Jean Clopinel.*

(21) P. de St. *Romuald* Rel. Feuillant.

were found three Articles, as his laſt Will, *I owe much I have nothing, I give the reſt to the Poor.*

This laſt Story, or that before it, muſt undoubtedly be falſe; and perhaps both are ſo, as well as the Meſſage by the Page: (22) though *Fregius* relates alſo, that *Rabelais* ſaid, when he was dying, *Draw the Curtain*, &c. But, if he ſaid ſo, many great Men have ſaid much the ſame. Thus (23) *Auguſtus*, near his Death, aſked his Friends, *Whether he had not very well acted the Farce of Life?* And *Demonax*, one of the beſt Philoſophers, when he ſaw that he could not, by Reaſon of his great Age, live any longer, without being a Burthen to others as well as to himſelf, ſaid to thoſe that were near him, what the *Herald* uſed to ſay when the Public Games were ended, *You may withdraw, the Show is over*, and, refuſing to eat, kept his uſual Gaiety to the laſt, and ſet himſelf at Eaſe. (24)

I wave many other Stories, concerning *Rabelais*, which ſeem as inconſiſtent and fabulous as the Legends of *Symeon* the *Metaphraſt*, St. *Xavier*'s Miracles, or the Traditions of the *Monks*, our witty Satyriſt's irreconcilable Enemies. We ought not eaſily to believe that he, who even in the moſt licentious Places of his merry Compoſitions, is thought by the judicious to have generally a Deſign to expoſe Villany, and in the Places that are graver, as alſo in his Letters, diſplays all the Moderation and Judgment of a good Man; we ought not, I ſay, to believe, that ſuch a Man, in his ſeventieth Year, could have abandoned himſelf to thoſe Exceſſes; being Curate of a large Pariſh near *Paris*, Prebendary of St. *Maur des Foſſez* in that City, and honoured and loved by many Perſons equally eminent for Virtue, Learning, and Quality.

'Twas by a Perſon, who with thoſe three Advantages, was alſo a great Stateſman, and a very good *Latin* Poet, I mean, *John*, Cardinal *Du Bellay*, Biſhop of *Paris*, who knew *Rabelais* from his Youth, that he was taken from the Profeſſion of Phyſic, to be employed by that

(22) Comment in Orat. Cic. Tom. 1.
(23) Nunquid Vitæ minum commode peregiſſet.
(24) Lucian.

Prelate

Prelate in his moſt ſecret Negociations; 'twas he that knew him beſt, yet he thought him not unworthy of being one of the Prebendaries of a famous Chapter in a Metropolis, and Curate of *Meudon* in his Dioceſe.

'Twas, ſome ſay, in that pleaſant Retreat, that he compoſed his *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*; though more probably 'twas at that Houſe called *Deviniere*, already mentioned, and that the neighbouring Abbey of *Seville*, whoſe *Monks* lived not then according to the Auſterity of their Rule, is partly the Subject of it, which cauſes him, they ſay, to make ſo often mention of the *Monks*, the Staff of the Croſs, and the Vineyard of *Seville*; as alſo of *Baſché*, *Lérné*, *Panzouſt*, *&c.* which are Places near that Abbey.

The Freedom, which *Rabelais* has uſed in this Work, could not but raiſe it many Enemies: which cauſed him to give an Account in his Dedicatory Epiſtle of the fourth Book, to *Odet*, Cardinal of *Caſtillon*, his Friend, of the Motive that induced him to write the three former Books. There he tells him, that though his Lordſhip knew how much he was daily importuned to continue it by ſeveral great Perſons, who alledged, that many who languiſhed through Grief or Sickneſs, reading it, had received extraordinary Eaſe and Comfort; yet, the Calumnies of a Sort of uncharitable Men, who ſaid, it was full of Hereſies, though they could not ſhew any there, without perverting the Senſe, had ſo far conquered his Patience, that he had reſolved to write no more on that Subject. But that his Lordſhip having told him that King *Francis* had found the Reports of his Enemies to be unjuſt as well as King *Henry* II. then reigning; who therefore had granted to that Cardinal his privilege and particular Protection for the Author of thoſe Mythologies: now, without any Fear, under ſo glorious and powerful a Patronage, he ſecurely preſumed to write on.

And indeed 'tis obſervable, that in the Book to which that Epiſtle is prefixed, he has more freely than in the reſt expoſed the *Monks*, *Prieſts*, *Pope*, *Decretals*, Council of *Trent* then ſitting, *&c.*

(25) That Epiſtle is dated the 28th of *January*, 1552, and ſome write that he died in 1553. By the following

(25) Threſ. Chronol. de St. Romuald.

Epi-

Epigram, printed before his laſt Book, *Rabelais* ſeems to have been dead before it was publiſhed:

Rabelais eſt il mort? Voicy encor un Livre!
Non, ſa meilleure Part a repris ſes Eſprits,
Pour nous faire Preſent de l'un de ſes Eſcrits
Qui le rend entre nous immortel & fait vivre.

Theſe Lines (26) ſeem to be a kind of an Anagram, perhaps made by the great Civilian *Tiraqueau*.

This ſatirical Work employed our *Rabelais* only at his ſpare Hours; for he tells us, that he ſpent no Time in compoſing it, but that which he uſually allowed himſelf for eating; yet it has deſerved the Commendations of the beſt of ſerious Writers; and particularly of the great *Thuanus*, whoſe Approbation alone is a *Panegyric*. And if we have not many other ſerious Tracts by its Author, the private Affairs of Cardinal *Du Bellay*, in which he was employed, and his Profeſſion as a Phyſician and a Curate, may be ſuppoſed to be the Cauſe of it. Yet he publiſhed a *Latin* Verſion of the Aphoriſms of *Hippocrates*, and with them ſome of *Galen*'s Works, which, for its Faithfulneſs and Purity of Style, has been much eſteemed by the beſt Judges of both: Nor is *Vorſtius*, who attempted the ſame, ſaid to have ſucceeded ſo well. *Rabelais* alſo wrote ſeveral *French* and *Latin* Epiſtles, in an excellent Style, to ſeveral great and learned Men, and particularly to Cardinal *De Chaſtillon*, the Biſhop of *Maillezais*, and *Andrew Tiraqueau*, the famous *Civilian*, who is ſaid yearly to have given a Book (27) and, by one Wife, a Son (28) to World, during thirty Years, though he never drank any thing but Water; in which he differed much from his Friend *Rabelais*. Thoſe Epiſtles do not only ſhew, that he was a Man fit for Negotiations, but that he had gained at *Rome* the Friendſhip of ſeveral eminent Prelates. He likewiſe wrote a Book called *Sciomachia*, and of the Feaſts made at *Rome*, in the Palace of Cardinal *Du Bellay*, for the Birth of the Duke of

(26) Subſcribed Nature quite.
(27) Threſor. Chron. de St. *Romuald*.
(28) Others more probably reduce the Number to ten Sons, at the Birth of each of whom he publiſhed a learned *Folio*.

Orleans, printed at *Lyons*, in 8*vo.* by *Sebaſt. Gryphius*, 1549. And there is an *Almanack* for the year 1553, calculated by him for the *Meridian* of *Lyons*, and printed there; which ſhews, that he was not only a *Grammarian*, *Poet*, *Philoſopher*, *Phyſician*, *Civilian*, and *Theologian*, but alſo an *Aſtronomer*. Beſides, he was a very great Linguiſt, being well ſkill'd in the *French*, *German*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew* Tongues; and we ſee in his Letters, that he alſo underſtood *Arabic*, which he had learned at *Rome* of a Biſhop of *Caramith*.

Some write that *Rabelais* died at *Meudon*; but *Dom Pierre de St. Romuald* ſays, that Dr. *Guy Patin*, Royal Profeſſor at *Paris*, who was a great Admirer of *Rabelais*, aſſured him, that he cauſed himſelf to be brought from his Cure to *Paris*, where he lies buried in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, at the Foot of a great Tree, ſtill to be ſeen there (1660.) He died in a Houſe in the Street, called *La Rue des Jardins*, in St. *Paul*'s Pariſh at *Paris*, about the Year 1553, aged ſeventy Years. But his Fame will never die.

Stephen Paſquier, Advocate General, one of the moſt learned and judicious Writers of his Age, *Joachim Du Bellay*, Archdeacon of *Paris*, named to the Archbiſhopric of *Bourdeaux*, *Peter Boulanger*, *Peter Ronſard*, once Prince of the *French* Poets, *Jean Antoine de Baif*, and many more of the beſt Pens of his Age, honoured his Memory with Epitaphs; the two latter in *French*. That by *Ronſard*, being too long, I omit; here is that by *Baif*:

Pluton, Prince du noir Empire,
Où les tiens ne rient jamais,
Reçois aujourd'huy Rabelais,
Et les tiens auront de quoy rire.

Here are four others in *Latin*; of which the two firſt are to be found in *Paſquier*.

(29) *Ille ego Gallorum Gallus Democritus, illo*
Gratius aut ſi quid Gallia progenuit.
Sic Homines, ſic & cœleſtia Numina luſi,
Vix Homines, vix ut Numina læſa putes.

(29) Paſq. Recueil des Portraits.

(30) *Sive*

(30) *Sive tibi ſit Lucianus alter,*
Sive ſit Cynicus, quid Hoſpes ad te?
Hâc unus Rabelæſius facetus,
Nugarum Pater, artifexque mirus,
Quicquid is fuerit, recumbit urna.

Somnus, & Ingluvies, Bacchuſque, Venuſque, Jocuſque
Numina, dum vixi, grata fuere mihi.
Cætera quis neſcit? Fuit Ars mihi cura medendi,
Maxima ridendi ſed mihi cura fuit.
Tu quoque non lacrymas, ſed riſum ſolve, Viator,
Si gratus noſtris Manibus eſſe velis.

Non Rabelæſius ſolus
Sed Aula, Eccleſia,
Et omnis Mundus
Agunt Hiſtrioniam.

A great Number of learned Men have made Mention of him in their Writings; as *Will. Budé*, Maſter of the Requeſts, alias *Budæus*, in *Epiſtolis Græcis*. *Jac. Aug. de Thou*, Preſident in the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, alias *Thuanus*, *Hiſt. lib.* 38. & *Commentar. de Vitâ ſuâ*, *lib.* 6. *Theod. Beza*, *Clement Marot*, who inſcribed to him an Imitation in *French* of the 21ſt Epigram of *Martial*'s Fifth Book, *Si te cum mihi*, *Chare Martialis*, &c. *Hugh Salel*, that tranſlated *Homer*'s *Iliad* into *French*. *Stephen Dolet*, a *French* and *Latin* Poet, burned for being a Proteſtant, at *Paris*, 1545. *Peter Ronſard*. *Stephen Paſquier*, in his *Recherches de la France*, and in the Firſt and Second Books of his *Lettres*. *Jean Cecile Frey*. *Francis Bacon*, Lord *Verulam*, in his Book of the Advancement of Learning. *Andrew Du Cheſne*, in his Book *Des Antiquitez de France*. *Thevet*, *Hiſt. de Jean Clopinel*: *Gab. Mic. de la Roche Maillet*, *Vie des Illuſt. Perſonnages*: *Fran. Grude*, *Seigneur de la Croix du Maine*, in his *Biblioteque*. *Ant. du Verdier Sieur de Vauprivas Conſeiller du Roy*, *Franc. Ranchin*, Doctor of Phyſick at *Montpellier*. *Scævola de Sainte Marthe*, *Conſeiller du Roy*, &c. alias *Samarthanus*, *lib. primo Elog. Clarorum Virorum*. Sir *William Temple*, in the

(30) Paſq. Liv. des Tomb.

Second Part of his *Miſcellan.* *C. Sorel*, firſt Hiſtoriographer of *France*, in his *Biblioteque Françoiſe.* *Dr. Ant. Van Dale*, *de Oraculis & Conſecrationibus.* *Monſieur Coſtar*, *dans ſon Apologie.* *M. Menage.* *Romuald*, in the Third Part of his *Threſor Chronologique*; and ſeveral others, named in a Book called *Floretum Philoſophicum*, that mentions many Particulars of his Life, and the Names of thoſe that have ſpoke of him. A Curate of *Meudon*, in Honour of his Predeceſſor, alſo cauſed to be printed whatever is writ in his Praiſe, which Books I have not been able to find. There is alſo a large Account of *Rabelais* in the Grand Hiſtorical *French* Dictionary.

Some

Some Learned Mens OPINION

OF

Dr. RABELAIS

De Rabelæſo, *clarorum aliquot Scriptorum Teſtimonia.*

Guilielmus Budæus, *in Epiſtolis Græcis.*

O Deum immortalem, & ſodalitatis Præſulem, noſtræq; amicitiæ Principem! Quidnam eſt illud quod audivimus? Te etenim ô Caput mihi exoptatum, & *Rabelæſum* Theſeum tuum intelligo ab iſtis elegantiæ & venuſtatis oſoribus ſodalibus veſtris obturbatos propter vehemens circa Literas Græcas ſtudium, quam plurimis gravibuſq; malis vexari. Papæ ô infauſtam virorum delirationem! Qui uſque adeò ſunt animo ineleganti ac ſtupido, ut, quibus cohoneſtari univerſum Sodalitium veſtrum convenerat, multúmque ſapere, quippe qui exiguo Temporis Spatio ad Doctrinæ faſtigium pervenerint, eoſdem ſanè calumnioſè infimulando, in ipſoſque conjurando finem imponere conati ſint ornatiſſimæ exercitationi. *Et poſt alia.* Vale & ſalutato meo nomine quater *Rabelæſum* ſcitum & induſtrium vel ſermone ſi præſtò ſit aut per Epiſtolas denuncians.———

Viri Illuſtriſſ. Jac. Aug. Thuani in Supremo Galliarum Senatu Præſidis.

Commentariorum de Vita ſua, lib. 6.

CHinone hoſpitium habebat *(Thuanus)* in domo oppidi ampliſſimâ, quæ quondam *Franciſci Rabelæſi* fuit, qui Litteris Græcis, Latiniſque inſtructiſſimus, & Medicinæ quam profitebatur peritiſſimus, poſtremo omni ſerio ſtudio omiſſo ſe totus Vitæ ſolutæ ac gulæ mancipavit & ridendi artem hominis, ſicut ipſe aiebat propriam, amplexus, Democritica libertate, & ſcurrili interdum dicacitate, ſcriptum ingenioſiſſimum fecit, quo Vitæ regnique cunctos ordines quaſi in Scenam ſub fictis Nominibus produxit & populo deridendos propinavit. Hominis ridiculi qui totâ vitâ ac ſcriptis, ridendi aliis materiam præbuit, memoria à Thuano & Calignono hic renovata eſt. cum bellè cum *Rabelæſi* Manibus actum uterque diceret, quòd Domus ejus publico diverſorio, in quo perpetuæ commeſſationes erant, Hortus adjacens ad ludum oppidanis per dies feſtos ſe exercentibus, projectum in Hortum deſpiciens, in quo, cum litteris operam dabat, libros habere & ſtudere ſolitus erat, vinariæ cellæ inſerviret. Ex eâque occaſione Thuanus à Calignono invitatus, hoc Carmen extemporaneum fecit.

Ipſe Rabelæſus loquitur.

Sic vixi, ut vixiſſe mihi jocus, atque legenti
Quos vivus ſcripſi, ſit jocus uſque jocos.
Per riſum atque jocos homini data Vita fruenda,
Inter amareſcit Seria felle magis.
Et nunc ne placidos lædant quoq; Seria manes
Cavit Echioni provida cura Dei.
Nam quæ à patre domus fuerat Chinone relicta,
Quâ vitreo Lemovix amne Vigenna fluit,
Poſtquam abii, communis in uſum verſa tabernæ,
Lætifico ſtrepitu nocte dieque ſonat.

Ridet

Ridet in hac hoſpes pernox, ridetur in Horto,
Cum Populus feſto ceſſat in urbe die.
Tibiaq ; inflato ſaltantes incitat utre
Tibia Pictonicos docta ciere modos.
Et quæ Muſæum domino, quæ cella libellis
Nectareo ſpumat nunc apotheca mero.
Sic mihi poſt minimum Vitæ tam ſuaviter actum
Dent hodiè ad priſcos fata redire jocos ;
Non aliâ patrias ædes mercede locare,
Vendre non aliâ conditione velim.

Theodorus Beza, de Franciſco Rabelæſio.

QUI ſic Nugatur, tractantem ut ſeria vincat.,
Seria cum faciet, dic rogo quantus erit ?

Scævola Samarthanus ex Libro primo Elogiorum Gallorum Doctrina Illuſtrium.

FRabelæſius—Impulſu quorumdam Procerum, qui urbanâ ejus dicacitate plurimum oblectabantur, Monaſterii clauſtra juvenis tranſiliit, demumque in ridendis hominum actionibus totus fuit. Cùm enim, pro eâ qua pollebat Linguarum & Medicinæ Scientiâ, multa graviter & eruditè poſſet ſcribere, quod & Hippocratis Aphoriſmi ab illo caſtâ fide tranducti, et aliquot Epiſtolæ nitido Stylo conſcriptæ ſatis indicant, Lucianum tamen æmulari maluit, ad cujus exemplum ea Sermoni Patrio finxit, quæ nugæ eſſe videntur, ſed ejuſmodi tamen ſunt ut Lectorem quemlibet eruditum capiant, & incredibili quadam voluptate perfundant. Neque ſolùm erat in ſcribendo ſalis & facetiarum plenus, verum & eandem jocandi libertatem apud quemlibet & in omni ſermone retinebat ; adeò ut Romam Joanne cum Bellajo Cardinale profectus, & in Pauli III. conſpectum venire juſſus, ne ipſe quidem Pontifici Maximo pepercerit. Atque hunc intemperantiæ ſuæ cauſam ingeniosè prætexebat, quòd cum ſanitati conſervandæ nihil magis officiat quám mæror & ægremonia, prudentis Medici partes ſint non

minus in mentibus hominum exhilarandis, quàm in corporibus curandis laborare.

Anton. Van Dale; De Oraculis & Conſecrationibus, p. 341.

DE Oraculis & Sortibus inter alia ſcripſit per Luſum & Jocum doctiſſimus & magnus ille Gallus Rabelæſius, cujus nugæ ſæpius multorum doctorum ſeria vincunt, in vitâ & geſtis *Gargantuæ* & *Pantagruelis*, tam doctè meo judicio, quam lepidè ac ſalsè

Sir William Temple *in his Miſcellanea, Second Part.*

THE great Wits among the Moderns have been, in my Opinion, and in their ſeveral Kinds; of the French *Rabelais*, and *Montagne*——*Rabelais* ſeems to have been Father of the *Ridicule*, a Man of excellent and univerſal Learning, as well as Wit; and though he had too much Game given him for *Satyr* in that Age, by the Cuſtoms of Courts and of Convents, of Proceſſes and of Wars, of Schools and of Camps, of Romances and Legends, yet he muſt be confeſs'd to have kept up his Vein of *Ridicule*, by ſaying many Things ſo ſmutty and prophane, that a pious Man could not have afforded, though he had never ſo much of that Coin about him: And it were to be wiſhed, that the Wits, who have imitated him, had not put too much Value upon a Dreſs, that better Underſtandings would not wear (at leaſt in publick) and upon a Compaſs they gave themſelves, which ſome other Men cannot take.

Mr. l'Abbe Caſtor, *dans ſon Apologie, a Monſieur* Menage, Pag. 149.

RAbelais eſt autant à la Mode qu'il fut jamais. Ses Railleries ſont agreables d'un Agreément qui ne finir

nira point tant qu'il y aura ſur la Terre d' habiles Rieurs. Les Modes & les Habillemens changeront toûjours, mais non pas celles des bons Contes & de bons Mots qui ſe ſouſtiennent d'eux meſmes, & qui ſont en Effet de bonnes Choſes. Ceux de Plaute & de Lucien quelques vieux qu'ils ſoient, ne laiſſent pas de conſerver la Feur & la Grace qu'il avoient dans leur Nouveauté-

M. Eſtienne Paſquier, *Conſeiller du Roy, Avocat General en ſa Chambre des Comptes a* Paris.

Au Livre de ſes Recherches de la France.

JE mettray entre les Poetes du meſme Temps *François Rabelais*: Car combien qu'il ait ecrit en Proſe les Faites heroiques de *Gargantua* & *Pantagruel*, il eſtoit mis au range de Poetes, comme l'apprend la Reſponce que *Morat* fit a *Sagon* ſous le Nom de *Fripelipes* ſon Valet:

Je ne voy point qu'un *Saint Gelais*,
Un *Heroet*, un *Rabelais*,
Un *Brodeau*, un *Seve*, un *Chapuy*.
Voiſent eſcrivant contre luy.

Aux gayetez qu'il mit en lumiere, ſe mocquans de toute Choſe il ſe rendit le Nompareil! De ma Part je recognoitrary franchement avoir l'eſprit ſi folaſtre, que je ne me laſſay jamais de le lire, & ne le leu jamais que je n'y trouvaſſe Matiere de rire, & d'en faire mon Profit tout enſemble.

THE

PREFACE.

Wherein is given an Account of the Design and Nature of this Work, and a Key to some of its most difficult Passages.

THE History of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel* has always been esteemed a Master-piece of Wit and Learning, by the best Judges of both. Even the most grave and reserved among the Learned in many Countries, but particularly in *France*, have thought it worthy to hold a Place in their Closets, and have passed many Hours in private with that diverting and instructive Companion. And as for those whose Age and Profession did not incline them to be reserved, all *France* can witness that there has been but few of them who could not be said to have their *Rabelais* almost by heart: Since Mirth could hardly be compleat among those that love it, unless their good Cheer were seasoned with some of *Rabelais*'s Wit.

Fifty large Editions of that Book have not sufficed the World, and though the Language, in which it is writ, be not easily understood now by those who only converse with modern *French* Books, yet it has been reprinted several Times lately in *France* and *Holland*, even in its antiquated Style.

Indeed some are of Opinion, that the odd and quaint Terms, used in that Book, add not a little to the Satisfaction which is found in its Perusal; but yet this can only be said of such of them, as are understood; and when a Reader meets with many Words that are unintelligible (I mean to him that makes it not his Business to know the Meaning of dark and obsolete Expressions) the Pleasure

which what he underſtands yields him, is in a greater Meaſure allay'd by his Diſappointment; of which we have Inſtances when we read *Chaucer*, and other Books, which we do not thoroughly underſtand.

Sir *Thomas Urquhart* has avoided that Obſcurity in this following Tranſlation of *Rabelais*, ſo that moſt *Engliſh* Readers may now underſtand that Author in our Tongue, better than many of the *French* can do in theirs, To do *Rabelais* Juſtice it was neceſſary, that a Perſon not only Maſter of the *French*, but alſo of much Leiſure and Fancy, ſhould undertake the Taſk. The Tranſlator was not only happy in theſe Things, but alſo in being a learned Phyſician, and having, beſides, ſome *French* Men near him, who underſtood *Rabelais* very well, and could explain to him the moſt difficult Words; and I think that, before the firſt and ſecond Books of *Rabelais*, which are all that was formerly printed of that Author in *Engliſh*, there were ſome Verſes by Men of that Nation in Praiſe of his Tranſlation.

It was too kindly received, not to have encouraged him to *Engliſh* the remaining three Books, or at leaſt the Third (the Fourth and Fifth being in a Manner diſtinct, as being *Pantagruel*'s Voyage.) Accordingly he tranſlated the third Book, and probably would have finiſhed the Whole had not Death prevented him. So the ſaid third Book being found long after in Manuſcript among his Papers ſomewhat incorrect, a Gentleman who is not only a very great Linguiſt, but alſo deſervedly famous for his ingenious and learned Compoſitions, was lately pleaſed to reviſe it, as well as the two firſt which had been publiſhed about thirty years ago, and are extremely ſcarce. He thought it neceſſary to make conſiderable Alterations, that the Tranſlation might have the Smartneſs, genuine Senſe, and the very Style and Air of the Original; but yet to preſerve the latter, he has not thought fit to alter the Style of the Tranſlation, which ſuits as exactly with that of the Author as poſſible, neither affecting the Politeneſs of the moſt nice and refined of our modern *Engliſh* Writers, nor yet the Roughneſs of our antiquated Authors, but ſuch a Medium as might neither ſhock the Ears of the firſt, nor diſpleaſe thoſe who would have an exact Imitation of the Style of *Rabelais*.

Since the first Edition of those two Books of *Rabelais* was so favourably entertained, without the third, without any Account of the Author, or any Observations to discover that mysterious History; 'its hoped that they will not meet with a worse Usage, now they appear again so much improved, with the Addition of a Third, never printed before in *English*, and a large Account of the Author's Life; but principally since we have here an Explication of the enigmatic Sense of Part of that admirable Mythologist's Works, both of which have been so long wanted, though never till now published in any Language.

THE Ingenious of our Age, as well as those who lived when *Rabelais* composed his *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, have been extremely desirous of discovering the Truths which are hid under the dark Veil of Allegories in that incomparable Work. The great *Thuanus* found it worthy of being mentioned in his excellent History, as a most ingenious Satire on Persons who were the most distinguished in the Kingdom of *France* by their Quality and Employments; and without doubt he, who was the best of all our modern Historians, and lived soon after it was writ, had traced the private Design of *Rabelais*, and found out the true Names of the Persons whom he has introduced on his Scene, with Names not only imaginary, but generally ridiculous and whose Actions he represents as ridiculous as those Names. But as it would have been dangerous, having unmasked those Persons, to have exposed them to publick View, in a Kingdom where they were so powerful; and as most of the Adventures, which are mystically represented by *Rabelais*, relate to the Affairs of Religion, so those few, who have understood the true Sense of that Satire, have not dared to reveal it.

In the late Editions, some learned Men have given us a Vocabulary, wherein they explain the Names and Terms in it which are originally *Greek*, *Latin*, *Hebrew*, or of other Tongues, that the Text might thus be made more intelligible, and their Work may be useful to those who do not understand those Tongues. But they have not had the same Success in their pretended Explications of

of the Names which *Rabelais* has given to the real Actors in this Farce; and thus they have indeed framed a Key, but, if I may uſe the Allegory, it was without having known the Wards and Springs of the Lock. What I advance will doubtleſs be owned to be true by thoſe who may have obſerved that by that Key, none can diſcover in thoſe *Pythagorical* Symbols (as they are called in the Author's Prologue to the firſt Book) any Event that has a Relation to the Hiſtory of thoſe to whom the Names, mentioned by *Rabelais*, have been applied by thoſe that made that pretended Key. They tell us in it, that King *Grangouſier* is the ſame as King *Lewis* XII. of *France*, that *Gargantua* is *Francis* I. and that *Henry* II. is the true Name of *Pantagruel*; but we diſcover none of *Lewis* XII's Features in King *Grangouſier*, who does none of the Actions which Hiſtory aſcribes to that Prince, ſo that the King of *Siam*, or the *Cham* of *Tartary*, might as reaſonably be imagined to be *Grangouſier*, as *Lewis* XII; as much may be ſaid of *Gargantua*, and of *Pantagruel*, who do none of the Things that have been remarked by Hiſtorians, as done by the Kings, *Francis* I. and *Henry* II. of *France*.

This Reaſon, which of itſelf is very ſtrong, will much more appear to be ſuch, if we reflect on the Author's Words in the Prologue to the firſt Book: *In the Peruſal of this Treatiſe*, ſays he, *you ſhall find another Kind of Taſte, and a Doctrine of a more profound and abſtruſe Conſideration, which will diſcloſe to you the moſt glorious Doctrine and dreadful Myſteries, as well in what concerneth your Religion, as Matters of the publick State and Life Oeconomical*; Myſteries which, as he tells us, are the Juice and *Subſtantial Marrow* of his Work. To this Reaſon I add another as ſtrong and evident. It is, that we find in *Grangouſier*, *Gargantua*, and *Pantagruel*, Characters that viſibly diſtinguiſh them from the three Kings of *France* which I have named, and from all the other Kings their Predeceſſors.

In the *firſt* place, *Grangouſier*'s Kingdom is not *France*, but a *State* particularly diſtinct from it, which *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel* call *Utopia*.

Secondly, *Gargantua* is not born in the Kingdom of *France*, but in that of *Utopia*.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, He leaves *Paris*, called back by his Father, that he might come to the Relief of his Country, which was attacked by *Picrochole*'s Army.

And *finally*, *Francis* I. is diſtinguiſhed from *Gargantua* in the 39th Chapter of the *firſt* Book, when Friar *John des Entoumeures* ſays in the Preſence of *Gargantua*, and eating at his Table, *had I been in the Time of Jeſus Chriſt, I would have kept him from being taken by the Jews in the Garden of Olivet, and the Devil fail me, if I ſhould have failed to cut off the Hams of theſe Gentlemen Apoſtles, who ran away ſo baſely after they had well ſupped, and left their good Maſter in the Lurch; I hate that Man worſe than Poiſon that offers to run away, when he ſhould fight and lay ſtoutly about him. Oh, if I were but King of* France *for four ſcore or an hundred Years, by God I ſhould whip like cut tail Dogs thoſe Runaways of* Pavia; *a Plague take them*, &c.

But if *Francis* I. is not *Gargantua*, likewiſe *Pantagruel* is not *Henry* II; and if it were needful I could eaſily ſhew, that the Authors of that pretended Key have not only been miſtaken in thoſe Names, but in all the others, which they undertook to decypher, and that they only ſpoke at random without the leaſt Grounds or Authorities from Hiſtory.

All Things are right ſo far; but the Difficulty lieth not there: we ought to ſhew, who are the Princes that are hid under the Names of *Grangouſier*, *Gargantua*, and *Pantagruel*, if yet we may ſuppoſe them to be Princes. But ſuch a Diſcovery cannot be very eaſily made, becauſe moſt of their Actions are only deſcribed in Allegories, and in ſo confuſed and enigmatic a Manner, that we do not know where to fix. This muſt be granted; yet 'tis not an impoſſible Thing; and if we can but once unmaſk *Panurge*, who is the ridiculous Hero of the Piece, we may ſoon gueſs by the Servant, and the Air and Figure of his Maſter, who *Pantagruel* is.

We find theſe four Characters in *Panurge*.

1. He is well ſkilled in the *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and *Latin* Tongues; he ſpeaks *High* and *Low Dutch*, *Poliſh*, *Spaniſh*, *Pertugueſe*, *Engliſh*, *Italian*, &c.

2. He is learned, underſtanding, politick, ſharp, cunning, and deceitful in the higheſt Degree.

3. He

3. He publickly profeſſes the *Popiſh* Religion, tho' he in reality laughs at it, and is nothing leſs than a *Papiſt*.

4. His chief Concern next to that of Eating is a Marriage, which he has a Deſire, yet is afraid to contract, leſt he ſhould meet with his Match: that is, a Wife even as bad as himſelf.

I do not know if thoſe who, by the pretended Key, have been induced to believe that *Panurge* was the Cardinal of *Amboiſe* in a Diſguiſe, have been pleaſed to obſerve theſe four Qualities; but I am ſure that nothing of all this can be applied to that Prelate, unleſs it be, that in general he was an able Miniſter of State. But all four were found in *John de Montluc*, Biſhop of *Valence* and *Die*, who was the eldeſt Brother of the Marſhal *de Montluc*, the moſt violent Enemy which the *Hugonots* had in thoſe Days.

1. Hiſtorians aſſure us (1) that he underſtood the Eaſtern Tongues, as alſo the *Greek* and the *Latin*, the beſt of any Man in his Time; and in ſixteen Ambaſſies, to many Princes of *Europe*, to whom he was ſent in *Germany*, *England*, *Scotland*, *Poland*, *Conſtantinople*, he doubtleſs learned the living Tongues which he did not know before.

2. He gained a great Reputation in all thoſe Ambaſſies, and his Wit, his Skill, his Penetration and his Prudence, in obſerving a Conduct that contented all Perſons, were univerſally admired. But he even out-did himſelf in the moſt difficult of all thoſe Ambaſſies, which was that of *Poland*, to the Throne of which Kingdom he cauſed *Henry de Valois*, Duke of *Anjou*, to be raiſed in ſpite of the Difficulties which the Maſſacre of *Paris*, that was wholly laid to his Charge in *Poland* (he having been one of the chief Promoters of it) created concerning his Election. His Toils and his happy Succeſs, in thoſe important Negotiations, cauſed him to take this *Latin* Verſe for his Motto,

Quæ Regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

(1) Brantoſme. Beza Hiſt. Eccleſ.

3. The

3. The whole Kingdom of *France*, and particularly the Court, knew that he was a Calviniſt, and he himſelf did not make a Myſtery of it, as appears by his preaching their Doctrine once before the Queen (2) in a Hat and Cloak, after the Manner of the Calviniſts, which cauſed the Conſtable of *Montmorency* to ſay aloud, *Why do not they pull that Miniſter out of the Pulpit?* Nay he was even condemned by *Pius* IV. as an Heretick, but that Pope having not aſſigned him Judges *in partibus* according to the Laws of the Kingdom, he kept his Biſhoprick; and the Dean of *Valence*, who had accuſed him of being a Calviniſt, not being well able to make good his Charge, *Montluc*, who had mighty Friends, cauſed him to be puniſhed for it; alſo after his Death, his Contract of Marriage with a Gentlewoman called *Anne Martin* was found, yet he ſtill kept in the *Roman* Church, and ſtill enjoyed the Revenues of his Biſhoprick, as if he had been the moſt bigotted Papiſt in that Kingdom. The Conſiderations that kept him from abjuring ſolemnly the Errors of the Church of *Rome* were, that *Calvin* let him know, that according to his Reformation, there could be no Biſhops; he owned that this Obſtacle would not perhaps have hindered him from leaving that Communion, could his Kitchen have followed him in the other; excepting that particular, he was altogether for a Reformation, and in all Things favoured its Profeſſors, and it is what *Rabelais* has obſerved when he makes him conclude all his Diſcourſes in many Languages, with ſaying, that (3) *Venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur: at this Time, I am in a very urgent Neceſſity to feed, my Teeth are ſharp, my Belly empty, my Throat dry, and my Stomach fierce and burning; all is ready, if you will but ſet me to work, it will be as good as a* Balſamum *for ſore Eyes, to ſee me gulch and raven it; for God's Sake give Order for it.*

4. His chief Concern, next to that of living plentifully, was that of his Marriage, and as we have obſerved, he married, and had a Son whom he owned,

(2) Brantoſme. Dupleix. Sponde. Maimburg. Beza.
(3) Book ii. Chap. 9.

and

and who was afterwards legitimated by the Parliament; it is the ſame who is famous in Hiſtory by the Name of *Balagny*, and who was afterwards Prince of *Cambray*; his Father cauſed him to be ſent into *Poland*, about the Duke of *Anjou*'s Election, of which we have ſpoke, and he was very ſerviceable to that Duke in it. Now, it is that Marriage of the Biſhop of *Valence*, that ſo much perplexes him by the Name of *Panurge*, in *Rabelais*'s third Book, and which is the Occaſion of *Pantagruel*'s Voyage to the Holy Bottle in the fourth and fifth.

It is much to be admired how a Biſhop, that openly ſided with the Calviniſts, who was alſo a Monk, yet married, and living with his Wife whom he had regularly wedded, could enjoy one of the beſt Biſhopricks in *France*, and ſome of the Chief Employments at Court. He muſt doubtleſs have been extremely cunning, and have had a very particular Talent to keep thoſe envied Poſts in the Church and State, in ſpite of all thoſe Diſadvantages, in the midſt of ſo many Storms raiſed againſt him and the Reformation, by Enemies that had all the Forces of the Kingdom in their Power, and could do whatever they pleaſed.

This Prudence and Craftineſs is deſcribed to the Life by our Author when he makes *Panurge* relate how he had been broached upon a Spit by the *Turks*, all larded like a Rabbit, and in that Manner was roaſting alive; *when calling on God that he might deliver him out of the Pains wherein they detained him for his Sincerity in the Maintenance of his Law*, the Turn-ſpit fell aſleep by *the Divine Will*; and *Panurge* having taken in his Teeth a Fire-brand by the End that was not burned, caſt it into the Lap of his *Roaſter*; with another ſet the Houſe on Fire, broached on the Spit the *Turkiſh* Lord who deſigned to devour him, and at laſt got away, though purſued by a great Number of Dogs, *who ſmelt his leacherous half-roaſted Fleſh*; and he threw the Bacon, with which he had been larded, among them.

It is obſervable, that there he exclaims againſt the *Turks* about their abſtaining from Wine, which perhaps may refer to the Church of *Rome*'s denying the Cup in the Euchariſt to the Laity, at which particularly *Mont-*

luc

luc was offended. To lard a Man is a Metaphor often uſed by the *French*, to ſignify, to accuſe and reproach, and ſo he was even before he had his Biſhoprick; throwing a Fire-brand with his mouth on the Turn-ſpit's Lap may be the hot Words which he uſed to clear himſelf, and with which he charged his Adverſaries; and his ſpitting and burninig the *Turkiſh* Lord may perhaps mean the Advantage which he had over them (4). The Spectacles which afterwards he wore on his Cap, may ſignify the Caution which he was always oblig'd to take to avoid a Surpriſe, and his having a *Flea in his Ear*, in *French*, ſignifies the ſame (5). His forbearing to wear any longer his *Magnificent Codpiece*, and clothing himſelf in four *French* Ells of a coarſe brown Ruſſet Cloth, ſhows that, as he was a Monk, he could not wear a *Codpiece*, as was the Faſhion in thoſe Days for the Laity; or perhaps it denotes his affecting to imitate the ſimplicity of Garb, which was obſervable in *Calviniſt* Preachers.

This Subaltern Hero of the Farce, now found to be the Biſhop of *Valence* by the Circumſtances and Qualifications already diſcovered, that cannot properly belong to any other, may help us to know not only *Pantagruel*, to whom he had devoted himſelf, but alſo *Gargantua* and *Grangouſier*, the Father and Grand-father of *Pantagruel*.

Hiſtory aſſures us, that *Montluc*, Biſhop of *Valence*, ow'd his Advancement to *Margaret de Valois*, Queen of *Navarre*, and Siſter to King *Francis* I. She took him out of a *Monaſtery*, where he was no more than a *Jacobin Friar*, and ſent him to *Rome*, whereby he was raiſed to the Rank of an Ambaſſador, which was the firſt Step to his Advancement.

Thus *Pantagruel* ſhould be *Anthony* de *Bourbon*, Duke of *Vendoſme*, King *Henry* the IV.'s Father, and *Lewis* XIV.'s great Grand-father. He was married to *Jeanne d'Albret*, the only Daughter of the ſaid Queen *Margaret*, and of *Henry d'Albret* King of *Navarre*. Thus he became their Son, and King of *Navarre*, after the

(4) Book iii. Chap. 7.
(5) La Puce a l'Oreille.

Death

Death of the ſaid *Henry d'Albret*, whom I take to be *Gargantua*: conſequently his Father *John d'Albret* King of *Navarre*, excommunicated by Pope *Julius* III. and depriv'd of the beſt Part of his Kingdom by *Ferdinand* King of *Arragon*, ſhould be *Grangouſier*.

The Verſes before the third Book diſcover, that *Pantagruel* is *Anthony de Bourbon*, afterwards King of *Navarre*. The Author dedicates it to the Soul of the deceas'd Queen of *Navarre*, *Margaret de Valois*, who died in *Brittany*, in the Year 1549. She had openly profeſſed the Proteſtant Religion; and in 1534, her Miniſters, of whom the moſt famous were *Girard Ruffy*, (ſince Biſhop of (6) *Oleron* in *Navarre*) *Couraud* and *Berthaurd*, preach'd publickly at *Paris* by her Direction, upon which a fierce Perſecution enſued. Her Learning and the Agreeableneſs of her Temper were ſo extraordinary as well as her Virtue, that ſhe was ſtil'd The tenth Muſe, and the fourth Grace. She has written ſeveral Books; particularly one of Poetry called *Marguerite des Marguerites*, and another in Proſe called the *Hexameron* or *Les Nouvelles Nouvelles*: Of which Novels ſome might in this Age ſeem too free to be penned by a Lady, but yet the Reputation of her Virtue has always been very great, which ſhews, that though in that Age both Sexes were leſs reſerved in their Writings than we are generally in this, they were not more remiſs in their Actions. Among many Epitaphs, ſhe was honour'd with that which follows:

Quæ fuit exemplum cæleſtis nobile formæ,
In quam tot laudes, tot coiere bona,
Margareta ſub hoc tegitur Valeſia ſaxo.
I, nunc atq; mori numina poſſe nega?

I thought fit to premiſe this concerning that Princeſs, that the following Verſes might be better underſtood.

(6) Hiſt. de Jean Creſpin.

François

François Rabelais,

A l'Eſprit de la Reine de Navarre.

ESprit abſtrait, ravy, & ecſtatic,
Qui frequentant les Cieux ton Origine,
As delaiſſé ton Hoſte & domeſtic,
Ton Corps concords, qui tant ſe morigine,
A tes Edits, en Vie peregrine,
Sans Sentiment, et comme en Apathie!
Voudrois point faire quelque Sortie
De ton Manoir divin, perpetuel,
Et ca bas voir une tierce Partie
Des Faits joyeux du bon *Pantagruel.*

Francis Rabelais,

To the Soul of the Queen of Navarre.

ABſtracted Spirit, rapt with Extaſies,
Soul, now familiar in thy native Skies;
Who didſt thy Flight from thy weak Manſion take,
And thy kind Mate thy other ſelf forſake;
Who by thy Rules himſelf ſo wiſely guides,
And here, as in a foreign World, reſides,
From Senſe of its fantaſtick Pleaſures free,
Since thou his Soul art fled, in Apathy!
Wouldſt thou not leave a while the heav'nly Plain,
And with thy Preſence grace our World again,
To ſee this Book, where a third Part I tell,
Of the rare Deeds of good *Pantagruel.*

This *Corps Concords*, this conjugate Body, that *grows ſo conformable* to that Queen's *Rules*, and leads the Life of a *Traveller*, who only deſires to arrive at his Journey's End, being *as it were in Apathy:* What ſhould it be but *Henry d'Albret*, who had ſurvived that Queen, his Conſort, and could love nothing after her in this World? Endeavouring at the ſame Time to wean himſelf from its Vanities, to aſpire to a better, according to that wiſe Princeſs's pious Admonitions; nor can the

good

good *Pantagruel* be any other than *Anthony de Bourbon* whom we have already named.

To this Proof I add another, which admits of no Reply; it is, That the Language, which *Pantagruel* owns to be that of *Utopia* and his Country, is the ſame that is ſpoken in the Provinces of *Bearn* and *Gaſcony*; the firſt of which was yet enjoyed by the King of *Navarre*: *Panurge* having ſpoke to him in that Language; *Methinks I underſtand him*, ſaid *Pantagruel*; *for either it is the Language of my Country of* Utopia, *or it ſounds very much like it* (7): Now thoſe, who are acquainted with the different Dialects of the *French* Tongue, need but read to find, that *Panurge* had ſpoke in that of *Gaſcony*. *Agonou dont ouſſys vous deſdaignez algarou*, &c.

Beſides, *Gargantua*, who is King of *Utopia*, is ſaid to be born in a State near the *Bibarois*, by which the Author perhaps does not only allude to *bibere* (drinking) but to *Bigorre*, a Province, which was ſtill poſſeſs'd by the King of *Navarre*, or at leaſt to the *Vivarez*, which may be reckoned among the Provinces that are not far diſtant from that of *Foix*, which alſo belonged to that King; his Mother being *Catharine de Foix*. That in which *Gargantua* was born is *Beuſſe*, which though it alſo alludes to drinking, yet by the Tranſmutation of B into V (generally made by thoſe Nations as well as by many others) ſeems to be the ancient Name of *Albret*, *viz. Vaſates*. I might add, that *Grangouſier* is deſcribed as one that was well furniſhed with Hams of *Bayonne*, *Sauſages of Bigorre and Rouargue* &c. (8) *but none of* Bolonia; *for he feared the* Lombard *Baccone* (or poiſoned Bit, the *Pope* being indeed his Enemy.) We are told, that he could not endure the *Spaniards*; and Mention is made alſo by *Grangouſier* (9) of the Wine that grows, not, ſays he, in *Brittany*, but in *this* good Country of *Verron* which ſeems to be *Bearn* (10). I might inſtance more of this; but as I know how little we ought to rely upon like-

(7) Book ii. Chap. 9.
(8) Book i. Chap. 3.
(9) Book i. Chap. 8.
(10) Book i. Chap. 13.

neſs

neſs of Names to find out Places and Colonies, I will only inſiſt upon the Word *Utopia*, which is the Name of *Grangouſier*'s Kingdom, and by which the Author means *Navarre*, of which *Gargantua* was properly only Titular King, the beſt Part of that Kingdom with *Pampeiune*, its capital City, being in the King of *Spain*'s Hands: So that State was, as it were, no more on Earth as to any Benefit he enjoyed by it; and 'tis what the Word *Utopia*, from οὐ and τόπος, ſignifies, *viz. What is not found*, or, *a Place not to be found*. We have therefore here four Actors in the *Pantagruelian* Farce, three Kings of *Navarre* and the Biſhop of *Valence* bred up and raiſed in that Houſe; we might add two *Perſonæ mutæ*, *Catherine de Foix* Queen of *Navarre*, marry'd to *John d'Albret*, and ſhe therefore ſhould be *Gargamelle*, as *Margaret de Valois*, marry'd to his Son *Henry* King of *Navarre*, ſhould be *Badebec*.

Picrochole is doubtleſs the King of *Spain*, who depriv'd *John d'Albret* of that Part of *Navarre* which is on the Side of the *Pyrenean* Mountains that is next to *Spain*. This appears by the Name of *Picrochole*, and by the univerſal Monarchy of which he thought himſelf ſecure.

The Word *Picrochole* is made up of two, πικρὸς bitter and χολὴ Choler, Bile, or Gall, to denote the Temper of that King, who was nothing but Bitterneſs and Gall. This doubly fits Charles V. firſt with Relation to *Francis* I. againſt whom he conceived an immortal Hatred; and to *Henry d'Albret*, whoſe Kingdom he poſſeſſed, and whom he lulled with the Hopes of a Reſtitution which he never deſigned; which was one of the chief Cauſes of the War that was kindled between that King and the Emperor *Charles* V. which laſted during both their Reigns. Beſides, *Charles* V. was troubled from Time to Time with an overflowing of *Bile*; ſo that finding himſelf decaying, and not likely to live much longer, after he had raiſed the Siege of *Mets*, as he had done that of *Marſeilles* before, being commonly as unfortunate as his Generals were ſucceſsful, he ſhut himſelf up in a *Monaſtery*, where that Diſtemper was the chief Cauſe of his Death. The Hope of Univerſal *Monarchy*, with which that Emperor flatter'd himſelf,

ſelf, was that Chimæra that poſſeſs'd his Mind till he reſign'd his Crown, and which he ſeem'd to have aſſigned with it, to *Philip* II. his Son and Succeſſor.

This *Frenzy*, which in his Thirſt of Empire poſſeſs'd him wholly, is very pleaſantly ridiculed by *Rabelais*. (11) The Duke of *Small-Traſh*, the Earl of *Swaſh-Buckler*, and Captain *Durtail* make *Picrochole* (in *Rodomontado*) conquer all the Nations in the Univerſe. I ſuppoſe that our *Satiriſt* means by theſe three, ſome Grandees of *Spain*; for, their King *Picrochole* bids them be covered. After many imaginary Victories, they ſpeak of erecting two Pillars to perpetuate his Memory, at the *Straits* of *Gibraltar*; by which he ridicules *Charles* V.'s Deviſe, which was two Pillars with *Plus Ultra* for the *Motto*: Then they make him to go to *Tunis* and *Algiers* (which *Charles* V. did) march to *Rome* and cauſe the *Pope* to die with Fear, whereat *Picrochole* is pleaſed, becauſe he will not then kiſs his *Pantouſle*, and longs to be at *Loretto*. Accordingly we know that in 1527, his Army had taken *Rome* by Storm, plunder'd it and its *Churches*, raviſhed the *Nuns*, if any would be raviſh'd, and having almoſt ſtarved the *Pope*, at laſt took him Priſoner, which Actions of a *Catholick King*'s Army, *Sandoval* a *Spaniſh* Author, only terms *Opera non Santa*. Then *Picrochole*, fancying himſelf Maſter already of ſo many Nations, moſt royally gratifies thoſe who ſo eaſily made him conquer them; to this he gives *Caramania*, *Suria* to that, and *Paleſtine* to the third; 'till at laſt a wiſe old Officer ſpeaks to him much as *Cyneas* did to *Pyrrhus*, and with as little Succeſs as that Philoſopher.

As it was not our Author's Deſign to give us a regular Hiſtory of all that happen'd in his Time, he did not tie himſelf up to *Chronology*, and ſometimes joined Events which have but little Relation to each other. Many times alſo the Characters are double, as perhaps is that of *Picrochole*. In the *Menagiana* lately publiſhed, which is a Collection of Sayings, Repartees, and Obſervations by the learned *Menage*, every one of them atteſted by Men of Learning and Credit, we are told

(11) Book i. Chap. 33.

that

that *Meſſieurs de Sainte Marthe* aſſured him that the *Picrochole* of *Rabelais* was their Grandfather, who was a Phyſician at *Frontevraut*. Theſe *M. de St. Marthe* are the worthy Sons of the famous *Samarthanus*, who gave ſo high a Character of *Rabelais* among the moſt celebrated Men of *France*, and who themſelves have honoured his Letters with large Notes, and ſhewed all the Marks of the greateſt Reſpect for his Memory; ſo that I am apt to believe that they would not fix ſuch a Character on their Grandfather, had there not been ſome Grounds for it. Much leſs would they have ſaid this to Monſieur *Menage*, who doubtleſs underſtood *Rabelais* very well, ſince I find by the Catalogue of his Works in Manuſcript, that he has written a Book of Obſervations on *Rabelais*, which I wiſh were printed; for they doubtleſs muſt be very curious; no leſs ought to be expected from that learned Author of the *Origines de la Langue Françoiſe*, and of the *Origini della Lingua Italiana*, as alſo of the curious Obſervations on the *Aminta* of *Taſſo*, not to ſpeak of his *Diogenes Laertius*, and many others. As he was moſt ſkilled in Etymologies, and a man of the greateſt Reading and Memory in *France*, he had doubtleſs made too many Diſcoveries in our Author, to have believed what *Meſſieurs Sainte Marthe* ſaid to him, were there not ſome Grounds for it. We may then ſuppoſe that *Rabelais* had the Wit ſo to deſcribe pleaſant Incidents that paſſed amongſt Men of Learning, or his Neighbours in or near *Chinon*, as that, at the ſame Time, ſome great Action in Church or State ſhould be repreſented or ſatiriz'd; juſt as Monſieur *De Benſerade*, in his Verſes for the ſolemn Maſks at the *French* Court has made his King, repreſenting *Jupiter*, ſay what equally might be ſaid of that Heathen God, or of that Monarch.

Thus the *Aſtrea* of the Lord *D'urfé*, which has charmed all the Ingenious of both Sexes, and is ſtill the Admiration of the moſt knowing, merely as a Romance, has been diſcovered long ago by ſome few, to have throughout it a Foundation of Truth. But as it only contains the private Amours of ſome Perſons of the firſt Quality of that Kingdom, and even thoſe of its noble Author, he had ſo diſguiſed the Truths which he deſcribes, that few had the double Pleaſure of ſeeing them recon-

reconciled to the outward Fictions; till among the Works of the greateſt Orator of his Time, the late Monſieur *Patru* (12) of the *French* Academy, they had a Key to a Part of that incomparable Paſtoral, which he ſays he had from its Author: And none that have known *Patru*, or read his Works, or *Boileau*'s, will have any Reaſon to doubt of what he ſays. He tells us, that the Author of *Aſtrea*, to make his Truths more agreeable, has interwove them with mere Fictions, which yet are generally only the Veils that hide ſome Truths, which might otherwiſe not ſo properly appear in ſuch a Work; ſometimes he gives us as a Part of the chief Intrigues of a Perſon, ſuch Actions as that Perſon tranſacted at another Time, or on another Occaſion; and on the other Hand, he ſometimes divides one Hiſtory, ſo that under different Names ſtill he means but one Perſon; thus *Diana* and *Aſtrea*, *Celadon* and *Silvander* are the ſame.

We ought not to forget that *Barclay* in his *Argenis* which is the Hiſtory of *France*, in *Henry* the IV.'s Time, does the ſame; *Polyarchus* and *Archombrotus* being but one.

As in *Aſtrea* when two Lovers marry, the Author only means that they love each other; ſo when in ours, *Panurge* deſires to marry and conſults about it, we may ſuppoſe him already married, and afraid of being proſecuted about it.

And if our Author has changed the Places and Order of Times, and ſet before, what ſhould go after, and that laſt which ſhould have been firſt, 'tis no more than what the judicious *Patru* allows to his, *as a Thing*, ſays he, *that is always uſed in all thoſe Sorts of Works*; and thus he makes that laſt but ſix Months, which held out fifteen Years, and with him *Chartres* in *France* and *Malta* are but one.

Rabelais, who had more Reaſon to write myſtically than any, may then be allowed equal Freedom in his Allegories; and without fixing only the Character of *Picrohole*, on *Charles* V. we may believe that it refers as well to his Predeceſſor, *Ferdinand* King of *Arragon* and of *Caſtile*, by Queen *Iſabella* his Wife, that depri-

(12) Oeuvres De. de Patru, V. 2. 1692.

ved *John d'Albret* of his Kingdom of *Navarre*; for that *Spaniard* was as bitter an Enemy, as cunning, and at leaſt as fatal to the Houſe of *Navarre*, as his *Succeſſor*.

John d'Albret was an open-hearted, magnificent, generous Prince; but eaſy, and relying wholly on his Miniſters; being given to his Pleaſures, which often conſiſted in going privately to eat and drink with his Subjects, and inviting himſelf to their Houſes; however he loved Books, and was a great Lover of Heraldry, nicely obſerving the Pedigrees, Coats and Badges of Honour of Families, which perhaps makes *Rabelais* open his Scene with referring us to the great *Pantagruelian* Chronicle (by which he begins his ſecond Book) *for the Knowledge of that Genealogy and Antiquity of Race, by which* Gargantua *is deſcended to us, how the Giants were born in this World, and how from them by a direct Line iſſued* Gargantua; then he bids us not take it ill, if he for the preſent paſſes it by, *though the Subject be ſuch, that the oftener it were remembered, the more it will pleaſe your Worſhips*; by which he expoſes that Prince's and ſome Gentlemen's continual Application to a vain Search into the dark and fabulous Times for Pedigrees, as *Rabelais* ſays, *from the Giants*; for many would be derived from ſomething greater than Man. Then he makes his Kings Giants, becauſe they are ſo in Power; and ſometimes what ſerves the whole Court and Attendants is by him applied wholly to the King as eating, cloathing, ſtrength. And then by that he ridicules the Romances of thoſe Days, where Giants are always brought in, as well as Magicians, Witches, ſingle Men routing whole Armies, and a Thouſand other ſuch fabulous Stories. He has alſo ridiculed the Variety of doubtful, though ancient Originals, in the odd Diſcovery of the Manuſcript; and in the 9 *Chap.* the Diſtinction of Colours and Liveries, which took up that Prince's Time, due to higher Employments, as worthily as the reſt of Heraldry. There he tells us, that *Gargantua's Colours or Liveries, were white and blue, by which his Father would give to underſtand, that his Son was to him a heavenly Joy.* Thence with as much Fancy as Judgment, he takes an Opportunity to laugh at the *lame* and *punning Deviſes* or *Impreſes* of thoſe Days, in which however,

ever, *Paulus Jovius* had already given Rules to make better; yet after all, I believe that by *Gargantua*'s Colours, *Rabelais* alſo alludes to K. *Hinry d'Albret*, and *Marguerite* his Queen, who were ſincerely for a Reformation; ſo the White may ſignify *Innocence*, *Candour* and *Sincerity*, and the Blue, *Piety* or *Heavenly Love*. Perhaps alſo as (13) *Godefroy d'Eſtiſac*, Biſhop of *Maillezais*, in his Coat, gave paled *Argent* and *Azur* of ſix Pieces, he had a Mind to celebrate the Colours of his Patron.

The Account of *Gargantua*'s youthful Age, *Ch.* 11, agrees very well with that which Hiſtorians give us of the Way of bringing up *Henry* IV. of *France*, by his Grandfather *Henry d'Albret*, who is the ſame with *Gargantua*, (14.) That great Monarch was in his tender Age inur'd by that old Prince to all Sorts of Hardſhips, for he cauſed him to be kept in the Country, where he order'd they ſhould let him run among the poor Country Boys, which the young Prince did, ſometimes without Shoes or Hat, being fed with the coarſeſt Fare; ſo that having by thoſe Means contracted a good Habit of Body, he was afterwards ſo hardened to Fatigues, ſo vigilant and active, and ſo eaſily pleaſed with the moſt homely Diet, that it did not a little contribute to the Advantage which he had over the League, whoſe Chief, the Duke *de Mayenne*, was of a Diſpoſition altogether different. Now, 'tis very probable that *Henry d'Albret* was himſelf brought up much after the Manner which he choſe for his Grandſon; for we read that he was not only an ingenious and underſtanding Prince, generous and liberal even to Magnificence, but alſo very warlike and hardy.

The Education of *Gargantua*, by the Sophiſters, is a Satire on thoſe Men, (15) and the tedious Methods of the Schools, ſhewing the little Improvement that was made in *Henry d'Albret*'s Studies, as long as he was under *Popiſh* Governors, and the ill Life that the young Gentlemen of the *Roman* Church led; as on the con-

(13) *Epiſt. de Rabelais.*
(14) Mezeray. Hardouin de Preſix Hiſt. *Henry* IV.
(15) Book i. Chap. 21.

trary, the Benefit of having good Tutors, and the Difference between the *Romans* and the *Proteſtants* (16), carefully and piouſly educated at the Dawn of the Reformation; for there is no Doubt, that though *Henry d'Albret* did not dare to profeſs it, the People in *Navarre* being all *Papiſts*, and there being Obſtacles enough to the Recovery of that Kingdom, loſt by his Father, without raiſing more, yet he hearily hated the *Popiſh* Principles, and the King of *Arragon* and *Caſtile*, who merely on the Pretence of *John d'Albret*'s Alliance with *Lewis* XII. at the Time of his Excommunication, had ſeized his Country and held it by the *Pope*'s Gift; ſo we find that the Reformers no ſooner preach'd againſt Bulls and Indulgences, the taking away the Cup in the Euchariſt and Tranſubſtantiation, but that *Marguerite*, the Wife of K. *Henry d'Albret*, and Siſter to *Francis* I. owned herſelf to be one of the new Opinion, and as powerfully defended its Profeſſors as ſhe could. Any one may ſee by the two Chapters of *Gargantua's* Education by *Ponocrates*, that the Author treats of a *Proteſtant* Prince, and of *Gargantua*'s being brought to a reformed State of Life; for he ſays, that *when* Ponocrates *knew* Gargantua's *vicious Manner of Living, he reſolved to bring him up in a much different Way, and requeſted a learned Phyſician of that Time, called Maſter* Theodorus, *ſeriouſly to perpend how to bring him to a better Courſe*; he ſays, that the *ſaid Phyſician purg'd him canonically, with* Anticyrian Hellebore, *by which Medicine he cleared all that Foulneſs and perverſe Habit of his Brain, and by this Means* Ponocrates *made him forget all that he had learned under his antient Preceptors. Theodorus* is a very proper Name for a Divine, ſignifying *Gift of God*, from θεοῦ and δῶρον, and that great Maſter of Thought, Father *Malebranche*, gives it to the Divine who is one of the Interlocutors in the admirable metaphyſical Dialogues, which he calls *Converſations Chreſtiennes*; ſo that as *Rabelais* tells us, *Theodorus* was a Phyſician for the Mind, that is, one of the new Preachers, and perhaps *Berthaud*, that of Queen *Marguerite*.

By the *Anticyrian Hellebore* (17), with which he

(16) Book i. Chap. 33.

(17) Ἀντίκυρία poteſtas, apud Suidam.

purged

purged *Gargantua*'s Brain, may be meant powerful Arguments drawn from Reaſon and the Scripture, oppoſed to the Authority of the *Popiſh* Church; after this Purge we find *Gargantua* awak'd at four in the Morning, and while they were rubbing him, *ſome Chapter of the holy Scripture aloud and clearly with a Pronunciation fit for the Matter read to him, and according to the Purpoſe and Argument of that Leſſon, oftentimes giving himſelf to worſhip, adore, pray, and ſend up his Supplications to that good God, whoſe Word did ſhew his Majeſty and marvellous Judgment.* That Chapter and the next are admirable, as well as many more; nor can we ever have a more perfect Idea of the Education of a Prince, than is that of his *Gargantua*, whom he repreſents all along as a Man of great Honour, Senſe, Courage and Piety; whereas under his other Maſters, in the Chapters before, we find him idle, and playing at all Sorts of Games. Nothing can better demonſtrate the great Genius and Prudence of our Author, who could ſubmit to get together ſo many odd Names, of trifling Things, to keep himſelf out of Danger, and grace the Counterpart which is ſo judicious and ſo grave; he had told us firſt, that *Gargantua*, under his former Pedagogues, after a good Breakfaſt, went to Church, a huge greaſy Breviary being carried before him in a great Baſket; that there he heard 26 or 30 Maſſes; that this While came his Mattin-Mumbler (Chaplain) muffled about the Chin (that is, with his Cowl) round as a Hoop, and his Breath pretty well antidoted with the Vine-Tree Syrup, that with him he mumbled all his Kyriels, and as he went from the Church, ſauntering along through the Cloyſters, ridded more of St. *Claude*'s Patenotres, than ſixteen Hermits could have done. So that there we find him a *Papiſt*, and in the following Chapter, as I have ſaid, a *Proteſtant*.

Without Doubt, the Sophiſters, under whom *Gargantua* (18) did not improve, were ſome noted Men in his Age; I have not yet diſcovered who they were.

As for *Don Philip* of *Marais*, Viceroy of *Papeligoſſe*, (19), who adviſes *Grangouſier* to put his Son under

(18) Book i. Chap. 14.
(19) Book i. Chap. 15.

another Diſcipline, he may perhaps be *Philip*, Son to the *Mareſchal* of *Navarre*; the Title of *Don* being taken by the *Navarrois*, and *Marais* ſeems *Mareſchal*.

Gargantua is ſent with *Ponocratis* to *Paris* by his Father, that they might know, ſays he, what was the Study of the young Men in *France* (20); this ſhews that *Grangouſier* was not King of it, and that *Gargantua* was a Stranger there.

Many, who take him to be *Francis* I. think that his huge *great Mare* is Madam *d'Eſtampes*, that King's Miſtreſs, and explain that Mare's ſkirmiſhing with her Tail, whereby ſhe overthrew all the Wood in the County of *Beauce*, by a Gift, which, they ſay, he made her of ſome of its Foreſts. They ſay alſo, that the King was deſirous to buy her a Necklace of Pearls; and that partly on that Account he would have got ſome Money of the Citizens of *Paris*; but they being unwilling to comply with his Demand, the King and his Miſtreſs threatened to ſell the Bells of *our Lady*'s Church (the Cathedral) to buy *his Lady* a Necklace: And that this has given Occaſion to ſay, that *Gargantua* deſigned to hang thoſe Bells at his Mare's Neck (21).

Though, as I have ſaid, *Gargantua* be not *Francis* I. I might believe that *Rabelais* had a Mind to make us merry with the Recital of ſuch an Adventure, were it not certain that the ſaid King had read his Book, and would hardly have liked ſuch a Paſſage, had he been himſelf an Actor there; but beſides, Hiſtory relates nothing of this Nature of him; nor has the Story of the Bells the Reſemblance of Truth.

As for the Blow with the Mare's Tail, it might as well belong to *Henry d'Albret*, who has not been without a Miſtreſs. Had I been able to get ſome certain Books, and had the Bookſeller not been impatient by Reaſon of the Term, I would have done my Endeavour to unriddle that Enigma; but having hardly a Fortnight's Time to make my Obſervations, and finiſh the Author's Life and this Preface; I muſt put off that Enquiry till ſome other Opportunity, and then what farther Diſcoveries I may make, may be publiſhed with thoſe on the fourth

(20) Chap. 15. and 16.
(21) Book i. Chap. 17.

and

and fifth Books, which contain *Pantagruel*'s Voyage to the holy Bottle, as beautiful at leaſt as theſe three.

I will however offer here a Conjecture on that Story of the Bells; we find in the 17, 18 and 19th Chapters of the firſt Book, that Maſter *Janotus de Bragmardo*, a Sophiſter, is ſent to *Gargantua* to recover the Bells, and makes a wretched Speech to him about it; I am ſenſible that 'twas partly his Deſign to ridicule the Univerſities, which at that Time deſerved no better in *France*. But in particulur, I believe that he aimed at *Cenalis*, a Doctor of *Sorbonne*, and afterwards Biſhop of *Arvenches*, for I find that this Prelate had wrote a Treatiſe wonderfully pleaſant (22) concerning the Signs, whereby the true Church may be diſtinguiſhed from the falſe; in it he waves the preaching of the Goſpel, and Adminiſtration of the Sacraments, and pretends to prove that Bells are the Signs which eſſentially diſtinguiſh the Church of *Rome* from the Reformed, who at that Time had none, but uſed to aſſemble privately at the letting off of a Muſquet in the *High Street*, which was a Sign by which they knew that it was time to meet to perform Divine Service. *Cenalis* on this Triumphs, as if he had gained his Point, and runs on in a long Antitheſis, to prove that Bells are the Signs of the true Church, and Guns the Mark of the bad; all Bells, ſays he, ſound; but all Guns thunder; all Bells have a melodious Sound, all Guns make a dreadful Noiſe; Bells open Heaven, Guns open Hell: Bells drive away Clouds and Thunder; Guns raiſe Clouds, and mock the Thunder. He has a great Deal more ſuch Stuff, to prove that the Church of *Rome* is the true Church, becauſe forſooth, it has Bells, which the other had not.

The taking away the Bells of a Place implies its Conqueſt, and even Towns that have articled are obliged to redeem their Bells; perhaps the taking away the great Bells at *Paris* was the taking away the Privileges of its Univerſity, or ſome other; for *Paris* may only be named for a Blind. Thus the Maſter Beggar of the Fryars of St. *Anthony*, coming for ſome Hog's Purtenance, (St. *Anthony*'s Hog is always pictured with a Bell at his

(22) Hiſt. de Jean Creſpin.

Neck) who to be heard afar off, and to make the Bacon ſmake in the very Chimnies, had a Mind to filch and carry thoſe Bells away privily, but was hindered by their Weight; that Maſter Beggar, I ſay muſt be the Head of ſome Monks, perhaps of that Order in the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, who would have been ſubſtituted to thoſe that had been deprived, and the Petition of Maſter *Janotus* is the Pardon which the Univerſity begs, perhaps for ſome Affront reſented by the Prince; for thoſe that eſcaped the Flood, cryed, We are waſhed *Parris*, that is, for having laughed. *Rabelais*, *en paſſant*, there ſeverely inveighs againſt the Grumblers and factious Spirits at *Paris*: Which makes me think that whether the Scene lies there or elſewhere as in *Gaſcoigny*, ſome People of which Country were *Henry d'Albret*'s Subjects, ſtill this was a remarkable Event. In the Prologue of the fourth Book, *Jupiter*, buſied about the Affairs of Mankind, cries, Here are the *Gaſcons* curſing, damning and renouncing, demanding the Re-eſtabliſhment of their Bells; I ſuppoſe that more is meant than Bells, or he would not have uſed the Word *Re-eſtabliſhment*.

But 'tis Time to ſpeak of the *great Strife and Debate raiſed betwixt the Cake-bakers of* Lerné, *and thoſe of Gargantua*'s *Country*; *whereupon were waged great Wars* (28). We may eaſily apply many Things concerning theſe Wars to thoſe of *Navarre*, between the Houſe of *d'Albret*, and King *Ferdinand* and *Charles* V. Thus *Les Truans*, or as this Tranſlation renders it, the Inhabitants of *Lerné*, who by the Command of *Picrochole* their King, invaded and plundered *Utopia*, *Gargantua*'s Country, are the *Spaniſh* Soldiers, and *Lerné* is *Spain*. The Word *Truand* in old *French*, ſignifies an idle, lazy Fellow, which hits pretty well the *Spaniards* Character, the Author having made Choice of that Name of a Place near *Chinon*, becauſe it alludes to the Lake *Lerna*, where *Hercules* deſtroyed the *Lernæan Hydra*, which did ſo much Hurt in the Country of *Argos*, that thence came the Proverb, λερνη κακῶν, *Malorum Lerna*. Thus *Spain* was a *Lerna of Ills* to all *Europe*, while, like

(28) Book i. Chap. 25.

France

France now, it aſpired to univerſal Monarchy; but it was ſo more particularly to *Navarre* in *July* 1512, when King *John d'Albret* and Queen *Catherine de Foix*, the lawful Sovereign, were diſpoſſeſſed by *Ferdinand* King of *Arragon*, almoſt without any Reſiſtance. The ſaid King *John*, deſirous of Peace, ſent *Don Alphonſo Carillo*, Conſtable of *Navarre*, in the Quality of his Ambaſſador to *Ferdinand*, to prevent the approaching Miſchief; but he was ſo ill received, ſays the Hiſtory of *Navarre*, (29) dedicated to King *Henry* IV. and printed with his Privilege, that he was glad to return to his King with Speed, and related to him that there was no Hope left to perſuade the King of *Arragon* to a Peace, and that *Lewis de Beaumont*, Earl of *Lerins*, who had forſaken *Navarre*, daily encouraged *Ferdinand* to attack that Kingdom. So that this Ambaſſy reſembles much that of *Ulric Gallet* to *Picrochole* who ſwears by St. *James*, the Saint of the *Spaniards*. In *November* 1512, *Francis* Duke of *Angouleſme*, afterwards King, was ſent with King *John d'Albret*, by *Lewis* XII. to recover *Navarre*, having with him ſeveral of the great Lords in *France*, and a great Army, which poſſeſſed itſelf of many Places, but the Rigour of the Seaſon obliged them to raiſe the Siege of *Pampelune*. And in 1521, another Army under the Command of *Andrew de Foix*, Lord of *Aſperault*, entered *Navarre*, and wholly regained it (30), but it was loſt again ſoon after by the Imprudence of that General, and the Avarice of St. *Colombe*, one of his chief Officers.

Thoſe, that will narrowly examine Hiſtory, will find that many Particulars of the Wars, in the firſt Book of *Rabelais*, may be reconciled to thoſe of *Navarre*; but I believe that he means ſomething more than a Deſcription of the Fights among the Soldiers, by the Debate raiſed betwixt the *Cake-ſellers* or *Fouaſſiers* of *Lerné*, and the *Shepherds of Gargantua*. Thoſe *Shepherds* or *Paſtors*, ſhould be the *Lutheran* and *Calviniſt Miniſters*, whom *John* and *Henry d'Albret* favoured, being the more diſpoſed to adhere to the reviving Goſpel which they preached, by the provoking Remembrance of the Pope's and King of *Spain*'s injurious Uſage; and for that Rea-

(29) Hiſt. de *Navarre* par C. Secretaire & Interpret. du Roy.
(30) Memoires de Martin du Bellay.

ſon, Queen *Marguerite* did not only profeſs the *Proteſtant* Religion, but after the Death of *Henry d'Albret*, Queen *Jane* their Daughter, married to *Anthony de Bourbon*, was a zealous Defender of it till ſhe dyed, and her Son *Henry*, afterwards raiſed to the Throne of *France*, publickly own'd himſelf a *Proteſtant*, till his impatient Deſire of being peaceably ſeated on it made him leave the better Party to pacify the worſe.

The Cake-ſellers of *Lerné* are the Prieſts, and other Eccleſiaſticks of *Spain*; as alſo all the *Miſſificators*, of the Church of *Rome*. *Rabelais* calls them Cake-mongers, or *Fouaſſiers*, by Reaſon of the Hoſt, or ſacramental Water, which is made of Dough, between a Pair of Irons, like the Cakes or *Fouaſſes in Poitou*, where *Rabelais* lived, and is ſaid to be tranſubſtantiated into *Chriſt's Body*, when conſecrated by the Prieſt.

The Subject of the Debate, as *Rabelais* terms it, between thoſe Cake-ſellers and the Shepherds, is the firſt's Refuſal to ſupply the latter with Cakes, to eat with the Grapes which they watched. For as *Rabelais* obſerves, *'Tis a celeſtial Food to eat for Breakfaſt freſh Cakes with Grapes*, by which he alludes to the Way of receiving the Communion among the *Proteſtants*, who generally take that *celeſtial Food* faſting, and always with the Juice of the *Grape*, that is, with Wine, according to the evangelical Inſtitution. Now the Cake-mongers, or *Popiſh* Prieſts, would not conſent to give Cakes, that is to ſay, *Bread*, but would only give the Accidents of the *Cakes*, or to ſpeak in their own Phraſe, the *Accidents of the Bread*; and it is well known that this was the chief Occaſion of our Separation from the Church of *Rome*.

Upon the reaſonable Requeſt of the Shepherds, the Cake-ſellers, inſtead of granting it, preſently fall to railing and reviling, adding, after a whole Litany of comical, though defamatory Epithets, that coarſe unraunged Bread, or ſome of the great brown Houſhold Loaf was good enough for ſuch Shepherds, meaning that the groſs Notions of Tranſubſtantiation ought to ſatisfy the Vulgar. The Shepherds reply modeſtly enough, and ſay that the others uſed formerly to let them have Cakes, by which muſt be underſtood the Times that preceded the Doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation. Then *Marquet*, one of the

the Cake-merchants, treacherouſly invites *Forgier* to come to him for Cakes, but inſtead of them, only gives him a ſwinging Laſh with his Whip over-thwart the Legs, whereupon he is rewarded by the other with a broken Pate, and falls down from his Mare, more like a dead than a living Man, wholly unfit to ſtrike another Blow.

Theſe two Combatants are the Controvertiſts of both Parties; the *Papiſt* immediately begins to rail and abuſe his Adverſary. The *Lutheran* confounds him in his Replies, and, for a Blow with a Whip treacherouſly given, very fairly diſables his Enemy.

This is the Judgment that *Rabelais*, a Man of Wit and Learning, impartially paſſes on both Parties. If any would ſeek a greater Myſtery in that *Grand Debate*, as *Rabelais* calls it, which term I believe he would hardly have uſed for a real Fight, let them imagine, that he there deſcribes the Conference at *Reinburgh*, where *Melancthon*, *Bucer* and *Piſtorious* debated of Religion againſt *Eccius*, *Julius*, *Pflug* and *John Gropper*, and handled them much as *Forgier* did *Marquet*.

But this Exploit of *Forgier* being inconſiderable, if compared to thoſe of Fryar *John des Entomeures*, or *of the Funnels*, as ſome corruptly call him, we ſhould endeavour to diſcover who is that brave *Monk* that makes ſuch rare Work with thoſe that took away the *Grapes* of the Vineyard. By the pretended Key, which I think fit to give you after this, ſince it will hardly make up a Page, we are told, that our Fryar *John* is the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, Brother to the Duke of *Guiſe*; but that Conjecture is certainly groundleſs; for though the Princes of his Houſe were generally very brave, yet that Cardinal never affected to ſhew his Courage in martial Achievements, and was never ſeen to girt himſelf for war, or to fight for the Cauſe which he moſt eſpouſed; beſides, had he been to have fought, it would have been for *Picrocholt*. It would be more reaſonable to believe that Fryar *John* is *Odet de Coligny* Cardinal *De Chaſtillon*, Archbiſhop of *Tholouſe*, Biſhop and Earl of *Beauvais*, Abbot of St. *Benign*, of *Dijon*, of *Fleury*, of *Ferriers* and of *Vaux de Cernay*: For that Prelate was a Man of Courage, no Ways inferior to his younger Brothers the Admiral and the Lord *D'Andelot*.

lot. (31) Beſides he was an Enemy to *Spain*, and a Friend to *Navarre*; then he was a *Proteſtant*, and helped his Brothers, doing great Service to thoſe of his Party, and was married to *Elizabeth de Hauteville*, Dame *de Thoré*, a Lady of great Quality. Pope *Pius* IV. in a private Conſiſtory deprived him for adhering to his Brothers, but he neither valued the Pope nor his Cenſures; he died in *England* in 1571, and lies interred in *Canterbury* Cathedral, having been made a *Cardinal* by *Clement* VII. at his and *Francis* I.'s Interview at *Marſeilles* in 1533. I own that what he did for the *Proteſtant* Cauſe was chiefly after the Death of *Rabelais*, and that ſome have repreſented him as a Man wholly given to his Eaſe; but *Rabelais*, whoſe beſt Friend he was, knew his Inclinations even when he compoſed this work, which made him dedicate the fourth Part of it to him: and 'tis chiefly to that brave Cardinal that we are obliged for that Book, and the laſt of this myſterious Hiſtory (32); ſince without the King's Protection, which he obtained for *Rabelais*, he had reſolved to write no more, as I have already obſerved. And for his being addicted to his Pleaſures, that exactly anſwers the Name of his Abbey of *Theleme*, of which thoſe that are Members do what they pleaſe, according to their only Rule, *Do what thou wilt*, and to the Name of the Abbey, θελεμα, *Voluntas*. Perhaps *Rabelais* had alſo a Regard to θάλαμος which often ſignifies a Nuptial Chamber, to ſhew that our valiant *Monk* was married; thus the Deſcription of the Abbey ſhews us a Model of a Society free from all the Ties of others; yet more honeſt by the innate Virtues of its Members; therefore its Inſcription excludes all *Monks* and *Fryars*, inviting in all thoſe that expound the holy Goſpel faithfully, though others murmur againſt them. Indeed I muſt confeſs that he makes his *Fryar* ſwear very much, but this was to expoſe that Vice, which, as well as many others, reigned among Eccleſiaſticks in his Age. Beſides, the *Cardinal* had been a Soldier; and the Men of that Profeſſion were doubtleſs not more reſerved then than they are now. I will give

(31) Vide *Thuan. Samarthan. Ciacon. Du Bouchet. d'Aubigne*, lib. 4. *Sponde* in annal. Hiſt. Eccleſ. *Beza. Petrameller.*

(32) Lib. 4. Epiſt. Dedicat.

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an Inſtance of it that falls naturally into this Subject, and is the more proper, being of one who was alſo a *Cardinal*, a *Biſhop*, a *Lord*, an *Abbot*, married; a Soldier, a Friend to the Houſe of *Navarre*, engaged in its Wars, and who perhaps may come in for his Share of *Fryar John*. I ſpeak this of *Cæſar Borgia*, the Son of *Pope Alexander* VI. who, having made his Eſcape out of Priſon at *Medina del Campo*, came in 1506 to his Brother-in-Law *John d'Albret*, King of *Navarre*. Being Biſhop of *Pampeluna*, its Capital, he reſigned it, as well as his Cardinal's Cap and other Benefices, to lead a military Life; and after many Engagements in other Countries, was killed, being with King *John* at the Siege of the Caſtle of *Viane*, which held for *Lewis De Beaumont* Earl of *Lerius*, Conſtable of *Navarre*, who had rebelled againſt King *John* (33). That Earl having thrown a Convoy into the Caſtle, *Cæſar Borgia*, who deſired to fight him at the Head of his Men, cried, *Où eſt, Où eſt ce Comtereau? Je jure Dieu, qu'aujourd'huy je le feray mourir, ou le prendray Priſonier: Je ne ceſſeray juſques à ce qu'l ſoit entierement deſtruit, & ne pardonneray nay ſuveray la Vie à aucun des Siens: Tout paſſera par l'Epeé juſques aux Chiens & aux Chats.* That is; *Where is, where is this petty Earl? By G— I will this Day kill or take him: I will not reſt till I have wholly deſtroyed him: Nor will I ſpare one Creature that is his; all to the very Dogs and Cats ſhall die by the Sword.* It cannot be ſuppoſed that *Rabelais* drew his *Fryar John* by this Man, but 'tis not unlikely that he had a Mind to bring him in, by giving ſome of his Qualifications to his *Monk*; for there is no Doubt that our Author made his Characters double as much as he could, as it were ſtowing three, and perhaps five, in the Place of one for Want of Room; not altogether like an Actor who plays three different Parts in the ſame Piece, nor like *Scaramouch*, who acts various Parts in the ſame Cloaths, but like that *Pantomime* in *Lucian*, who repreſented ſeveral Things at once; and was ſaid to have five different Souls in one Body. Thus, if *Pierochole*, beſides the Characters of King *Ferdinand* of *Arragon*, and of *Charles* V. includes that of Dr. *De St. Marthe*

(33) Hiſt. de *Navarre*.

of

of *Frontevraut*, as his Grandſons ſaid to *Menagius*, Brother *John* may alſo be ſome *Monk* of the Abbey where *Rabelais* had lived.

I preſume to ſay more, though as all that I have ſaid already, I humbly offer it as bare and uncertain Conjecture; why may we not ſuppoſe that our Author has a Mind to give us, after his Manner, a Sketch of the great *Luther?* He was alſo a *Monk*, and a jolly one too; being, as *Rabelais* ſays, *A Clerk even to the Teeth in Matter of Breviary.* The Vineyard, and conſequently the Wine which is ſaved, is the Cup in the Communion, which, through his Means, when taken away by the popiſh Prieſts, was in Spite of *Charles* the Emperor, alſo King of *Spain*, and his Soldiers, reſtored to the *Proteſtants* in *Germany*. The *Prior*, who calls *Fryar John drunken Fellow*, for troubling the *Divine Service*, may be the *Pope* and the ſuperior Clergy.

Then *Fryar John* throwing off his great *Monk*'s Habit, and laying hold on the Staff of the Croſs, is *Luther*'s leaving his Monaſtery, to rely on Chriſtian Weapons, the Merit of his Redeemer. The Victory obtained againſt thoſe that diſorderly ravaged the Vineyard and took away the Grapes, is his baffling the Arguments of his Oppoſers; and their being out of Order, means the Ignorance of the *Papiſts*. The little Monkitos that proffer their Help to *Fryar John*, and who, leaving their outer Habits and Coats upon the Rails, made an End of thoſe whom he had already cruſhed, are thoſe *Monks* and other of the Clergy, much inferior to *Luther*, who followed his Reformation, and wrote againſt thoſe whom he had in a Manner wholly confuted.

'Tis known, that at the Council of *Trent* the *Germans* thirſted very much after the Wine in the Euchariſt, and that they were as eager for the Aboliſhing of the Canons that enjoined Celibacy to the Clergy, as for the Reſtitution of the Cup to the Laity. They uſed to have the Words of our Saviour, *Bibite ex hoc omnes*, marked in golden Characters in all their Bibles, and made Songs and Lampoons on the Robbers of the Cup, as they called them. They had alſo a Deſign to have Cups in all their Standards and Enſigns of War, and the

Picture

Picture of the Cup in all the Churches of their Communion, as the *Huſſites* of *Bohemia* had done, which occaſioned this Diſtich by a Poet of the *Roman* Church:

Tot pingit Calices Bohemorum terra per urbes,
Ut credas Bacchi numina ſola coli.

Indeed, what is ſaid of *Fryar John*, *Chap.* 41, 42 and 43, may induce us to believe, that the Man who has the greateſt Share in the Character of the *Monk* did not abſolutely caſt off his Frock, but far from it, we ſee that the *Fryar* kept it on, to preſerve himſelf from his Enemies, and deſired no other Armour for Back and Breaſt, and after *Gargantua*'s Followers had armed him *Cap à piè* againſt his Will, his Armour was the Cauſe of an unlucky Accident, which made him call for Help, and ſwear that he was betrayed, while he remained hanged by the Ears on a Tree. So he afterwards threw away his Armour, and took to him the Staff of the Croſs; holding himſelf invulnerable with his *Monkiſh* Habit. Accordingly, when Captain *Drawforth* is ſent by *Picrochole* with 1600 Horſemen thoroughly beſprinkled with holy Water, and who, to be diſtinguiſhed from their Enemies, wore a *Stole* inſtead of a Scarf (for ſo it ſhould have been in the 43 Chapter, and not *Star* as it is there printed); we find that *Fryar John* having frighted them all away, *Drawforth* only excepted, that bold Enemy, with his utmoſt Strength could not make his Lance pierce our *Monk*'s Frock, and was ſoon knocked down by him with the Staff of the Croſs; and found out to be a Prieſt by his Stole.

This confirms what has been ſaid, that all this War is chiefly a Diſpute of *Religion*; and this Part of it ſeems to relate to Cardinal *Chaſtillon*, becauſe he was ſecure within his eccleſiaſtical Habit; the Author ſometimes, as I have ſaid, joining ſeveral Characters together. Thus the *Monk*'s Diſcourſe at Table is not only applicable to that Cardinal, but alſo to *Montluc* Biſhop of *Valence*, who makes his firſt Appearance on our Doctor's Stage, in the ſecond Act, by the Name of *Panurge*; for *Fryar John* being deſired to pull off his Frock; *Let me alone with it*, replies he, *I'll drink the better while it is on. It makes all my Body jocund; did I lay it aſide,*

I ſhould

I ſhould loſe my Appetite: So, many in thoſe Days, as well as in theſe, loved the Benefice more than they hated the *Religion.* Some will ſay that the Requeſt made then to *Fryar John* was only, that he ſhould eaſe himſelf of his monaſtick Frock while he was at Table, but *Rabelais* would not have made his *Monk* refuſe ſuch a Requeſt; he knew that ſome of the Princes of the Clergy had in his Time, at the *French Court,* and in the King's Preſence, taken a greater Liberty; for there had been a Ball in *Lewis* the XII.'s Reign, where two Cardinals danced before him among the reſt; and in another, given him by *Joanne Jacomo Trivulſe,* ſeveral Princes and great Lords had danced in *Fryar*'s Habit. The *Monks* talk with a great Deal of Freedom at *Gargantua*'s Table, and ſwears that he kept open Houſe at *Paris* for ſix Months; then he talks of a *Fryar* that is become a hard Student, then ſays, that for his Part he ſtudies not at all, juſtifying himſelf for this Conduct in falſe *Latin*; after this he abruptly ſtarts a new Matter, and lets his Fancy run after Hares, Hawks and Hounds, and thus he goes on by Sallies, and admirably humours the Way of talking of the young *Court Abbots* in *France.* Now probably the Cardinal, who did not ſet up for a Man of Learning, being of great Quality, allowed himſelf Liberty accordingly, making Hunting one of his Recreations; and indeed what *Gargantua* ſays concerning *Fryar John,* in the next Chapter, (34) hits Cardinal *Chaſtillon*'s Character exactly: There having taxed moſt *Monks* with mumbling out great Store of Legends and Pſalms, which they underſtand not at all, and interlarding many *Pater Notres,* with ten Times as many *Ave Maries* without thinking upon or apprehending the Meaning of what they ſay, which he calls mocking of God, and not Prayers; he ſays, that *all true Chriſtians, in all Places, and at all Times, ſend up their Prayers to God, and the Spirit prayeth and intercedes for them, and God is gracious to them: Now ſuch a one, adds he, is our* Fryar John, *he is no Bigot,* &c.

What *Grangouſier* ſays to the *French* Pilgrims, ſhews, that he alſo was no Bigot, and was not King of *France*;

(34) Book i. Chap. 40.

when

when ſpeaking of ſome ſuperſtitious Preachers, one of whom had called him *Heretick*, he adds, *I wonder that your King ſhould ſuffer them in their Sermons to publiſh ſuch ſcandalous Doctrine in his Dominions.* Then *Fryar John* ſays to the Pilgrims, that *while they thus are upon their Pilgrimage, the* Monks *will have a Fling at their Wives.* After that, *Grangouſier* bids them *not to be ſo ready to undertake thoſe idle and unprofitable Journies, but go Home and live as St.* Paul *directs them, and then God will guard them from Evils* which they think to avoid by Pilgrimages.

What has been obſerved puts it beyond all doubt, that our jeſting Author was indeed in earneſt when he ſaid, that he myſtically treated of *the moſt high Sacraments*, and dreadful Secrets, in what concerns our *Religion.* I know that immediately after this, he paſſes off with a Banter, what he had aſſured very ſeriouſly; but this was an admirable Piece of Prudence; and whoever will narrowly examine his Writings, will find, that this Virtue is inſeparably joined with his Wit, ſo that his Enemies never could have any Advantage over him.

But not to comment upon ſeveral other Places in his firſt Book, that the Ingenious may have the Pleaſure of unriddling the reſt of it themſelves, I will only add, that his Manner of ending it is a Maſter-piece ſurpaſſing the artful Evaſion, which, as I have now obſerved, is in its Introduction.

It is an *Enigma*, as indeed is the whole Work; I could only have wiſhed that it had been proper to have put it into a more modiſh Dreſs (for then doubtleſs it would more generally have pleaſed.) But I ſuppoſe that the Gentleman, who reviſed this Tranſlation, thought it not fit to give the Graces of our Modern *Enigmas* to the Tranſlation of a prophetical Riddle *in the ſtile of Merlin.* *Gargantua* piouſly fetches a very deep Sigh, when he has heard it read, and ſays, that he perceives by it, that it is not now only that People called to the Faith of the Goſpel are perſecuted; but happy is the Man that ſhall not be ſcandalized, but ſhall always continue to the End, in aiming at the Mark, which God by his dear Son has ſet before us, *&c.* Upon this the *Monk* aſks him, what he thought was ſignified by the

the Riddle? What? says *Gargantua*, the Decreaſe and Prapagation of the Divine Truth. That is not my Expoſition, says the *Monk*, it is the Stile of the Prophet *Merlin*; make as many grave Allegories and Tropes as you will; I can conceive no other Meaning in it; but a Deſcription of a Set at *Tennis* in dark and obſcure Terms. By this Riddle, which he expounds, he cunningly ſeems to inſinuate that all the Reſt of his Book, which he has not explained, wholly conſiſts of Trifles; and what is moſt remarkable, is that he illuſtrates the Truths which he had concealed, by the very Paſſages wherewith he pretends to make them paſs for Fables, and thus blinds with too much Light thoſe Enemies of Truth, who would not have failed to have burned him alive in that perſecuting Age, had he had leſs Wit and Prudence than they ſhewed Ignorance and Malice.

I need not enlarge much on the other Books, by reaſon of the Diſcoveries made in the firſt that relate to them. The firſt Chapter of the ſecond gives us *Pantagruel*'s Pedigree from the Giants: It has been obſerved by a learned Man ſome Years ago, that the Word Giant, which the Interpreters of the Scripture have ſet in their Verſions, ſtands there for another, that means no more than *Prince* in the *Hebrew*; ſo perhaps our Author was the more ready to make his Princes Giants, though as I have ſaid, his chief Deſign was tacitly to cenſure, in this, *John d'Albret*, and ſuch others as (like one in *Brittany*, that took for his *Motto*, *Antequam Abraham eſſet, ſum*) were too proud of an uncertain empty Name. His Deſcription of the Original of Giants, and the Story of *Hurtali*'s beſtriding the *Ark*, is to mock thoſe in the *Thalmud* and other Legends of the *Rabins*; for he tells us, that when this happened, the *Calends* were found in the *Greek* Almanacks, and all know that *ad Græcas Calendas*, is as much as to ſay *Never*; for the *Greeks* never reckoned by *Calends*. Yet what he tells us of the *Earth*'s Fertility in *Medlars*, after it had been embrued with the Blood of the Juſt, may be Allegorical: and thoſe who, by feeding on that fair large delicious Fruit, became monſtrous, may be the Converts of that Age, who, by the *Popiſh* World, were looked upon as Monſters. The Blood of *Martyrs*, which was profuſely

profuſely ſpilt in that Age, has always been thought prolifick even to a Proverb, and the Word *Meſles* in *French*, and *Medlars* in *Engliſh*, equally import *Meddling*; thus in *French*, *Il ſe Meſle de nos Affaires*, he meddles with our Buſineſs; ſo the *Medlars* may be thoſe who buſied themſelves moſt about the Reformation.

The *Great Drought*, at the Birth of *Pantagruel*, is that almoſt univerſal Cry of the Laity, for the Reſtitution of the Cup in the Sacrament, at the Time that *Anthony de Bourbon* Duke of *Vendoſme*, was married to the Heireſs of *Navarre*, which was in *Octob.* 1548, the Council of *Trent* then ſitting. For, thence we muſt date his Birth, ſince by that Match he afterwards gained the Title of King, beſides *Bearn*, *Bigorre*, *Albret*, and ſeveral other Territories; and we are told, *Book* iii. *Chap.* 48, that *Pantagruel*, at the very firſt Minute of his Birth, was no leſs tall than the Herb *Pantagruelian* (which unqueſtionably is Hemp) and a little before that, 'tis ſaid, that its Height is commonly of five or ſix Feet. The Death of Queen *Marguerite*, his Mother in Law, that ſoon followed, made our Author ſay, that when *Pantagruel* was born, *Gargantua* was much preplexed, ſeeing his Wife dead, at which he made many Lamentations. Perhaps this alſo alludes to the Birth of King *Edward* VI. which cauſed the Death of his Mother, Queen *Jane Seymour*. King *Henry* VIII. is ſaid to have comforted himſelf, with ſaying, That he could get another Wife, but was not ſure to get another Son: Thus, here we find *Gargantua* much grieved, and joyful by Fits, like *Talboy* in the Play, but at laſt comforted himſelf with the Thoughts of his Wife's Happineſs, and his own, in having a Son, and ſaying, That he muſt now caſt about how to get another Wife, and will ſtay at home and rock his Son.

In the ſixth Chapter, we find *Pantagruel* diſcourſing with a *Limouſin*, *who affected to ſpeak in learned Phraſe*. *Rabelais*, had in the foregoing Chapter, ſatirized many Perſons, and given a Hint of ſome Abuſes in the Univerſities of *France*; in this he mocks ſome of the Writers of that Age, who to appear learned, wholly filled their Works with *Latin* Words, to which they gave a *French* Inflection. But this *Pedantic Jargon* was more particularly affected by one *Haliſaine* of *Limoges*, who, as *Boileau*

teau ſays of *Ronſard*, *en François parlant Grec & Latin* (ſpeaking *Greek* and *Latin* in *French*) thought to have refined his Mother Tongue: So *Rabelais*, to prevent the Spreading of that Contagion, has not only brought that *Limouſin* Author on his *Pantagruelian* Stage, but wrote a Letter in Verſe, all in that Style, in the Name of the *Limouſin* Scholar, printed at the End of the *Pantagruelian* Prognoſtication. *Paſquier*, who lived at that Time, has made the like Obſervation on that Chapter, when in his ſecond Book of Letters, p. 53. he ſays,—— *pour l'Ornement de noſtre Langue, & nous aider meſmes du* Grec *& du* Latin, *non pour les eſcorcher ineptement comme fit ſur noſtre jeune age*, Heliſaine, *dont noſtre gentil* Rabelais *s'eſt mocque fort à propos en la perſonne de l'eſcolier* Limouſin *qu'il introduct parlant à* Pantagruel *en un Language eſcorché* Latin.

The 7th Chapter wherein he gives a Cotalogue of the Books in St. *Victor*'s Library, is admirable, and would require a large Comment, it being a Satire againſt many Writers and great Affairs in that Age, as well as againſt thoſe who either make Collections of bad Books, or ſeek no others in Libraries; but I have not Leiſure to read over a great Number of Books, that ought to be conſulted for ſuch a Taſk.

The Cauſe which was pleaded before *Pantagruel* by the Lords *Such-fizle* and *Kiſs-breech* (35), ſeems to be a Mock of the famous Trial concerning two Duchies, four Counties, two Viſcounties, and many Baronies and Lordſhips, to which *Loyſe de Savoye*, the Mother of *Francis* I. laid Claim. *Charles de Bourbon*, Conſtable of *France*, was poſſeſſed of them; but becauſe he had refuſed to marry her, ſhe made Uſe of ſome Titles which ſhe had to them, to perplex him; and though ſhe could not, even with the King her Son's Favour, caſt the Conſtable, yet they were ſequeſtered into the King's Hands, and the final Determination put off. *Paſquier* in his *Recherches*, obſerves, that when *Guillaume Poyet*, afterwards Chancellor, and *Francois de Monthelon*, afterwards Lord-Keeper, then the two moſt famous Counſellors of the Age, pleaded the Cauſe; the firſt for Plaintiff, the other for

(35) Book ii. Chap. 10, 11, 13, 14.

Defendant;

Defendant: *They armed themſelves with a Pedantick Juriſprudence borrowed from a Parcel of* Italian *School-Boys, which ſome call Doctors at Law, true Hatchers of Law Suits: (ſuch was the Rhetorick of that Time) and as it is eaſy to ſtray in a thick Wood, ſo, with a confuſed Heap of various Quotations, inſtead of explaining the Cauſe, they perplexed it, and filled it with Darkneſs.* Upon this, by the united Voice of the People, the Name of the *Plaintiff* was owned to contain *the Truth of the Caſe*; that is, *Loyſe de Savoye, Loy ſe des avoye, The Law goes aſtray*; which is perhaps the happieſt Anagram that ever was, for it is made without changing the Order of the Letters, and only by dividing the Words otherwiſe than they are in the Name.

The 18, 19, and 20th Chapters treat of a great Scholar in *England*, who came to argue by Signs with *Pantagruel*, and was overcome by *Panurge*. I do not well know on whom to fix the Character of *Thaumaſt* that Scholar, whoſe Name may not ſignify an Admirer, but an admirable Perſon, or one of thoſe Schoolmen, who follow the Doctrine of *Thomas Aquinas*, in Oppoſition to that of *Scotus*: And I find as little Reaſon to think, that any would have come to confer with *Anthony de Bourbon* of *Geomancy*, *Philoſophy*, and the *Cabaliſtick Art*. Indeed, Sir *Thomas Moore* went Ambaſſador to *Francis* I. and *Eraſmus*, who lived ſome Time in *England*, alſo came to *Paris*; but I cannot think, that either may paſs for the *Thaumaſt* of *Rabelais*. Perhaps he hath made him an *Engliſhman*, merely on Purpoſe to diſguiſe the Story; and I would have had ſome Thoughts of *Henricus Cornelius Agrippa*, who came to *France* and died there; but I will prove, when I examine the third Book, that he has brought him on the Stage by the Name of *Her trippa*. So 'tis not impoſſible but that he may have meant *Hieronymus Cardan* of *Milan*, who flouriſhed in that Age, and was another dark Cabaliſtick Author. The firſt has ſaid, *Occult. Philoſ. l.* i. *c.* 6, That he knew how to communicate his Thonghts by the Species of Sight in a magical Way, ás *Pythagoras* was ſaid to do, by writing any Thing in the Body of the Moon, ſo as it ſhould be legible to another at a vaſt Diſtance; and he pretends to

tell

tell us the Method of it in his Book, *De Vanitate Scientiarum*. *Cardan* alſo has writ concerning private Ways of imparting our Thoughts, *Subtilit. l.* 17, and *De Variet. Rerum. lib.* 12; but theſe Ways of ſignifying our Thoughts by Geſtures, called by the learned Biſhop *Wilkins*, *Semæology*, are almoſt of infinite Variety, according as the ſeveral Fancies of Men ſhall impoſe Significations upon ſuch Signs as are capable of ſufficient Difference. And the venerable *Bede* has made a Book only of that, commonly ſtiled *Arthologia* or *Dactylologia*, which he calls *Lib. de loquela per Geſtum Digitorum, ſive de indigitatione:* So that perhaps our Author made his *Thaumaſt* an *Engliſhman*, not to reflect on *Bede*, but becauſe that learned Father is the moſt ancient and famous Author that has written a Book on that Subject.

I have read of a publick Debate much like that of *Thaumaſt* and *Panurge*, and as probable, ſaid to have been held at *Geneva*. The Aggreſſor lifted up his Arm and cloſed three of his Fingers and his Thumb, and pointed with the remaining Finger at his Opponent; who immediately pointed at him again with two. Then the other ſhewed him two Fingers and one Thumb; whereupon his Antagoniſt ſhook his cloſed Fiſt at him. Upon this the Aggreſſor ſhewed him an Apple; and the other looking into his Pocket found a Bit of Bread, and in a ſcornful Way let him ſee it; which made him that began the Diſpute yield himſelf vanquiſhed. Now when the Conqueror was deſired to relate what their Signs ſignified: He with whom I diſputed, ſaid he, threatened firſt to put out one of my Eyes, and I gave him to underſtand, that I would put out both his: Then he threatened to tear both mine, and take off my Noſe; upon which I ſhewéd him my Fiſt, to let him know, that I would knock him down: And as he percéived that I was angry, he offered me an Apple to pacify me as they do Children; but I ſhewed him, that I ſcorned his preſent, and that I had Bread, which was fitter for a Man.

After all, *Montluc*, who is our *Panurge*, may have had ſome Diſpute about the Signs of the true Religion, or the two Sacraments of the Proteſtants, and the ſeven of the *Romans*, they being properly called Signs; and

ſuch a Thing not being recorded by Hiſtorians, like many others that relate to this Work, it may not be poſſible to diſcover it.

(36) The *Dipſodes*, that had beſieged the City of the *Amaurots*, are the *Flemings*, and other Subjects of the Emperor *Charles* V. that made Inroads into *Picardy*, and the adjacent Territories, of which *Anthony* of *Bourbon* was not only Governor, but had conſiderable Lordſhips in thoſe Parts. The *Flemings* have always been briſk Topers; and for this Reaſon are called *Dipſodes*, from διψάω *Sitio*, διψώδης *Thirſty*; and he calls *Picardy*, and *Artois*, the Land of the *Amaurots*, from the Word ἀμαυρὸς *obſcurus* or *evanidus*; perhaps becauſe they are in the *North* of *France*; or that Part of them were in the Hands of the Enemy. *Terouenne* may well be called now ἀμαυρὰ, as that Word is taken for *being vaniſh'd and obliterated*: For *Charles* V. utterly deſtroyed it. *Sandoval* tells us, That the *Spaniards* took it by *Eſcalada*, that is, having ſcaled the Walls, and that they flew over them like the ſwifteſt and moſt tow'ring Birds; yet as he ſays, that they went up with Ladders, this muſt be reckoned a very odd Way of flying.

(37) In 1543, which was ſome Years before that fine City was ruined, *Anthony de Bourbon* Duke of *Vendoſme*, hearing that it was ill ſtored with Proviſions, aſſembled his Army, and with *Francis* of *Lorrain*, Duke of *Aumale*, the Duke of *Guiſe*'s eldeſt Son, the Duke *de Nevers*, Marſhal *du Bitz*, and ſeveral other Lords, marched to its Relief with good Succeſs; having in Spite of the Enemy ſupplied the Place with all Manner of Neceſſaries.

In the mean Time, ſeveral of the Lords and other Officers in his Camp uſed to ſkirmiſh; and once particularly having long tried to draw the *Flemings* out, theſe at laſt engaged them; they were much more numerous, yet the *French* got the Better, and cut off a great Number of their Enemies: This perhaps may be the *Victory* which *the Gentlemen Attendants of* Pantagruel *obtained over ſix hundred and threeſcore Horſemen*, Chap. 25. And à Trophy was raiſed. Cap. 27, for a Memorial of thoſe Gentlemen's Victory.

(36.) Book ii. Chap. 23. (37.) Mem. de Guil. de Bellay.

The

The next Exploit is that in the 29th Chapter, where we find how *Pantagruel* diſcomfited the three hundred Giants armed with Freeſtone, and *Loupgarou*, their Captain. The Death of *Loupgarou*, in the Preſence of his Giants, may relate to the taking of *Liliers*, a Town between *Bapaume* and *Aire*; it moleſted very much the Country that belonged to the *French*, and was ſeated near a Marſh; yet notwithſtanding the Advantage of the Seaſon and its reſolute Garriſon, the Duke of *Vendoſme*, having cauſed a large Breach to be made, and being ready to ſtorm the Place, the beſieged deſired to capitulate and after many Parlies, ſurrendered the Town on diſhonourable Terms.

By Accident the Ammunition of the Beſiegers had taken Fire, and even ſome of the Carriages of the Artillery were burn'd; which may perhaps have made our Author ſay in the foregoing Chapter, that *Carpalim* having ſet on Fire the Enemy's Ammunition, the Flame having reached the Place where was their Artillery, he was in great Danger of being burn'd; or perhaps, this alludes to the Duke of *Vendoſme*'s ſetting *Liliers* on Fire, and deſtroying it quite, after he had taken it. For our Author writes not like an Hiſtorian, but like a Poet, who ought not to be blam'd for Anachroniſms; nor have the beſt Criticks cenſur'd *Virgil* for that about *Dido* and *Æneas*, between the Time of whoſe Lives whole Ages are reckoned by Chronologiſts. However, 'tis certain, that the Relief of *Terouenne*, and then the Surrender of *Liliers*, were *Anthony de Bourbon*'s two firſt Exploits; the one ſoon after the other; then the 300 Giants arm'd with Freeſtone, which *Pantagruel* ſtruck down like a Maſon, by breaking their ſtony Armour, mowing them down with the dead Body of *Loupgarou*, are a great Number of Caſtles about *Liliers*, *Terouenne*, *Saint Omer*, *Aire*, and *Bethune*, which *Anthony* of *Bourbon* demoliſh'd, immediately after he had taken *Liliers*, and then paſſed through *Terouenne*, which is the City of the *Amaurots* which he went to relieve; by whoſe Inhabitants *Pantagruel* is ſo nobly received in the 31ſt; we may alſo ſuppoſe, that by King *Anarchus*, *Rabelais* means the plundering lawleſs Boors that ſhelter'd themſelves in thoſe Caſtles, who were afterwards

wards reduc'd to ſell Herbs. This is, *Anarchus's being reduc'd to cry Green Sauce in a Canvas Jacket.*

The Duke of *Vendoſme* march'd next, without any Reſiſtance through the upper *Artois* took *Bapaume* in his Way, which is doubtleſs the *Almyrods*, called ſo from αλμυρώδης, *Salſuginoſus* (38) or ſalted People, *who reſolved to hold out againſt* Pantagruel; *yet only to have honourable Conditions.* It ſeems to me, that this is meant of the Caſtle of that Town which held out againſt the Duke only for Terms, all the Inhabitants of the Town being retired into that ſmall Place, where there was but one Well, whoſe Water had been altogether exhauſted in two Days (to which, perhaps, relates the Salt which *Pantagruel* put into the Mouths of his Enemies) and they were ready to ſubmit to Mercy, with Halters at their Necks (39); but the King, who had already ſent many Expreſſes to the Duke, ordering him to march to join him with all Speed, and neither to ſtop at *Bapaume* or any where elſe, ſent him angrily freſh Orders, wherein he charged him of his Allegiance, to join him that Day at *Chaſteau* in *Cambrezis*, on Pain of incurring his Diſpleaſure. So the Duke, to the great Joy of the Beſieged, and his greater Sorrow, raiſed his Camp, and came to the King. Neither does our Author ſpeak of the Surrender of the *Almyrods*; but makes *Pantagruel*'s Forces be overtaken with a great Shower of Rain, and then tells how *Pantagruel* covered a whole Army with his Tongue: For they began, ſays he, to ſhiver and tremble, to croud, preſs, and thruſt cloſe to one another; which when he ſaw, he bid his Captains tell them, that it was nothing; however, that they ſhould put themſelves into Order, and he would cover them; and he drew out his Tongue only half way, and covered them all. I find that the Duke before he took *Liliers*, and beſieged the Caſtle of *Bapaume*, ſent to the King to deſire him to ſend a Month's Pay to his Forces, and then he could take ſome Frontier Towns, and even *Bapaume*; but the King ſent him no Money, and, on the contrary, ordered him to march on to meet him; but before he had

(38) Book ii. Chap. 32.
(39) Memoires de Guil du Bellay. Liv. 10.

that Anſwer, he had taken *Liliers*. So his Soldiers, who wanted their Pay and Cloaths, being alſo vexed for having, by the King's Fault, miſſed taking the Booty in the caſtle of *Bapaume*, were diſpleaſed, and in bad Circumſtances; but upon this the Duke ſpoke to the King, and got them their Arrears and Cloaths: And this is what *Rabelais* calls covering an Army with his Tongue. As for what follows, it ſeems an Imitation of *Lucian*'s Whale in his true Hiſtory, as the News which *Epiſtemon* brings from Hell, in the 30th Chapter, is alſo a Copy of that Author; and what ours ſays he ſaw in *Pantagruel*'s Mouth is only to blind the reſt, which ſeems to me ſo plain, like moſt of the Diſcoveries I here publiſh, that I wonder that none ever gave an Account of any of them in the Space of above one hundred and forty Years.

The Sickneſs of *Pantagruel*, Chap. xxxiii. is his Diſguſt upon this Diſappointment at *Bapaume*; or ſome real Sickneſs that ſeiz'd him.

There the Author concludes his ſecond Book, that was publiſhed ſome Time after the firſt, which we may perceive by what he tells us of the Monks, and their bigotted Cullies, who had already try'd to find ſomething in it that might render him obnoxious to the Law; which cauſed him to be ſomewhat more reſerved in Matters of *Religion* in that and the following, than he was afterwards in the fourth and fifth. Yet we find a Prayer in the twenty-ninth Chapter, which ſhews that his *Pantagruel*, *Anthony de Bourbon*, was for the Proteſtant Religion, but did not openly profeſs it. Accordingly Hiſtorians grant that he was a *Calviniſt*, even long before *Rabelais* died: And though for his Intereſt (as he thought) he afterwards ſided with the *French Court* againſt the Proteſtant Party, yet after he had been mortally wounded at the Siege of *Roan* (40) he complained of being deceived; and ordered one of his Servants who was a Proteſtant, to bring a Miniſter to him; but the other not being able to do it in theſe perſecuting Times, he commanded him to pray by him after the Manner of the Reformed *Churches*, which the other did to that unfortunate

(40) Beza Hiſt. Eccleſ.

King'

King's Satisfaction; Cardinal *de Bourbon* his Brother being then preſent.

Panurge is the chief Actor in the third Act of our *Pantagruelian* Play; we find him there much perplexed with Uncertainties; his Mind fluctuating between the Deſire of entering into a matrimonial Engagement, and the Fear of having Occaſion to repent it. To be eaſed of his Doubt, he conſults ſeveral Perſons, all famous for ſome particular Skill in removing Anxieties of Mind; and there our learned and ingenious Satiriſt diſplays his Knowledge and his Fancy to Admiration, as has been obſerved by the learned *Van Dale*, in the Paſſage which I have given you out of his Book *De Oraculis*, after the Account of our Author's Life.

But before that, we find *Pantagruel* in the firſt Chapter, tranſporting a Colony of *Utopians* into *Dipſodie*; for which *Rabelais* gives a very good Reaſon, and proves himſelf a Maſter at Politicks as well as at other Things. To explain that Paſſage, we muſt know, that the Duke of *Vendoſme* garriſon'd out of *Picardy*, ſome of the Places that had been taken in *Artois*, fixing alſo there ſome of his Vaſſals and Tenants, who were very numerous thereabouts; and as he was born among them, *viz.* at *La Fere*, in 1518, he had a particular Love for them.

In the ſecond Chapter *Panurge* is made *Laird of Salmygondin in Dipſodie*, and waſteth his Revenue before it comes in: I can apply this to nothing but the Gift of ſome Benefice to *Montluc* by the Duke of *Vendoſme* or the Queen of *Navarre*, afterwards his Mother-in-law; which Benefice not being ſufficient to ſupply him in his Extravagancies, ſomething more conſiderable was beſtowed on him; which, having ſet him at Eaſe, gave him Occaſion to reflect on his former ill Conduct, and grow more thrifty: So that afterwards he entertained ſome Thoughts of Marriage, and probably was married, when *Rabelais* wrote.

Among thoſe whom *Panurge* conſults, the Sybil of *Panzouſt* is the firſt whoſe right Name is difficult to be diſcovered. The pretended *Key* in the *French* makes her a *Court* Lady; but its Author ſeems never to have read *Rabelais*, or at leaſt not to have underſtood him, if we may judge of it by the Names which he, in Spite of

Reaſon, has ſet againſt ſome of thoſe in our Author. Among four or five ſhort Explanations of as many Paſſages in *Rabelais*, alſo printed in the *French*, one of them tells us, that by the *Sybil* of *Panzouſt*, our Author means a Gentlewoman of that Place, near *Chinon*, who dy'd very old, and always lived ſingle, though importuned by her Friends to marry when ſhe was young. But *Rabelais* having in this very Book artfully made his *Panurge* conſult Men of different Profeſſions famous in his Time, to be eaſed of his Doubt, I do not believe that he would have begun by a Woman altogether unknown to the learned World: Yet not, but that he may have made Choice of the Name of *Panzouſt* to double the Character, if he knew that ſuch an antiquated She-thing liv'd there. I have endeavoured to diſcover who might be that *Sybil*, but dare not poſitively fix that Character on any. St. *Thereſe*, a *Spaniſh* Nun, who liv'd in that Age, might come in for a Share; ſhe has writ ſeveral Books, and was already famous when *Rabelais* liv'd; ſhe had very odd Notions; and diſcovered perhaps as much Madneſs as Sanctity. I find another noted crack'd-brain *Bigot*, who was old at that Time, and liv'd at *Venice*: 'Tis one whom ſeveral great Men have mentioned by the Name of *Virgo Veneta*. *Guillaume Poſtel*, amongſt the reſt, a very learned Jeſuit, and very famous in that Age for *Philoſophy*, calls her Mother *Joan*, and had ſuch a Veneration for her, that he thought the Reparation of the *female* Sex not yet perfected, and that ſuch a glorious Work was reſerved for her; but *Florimond de Raymond* excuſes him in this, and ſays, that he only deſigned to praiſe her for the great Services which ſhe had done him in his Travels. There is another for whom I would certainly believe the *Sybil*'s Character made, were I ſure that our Author and ſhe were Cotemporaries: Her Name is *Magdalen de la Croix*; ſhe was a Nun, and had ſo well gained the Reputation of being a Saint, that ſhe was conſulted as a *Sybil* by the greateſt Kings and Princes in *Europe*; but at laſt ſhe proved a Sorcereſs, and was burn'd. If I am not miſtaken, Dr. *Henry More* has made Mention of her, and I have read her Hiſtory among ſeveral others in a Book called *Hiſtoires Tragiques*. But as I am forc'd to quote thoſe Books by Me-

mory, like many others, which I cannot conveniently procure, I muſt refer the Reader to them for farther Satisfaction.

In the one and twentieth Chapter *Panurge* conſulteth with *Raminagrobis*, an old *French* Poet, who was almoſt upon the very laſt Moment of his Life. This Poet was *William Cretin*, Treaſurer of the King's Chapel, who had lived under *Charles* VIII. *Lewis* XII. and *Francis* I. as may be ſeen by his Works. Never was Man more celebrated by the Writers of his Age. *John le Maire* dedicated to him his three Books of the *Illuſtrations of France*, and ſpeaks of him as of the Man to whom he owed all Things. *Geoffroy Toré*, in his *Champ Fleury*, ſays, that *Cretin* in his *Chronicles of France* had out-done *Homer* and *Virgil*. And even *Marot* inſcrib'd to him his *Epigrams*. Here are the four firſt Verſes of *Marot* to him:

L'Homme Sotart et non Sçavant,
Comme un Rotiſſeur qui lave oye,
La Faute d'autruy nonce avant
Qu'il la cogniſſe, ou qu'il la voye, *&c.*

All their Beauty (if they can be ſaid to have any) conſiſts in their *rich*, or rather *punning* Rhimes; and truly that *Epigram* is unworthy of *Marot*: 'Tis probable, that as *Cretin* was then old, he was reſpected by the young *Fry*, who yet out-liv'd their Error; for never did Man ſooner loſe, after his Death, the Fame which he had gained during his Life: And the Reaſon which cauſed *Marot* to write to him in ſuch equivocal Rhimes, was, doubtleſs, becauſe *Cretin* affected much that Way of writing. Here are four of *Cretin*'s Lines, which in his Book are follow'd by 122 more ſuch:

Par ces Vins verds Atropos *a trop os*
Des Corps humains ruez, envers *en Vers.*
Dont un quidam aſpre aux Pots *à propos*
A fort blaſmé ſes Tours pervers *par Vers*, &c.

I never ſaw more Rhime with ſo little Senſe. For this Reaſon, *Rabelais*, *who* (as *Paſquier* ſays) *had more Judgment and Learning than all thoſe that wrote* French *in his Time*, has expoſed that rhiming old Man: And to

leave us no Room to doubt of it, the *Rondeau*, which *Raminagrobis* gives to *Panurge* upon his Reſolution as to his Marriage, *Prenez la, ne la prenez pas*, &c. that is, *Take, or not take her, off or on*, &c. is taken out of *Cretin*, who had addreſs'd it to *Guillaume de Refuge*, who had ask'd his Advice, being in the ſame Perplexity. However, *Rabelais* makes him die like a good Proteſtant, and afterwards turns off cunningly what the other had ſaid againſt the Popiſh Clergy, who would not let him die in Peace: and to ſhew more plainly that this is ſaid of *Cretin*, *Rabelais* ſays, at the Beginning of the four and twentieth Chapter, *Laiſſans là Villaumere*, that is, having left *Villaumere*, which relates to *William*, that Poet's Name.

I ought not to omit a Remark printed in the laſt *Dutch* Edition of this Book, concerning what *Panurge* ſays of *Cretin: He is, by the Virtue of an Ox, an arrant Heretick; a throrough-pac'd, rivetted Heretick. I ſay, a rooted combuſtible Heretick; one as fit to burn, as the little wooden* Clock *at* Rochel; *his Soul goeth to thirty thouſand Carts full of Devils. Rabelais* there reflects on the Sentence of Death paſſed on one of the firſt that owned himſelf a Proteſtant at *Rochel*. He was a Watch-maker, and had made a Clock all of Wood. which was eſteemed an admirable Piece; but becauſe it was the Work of one condemned for Hereſy, the Judges ordered by the ſaid Sentence that the Clock ſhould be burned by the common Hangman, and it was burned accordingly: we muſt alſo obſerve that the Adjective *clavellé*, that is, *full of Nails or rivetted*, is brought in becauſe that Watch-maker, who was very famous for his Zeal, was named *Clavellé*.

In the 24th Chapter *Panurge* conſults *Epiſtemon*, who perhaps may be *Guillaume Ruffy*, Biſhop of *Oleron*, one of Queen *Marguerite*'s Miniſters, who had been ſome Time in Priſon for preaching the Reformation, and was afterwards made Biſhop in the King of *Navarre*'s Territories, having without Doubt diſſembled like many others. Thus his Deſcent into Hell in the ſecond Book, may be his Priſon: I own that he is with *Pantagruel* in the Wars, but ſo is *Panurge*, and this is done to diſguiſe the Characters; I am the more apt to believe him a Clergyman,

Clergyman, becauſe he underſtands *Hebrew* very well, which few among the Laity do, and none elſe in our Author, beſides *Panurge*, who calls him his dear *Goſſip*; then his Name denotes him to be a thinking, conſidering Man, and as he was *Pantagruel*'s Pedagogue, ſo probably *Ruffy* initiated or inſtructed the Duke in the Doctrine of the new Preachers.

Enguerrant, whom *Rabelais* taxes with making a tedious and impertinent Digreſſion about a *Spaniard*, is *Enguerrant de Monſtrelet*, who wrote *La Chronique & Annales de France*.

In the ſame Chapter he ſpeaks of the four *Ogygian* Iſlands near the Haven of *Sammalo*; by this he ſeems to mean *Jerſey*, *Guernſey*, *Sark*, and *Alderney*. As Queen *Margaret* lived a while, and died in *Brittany*, our Actors may be thought ſometimes to ſtroul thither. *Calypſo* was ſaid to live at the Iſland *Ogygia*; *Lucian*, among the reſt, places her there, and *Plutarch* mentions it in the Book of the *Face* that appears in the Circle of the Moon.

Her Trippa, is undoubtedly *Henricus Cornelius Agrippa* burleſqued. *Her* is *Henricus* or *Herricus*, or perhaps alludes to *Heer*, becauſe he was a *German*, and *Agrippa* is turned into *Trippa*, to play upon the Word *Tripe*. But for a farther Proof, we need but look into *Agrippa*'s Book, *De Occult.* Philoſoph. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 7. *De Quatuor Elementorum Divinationibus*, and we ſhall find the very Words uſed by *Rabelais of Pyromancy*, *Aeromancy*, *Hydromancy*, &c. Beſides, *Agrippa* came to *Francis* I. whom our Author calls the great King, to diſtiſtinguiſh him from that of *Navarre*.

Friar John des Entomures, or, of *the Funnels*, as he is called in this Tranſlation, adviſes *Panurge* to marry; and whether by that brave *Monk* we underſtand Cardinal *Chaſtillon*, or *Martin Luther*, the Character is kept, ſince both were married; neither was the latter wholly free from *Friar John*'s ſwearing Faculty, if it be true that being once reproved about it, he replied, *condonate mihi hoc qui fuit Monachus*. *Entomeurs* has doubtleſs been miſtaken for *Entonnoir*, a Funnel, but the true Etymology, is from ἐντομὴ, ἐντέμνειν, to cut and make Inciſions,

which was our *Monk*'s Delight, who is deſcribed as a mighty Trencher-man.

In the following Chapters, a *Theologian*, *Phyſician*, *Lawyer* and *Philoſopher* are conſulted.

Hippothadeus the *Theologian* may perhaps be *Philip Shwartzard*, alias *Melancthon*; for he ſpeaks too much like a *Proteſtant* to be the King's Confeſſor; neither could *Montluc*, be ſuppoſed to deſire his Advice.

Rondibilis the Phyſician is doubtleſs *Gulielmus Rondeletius*. *Thuanus* remarks in the thirty-eighth Book of his Hiſtory, that *Will. Rondelet* of *Montpellier* died 1566, and that though he was a learned Phyſician, *Rabelais* had ſatiriz'd him; he adds, that indeed the Works of *Rondelet* do not anſwer the Expectation which the World had of him, or the Reputation which he had gained; and his Treatiſe of Fiſhes, which is the beſt that bears his Name, was chiefly the Work of *Will. Peliſſier*, Biſhop of *Montpellier*, who was caſt into Priſon for being a *Proteſtant*. However, *Rabelais* makes him diſplay much Learning in his Diſcourſe to *Panurge*.

I am not ſo certain of the Man whom *Trouillogan* perſonates; he calls him an *Ephectic* and *Pyrrhonean Philoſopher*. I find that *Petrus Ramus*, or *De la Ramée*, afterwards maſſacred at *Paris*, had written a Book againſt *Ariſtotle*, and we have alſo his Logick; but as he is mentioned by *Jupiter* in the Prologue to the fourth Book, by the Name of *Rameau*, where his Diſpute with *Petrus Galandius*, and his being named *Peter* are alſo mentioned, I am in Doubt about it. *Moliere* has imitated the Scene between *Trouillogan* and *Panurge*, in one of his Plays, and Mr. *De la Fontaine*, the Story of *Hans Carvel*, and that of the Devil of *Pope-feagueland*, in his inimitable *Contes* and *Nouvelles*.

There was a *Jack-pudding* in *France* in that Age, called *Triboulet*, but I believe that the Fool, whom our Author deſcribes in the 38th Chapter, is one more conſiderable, though leſs famous. I cannot gueſs why he has heaped up ſo many Adjectives on that Fool, unleſs it be to ſhew the Exceſs of his Folly, and to mock ſome of the Authors of that Age, who often beſtowed a large Train of ſuch unneceſſary Attendants on a ſingle Noun Subſtantive.

Marotte

Marotte is a Word very much uſed by the *French*, ſignifying a Fool's Bauble or Club, and the Word *Fou*, given by *Rabelais* to *Triboulet*, implies a mad, crack-brain'd, or inconſiderate Man, and alſo a Jeſter; the Word *Idiot* being more uſed in *French*, for what we properly call a *Fool*: Now *Clement Marot*, the beſt Poet in the Reign of *Francis* I. whoſe *Valet de Chambre* he was ſtiled, was a notable *Jeſter*, and is ſaid to have played many merry Tricks that bordered ſomewhat of Extravagance; beſides, many among the Vulgar, miſtaking the Enthuſiaſm of Poets for Madneſs, have but a ſmall Opinion of the Wiſdom of moſt of them. But theſe Conſiderations do not ſeem to me ſtrong enough to make me believe that *Rabelais* would have paſſed ſo ſevere a Cenſure on that Poet, who was then but lately dead, an Exile for his Religion, and had made honourable Mention of him in his Works, they being undoubtedly intimate Friends.

Judge *Bridlegooſe*, who decided Cauſes by the Chance of Dice; and was arraigned for Prevarication at the Bar of the Parliament of *Mirelingois*, reſembles much a Judge of *Montmartre*, who they ſay could neither write nor read, yet had been a Judge many Years; and being once called into Queſtion in a ſuperior Court, owned his Ignorance as to the Point of Writing and Reading, but affirmed that he knew the Law; and deſiring that the Cauſe of which an Appeal had been made from his Juriſdiction might be examined, he was found to have done Juſtice, and his Sentence and Authority were confirmed. *Rabelais* takes Notice of ſuch a Story, as is that of his *Bridlegooſe*, vulgarly reported of the Provoſt of *Montlehery*: But though he may allude to it, and to that of the *Bailiff* of *Montmartre*, which perhaps may be the ſame, I believe that his *Bridlegooſe* is a Man of greater Conſequence. Conſidering the ſtrong Interceſſion made for him by *Pantagruel* and the others whom he ſhews on this Stage, he may be *Guillaume Poyet*, who by the Favour of *Loyſe de Savoye*, the King's Mother, his Client, had been made Lord Chancellor of *France*, and in 1545, being convicted of ſeveral Abuſes and Prevarications, was deprived of his Office.

I have ſaid before, that the Herb *Pantagruelion* is *Hemp*; *Rabelais* makes *Pantagruel* load a great Quantity of it on Board his Ships, and indeed it is one of the moſt uſeful Things in the World, not only at Sea, but alſo at Land. The curious and pleaſing Deſcription of that Plant makes up the reſt of this third Book.

HAD not the following Tranſlation of the three firſt Books of *Rabelais* been ready to be publiſhed, before I was deſired to give an Account of them and of his Life, I might have printed my Obſervations at the End of each Chapter, and have given a more exact Commentary. However I hope that I have ſaid enough to ſhew, that what appears trivial and fooliſh in that Work is generally grave and of Moment, when ſeriouſly examined. Yet as I dare not offer my Conjectures as Certainties, principally upon a Book which has been ſo univerſally read and admired, and never till now attempted to be explained, I humbly ſubmit all I have ſaid to the Judgement of the Learned; to whom I will eſteem myſelf much obliged, if they will be pleaſed either to let me know wherein I have erred, or communicate to me their Remarks on this Work, which may be printed with the two remaining Books with their Names if they pleaſe, and a thankful Acknowledgment of the Favour.

Having firſt done my Endeavour to ſatisfy the Reader concerning the Meaning of that myſterious Hiſtory, I hope to be now the more patiently ſuffered to give ſome Account of the Nature of the Fable, the Style, and the Deſign of it.

MANKIND is naturally addicted to the Love of Fables. Long before Learning had been brought into *Greece* and *Italy*, the *Egyptians*, *Perſians*, *Arabians*, and other *Eaſtern* Nations, to enhance the Value of Truths, which they did not think fit to be proſtituted to the Vulgar, hid them under the Veils of Allegories and Apologues (41); they alſo uſed ſometimes to lay

(41) *Quia ſciunt inimicam eſſe naturæ apertam nudamque expoſitionem ſui; quæ, ſicut vulgaribus hominum ſenſibus intellectum ſui vario rerum tegmine operimentoque ſubſtraxit, ita, à prudentibus Arcana ſua voluit per fabuloſa tractari.* Macrob. in Somn. Srcip. Lib. 1.

aſide

aſide the Study and Speculation of high Myſteries to divert themſelves with framing Stories which had nothing of Truth in them, and no other Deſign than moſt of our Romances. Alſo in the decay of Learning, which followed that of the *Roman Empire*, for Want of true *Hiſtory* and ſolid Knowledge, Men fed their Minds with groſs Fictions, ſuch as are the Legends of Monks, and the old Sorts of Romances. Thus two oppoſite Ways, barren Ignorance and luxuriant Learning, leading Men often to the ſame End, that is, the Study of Fables, their Number is as great as their Orignal is ancient.

Herodotus ſays, That the *Greeks* had from *Egypt* their *Mythologick Theology*. *Homer* brought from thence that Inclination to Fables, which made him invent many Things about the Original and Employments of his Gods; and *Pythagoras* and *Plato* learned alſo there to diſguiſe their *Philoſophy*.

Thus our Author calls his Writings *Pythagorical Symbols* in the Prologue to his firſt Book; and not without Reaſon, ſince, as I have made it appear, the chief Part of them is myſteriouſly writ. But what thoſe ancient Philoſophers did thro' a Reverence of Nature, ours did thro' neceſſity; being forc'd to keep ſuch a *Medium* as that he might be underſtood by all Readers in moſt Parts of his Book, yet by few Perſons in others, and might ſecure himſelf from the Attacks of his Enemies by the Ambiguity of his Senſe.

Lucian tells us, that Fables were ſo much in Vogue in *Aſſyria* and *Arabia*, that there were Perſons whoſe only Profeſſion it was to explain them to the People; and *Erpenius* aſſures that all the World together, never produc'd ſo many Poets as the latter. As for *Perſia*, *Strabo* ys, that Teachers there us'd to give to their *Diſciples*, Precepts of Morality wrap'd up in Fictions. The *Gymnoſophiſts* of *India* are ſaid, by *Diogenes Laertius*, to have delivered their Philoſophy in Enigmas. So that the learned *Huetius* thinks, that when *Horace* ſaid, *Fabuloſus Hydaſpes*, 'twas chiefly becauſe its Spring is in *Perſia*, and its Mouth in *India*, Countries through which it flows, whoſe Inhabitants were Lovers of Fables: And indeed it was from the *Perſians*, as that Prelate obſerves, that thoſe of *Miletum* in *Ionia* learned firſt to frame

thoſe amorous Fictions which were afterwards famous through *Greece* and *Italy*, by the Name of *Mileſian* Fables, which with Millions more of inſignificant voluminous Lies, are loſt and forgotten, as well as their Authors; the Name of the beſt of whom, called *Ariſtides*, hardly ſurvives his Writings. He liv'd doubtleſs before *Marius* and *Sylla*'s Wars; for *Siſenna*, a Roman Hiſtorian, had Latiniz'd his Fables, which were very obſcene, yet long the Delight of the *Romans*. *Photius*, in his *Bibliotheque*, has given an Extract of a fabulous Story compoſed by *Antonius Diogenes*, whom he thinks to have liv'd ſome Time after *Alexander*: It treats in Proſe of the Loves of *Dinias* and *Dercyllis*, in Imitation of *Homer*'s *Odiſſeis*, and relates many incredible Adventures; its Author alſo makes Mention of one *Antiphanes*, who before had written in that Nature, and who, perhaps, may be a comic Poet, whom the Geographer *Stephanus* ſays to have writ ſome ſuch Relations.

Theſe are thought to have been the Models of what *Lucius*, *Lucian*, *Jamblichus*, *Achilles*, *Tatius*, and *Damaſcius* have written in that Kind, not to ſpeak of *Heliodorus*, Biſhop of *Tricca*, who, under *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, wrote the Adventures of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, ſome Paſſages of which have been copied by *Guarini*, and the Author of *Aſtrea*.

Our *Britons* about that Time have not been behindhand with other Nations in writing ſuch Books. *Theleiſin*, whom ſome place among the Bards, becauſe he made ſome Prophecies in Verſe, liv'd about the Middle of the ſixth Century, and as well as *Melkin*, wrote fabulous Hiſtories in *Welſh*, of *Britain*, King *Arthur*, *Merlin*, and the Knights of the round Table. Thoſe of *Jeoffry* of *Monmouth* have not much more the Appearance of Truth; and as much may be ſaid of what *Gildas*, a *Welſh Monk*, writ of King *Arthur*, *Perceval*, and *Lancelot*.

The *French* (42) ſometime after had alſo their famous Romance of the Heroic Deeds of *Charles* the Great and his *Paladins*, ſaid to be the Work of *Turpin*, Archbiſhop of *Rheims*: but it was written above two hun-

(42) *Huet Orig. des Romant.*

dred

dred Years after him, and was followed by many more as falſe, which yet pleaſed the People of thoſe Times, more ſimple and ignorant yet than thoſe who wrote them. Then, none endeavouring to get good Memoirs to write true Hiſtory, and Men finding Matter more eaſily in their Fancy, Hiſtorians degenerated into Romancers, and the *Latin* Tongue fell into as much Contempt as Truth had done before. Then the *Troubadours* (43) *Comicks* and *Contours* of *Provence*, who were the Writers that practiſed what is ſtill called in the *Southern* Parts of *France*, *Le guay Saber*, or the *Gay Science*, ſpread all over that Kingdom their Stories and new Sort of Poetry of all Kinds, compoſed in the *Roman* Language, which was a Mixture of the *Gallic*, *Teutonick*, and *Latin* Tongues, in which the latter was ſuperior, ſo that, to diſtinguiſh it from that uſually ſpoken through the other Parts of the *Gauls*, it kept the Name of *Roman*.

The *Germans*, as *Tacitus* relates, uſed to ſing the heroick Deeds of *Hercules*, when they went to fight. The ancient Inhabitants of *Denmark*, *Sweden* and *Norway* had fabulous Stories, which they engraved in old *Runic* Characters upon large Stones, of which ſome are ſtill to be ſeen. The moſt uſual Diverſion at their Feaſts was to ſing in rhiming Verſe the brave Deeds of their ancient Giants. Theſe Stories uſed to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Company; and after that, being well warmed with good Cheer, to their Tears ſucceeded Cries and Howlings, till all at laſt fell in Confuſion under the Table. The Kings and Princes of *Denmark*, *Norway*, and the neighbouring Countries, had always their *Scaldri*; thus were called their Poets, who uſed *ex tempore* to make Verſes in Rhime, embelliſhed with Fictions and Allegories (44), upon all memorable Events, and thoſe were immediately learned, and ſung by the People: Even ſome of the Kings and Queens of thoſe Countries were *Scaldri*, as *Olaus Wormius* tells us.

The *Indians*, *Japaneſe*, and *Chineſe* have an infinite Number of Poets and Fables, and the latter eſteem al-

(43) *Jean de Noſtredame Vie des Poetes Provencaux.*
(44) Appendix de Litteraturâ Runica.

moſt

moſt *Ruſtick* any other Way than that of Apologues in their Converſation.

Even the *Turks*, to fit themſelves for Love or War, have not only the *Perſian* Romances, but Fables of their own deviſing, and will tell you that *Roland* was a *Turk*, whoſe Sword they ſtill preſerve at *Burſa* with Veneration, relating the Particulars of his Life, and the great Things he did in the *Levant*.

The *Americans* are great Lovers of Fables; and near *Canada*, the moſt wild among them, after their Feaſts, generally deſire the oldeſt or *the greateſt Wit* of the Company to invent and relate to them ſome ſtrange Story. *Beavers*, *Foxes*, *Racoons*, and other Animals, generally come in for a Share in the Fiction, and the Hearers are very attentive to the Adventures, the Relation of which they never interrupt but by their Applauſe, and thus Days and Nights are paſt with equal Satisfaction to the Speaker and the Hearers. The People of *Florida*, *Cubana* and *Peru*, excite themſelves to work, and to martial Exploits by Songs and fabulous Narrations of the great Achievements of their Predeceſſors. Whatever they relate of their Origin is full of Fictions; but in this, thoſe of *Peru* far out-lye the reſt, and have their Poets to whom they give a Name that anſwers to that of *Inventors*. Alſo thoſe of *Madagaſcar* have Men who ſtroll from Houſe to Houſe to recite their Compoſures; and thoſe of *Guinea* have their Tellers of Fables, like thoſe of the Northern Parts of *America*.

Thus, as obſerves *Huetius*, from whom I have borrowed Part of theſe Hiſtorical Obſervations on Fables, no Nation can well attribute to itſelf the Original of them, ſince all equally have been addicted to invent ſome, in the moſt ancient Times; there is only this Difference, that what was the Fruit of the Ignorance of ſome Nations, even in *Europe*, has been that of the Politeneſs of the *Perſians*, the *Ionians*, and the *Greeks*.

When *Rabelais* lived, all the fooliſh Romances that had been made in the barbarous Ages that preceded his, were very much read; therefore, as he had a Deſign to give a very great Latitude to his Satire, he thought he could not do better than to give it the Form of thoſe lying Stories, the better to ſecure himſelf from Danger, and

and at once ſhew their Abſurdities; alſo to cauſe his Book to be the more read, having perceived that nothing pleaſed the People better than ſuch Writings; the Wiſe and Learned being delighted by the Morality under the Allegories, and the Reſt of their Oddneſs. This was a good Deſign, and it proved as effectual to make thoſe who had any Senſe, throw away thoſe groſs Fables, ſtuffed with wretched Tales of Giants, Magicians, and adventurous Knights, as *Miguel de Gervantes*'s *Don Quixot* proved in his Country, to root out Knight-Errantry.

Thus *Lucian*, before him, in his Story of the Aſs, enlarged afterwards by the Philoſopher *Apuleius*, had ridiculed *Lucius* of *Patras*, and, to make it the more obvious, called that Fable by the Name of that Mythologiſt, who had writ a Book of ſtrange Metamorphoſes, which he fooliſhly believed to be true. *Rabelais* ſeems alſo to have imitated *Lucian*'s true Hiſtory, called ſo by its Author, by *Antiphraſis*; though ſome have thought that he had joined it to the Treatiſe in which he gives Precepts to write Hiſtory well, as an Example of his Rules: But he declares at the Beginning of that incredible Hiſtory, That his only Deſign was to expoſe many Poets, Hiſtorians, and Philoſophers, who, with Impunity related falſe Things as Truth, and uſed, upon unfaithful Relations, to treat of foreign Countries, as *Cteſias* and *Iambulus* had done.

But our Hiſtory is not altogether an Imitation of that of *Lucian*, though it participates of its Nature. 'Tis dramatic alſo, as that *Greek* Author ſays of ſome of his Works; a mixture of Dialogue and Comedy; of ſerious Matter and of the Ridicule; of Plays of all Sorts, whether *Trabeatæ*, *Prætextatæ*, *Palliatæ*, *Togatæ*, *Atellanæ*, *Tabernariæ*, &c. 'Tis the *Satyrica* of the *Greek*; the *Archæa*, the *Media*, and the *Nova Comœdia*: For ſometimes great Things are treated by our Author in a Manner equal to their Grandeur; at others they are brought down to the Level of the *Planipedia*: Now and then little more than Mirth is meant: Often alſo particular Perſons are reflected on by Name; at others they appear maſked and diſguiſed; and frequently, as in the new Comedy of the *Greeks*, the Characters

ters are general. (45) 'Tis likewiſe *Hilarotragœdia*; that Sort of dramatick Compoſures which *Rhinthon* of *Taras*, about the Reign of the firſt *Ptolomy*, is ſaid to have invented; which doubtleſs got him that Name of Φλύαξ given him by *Stephanus Byſantius*, which ſome render *Jocator*, but is thought by *Heſychius* to ſignify *Scurra*. This *Rhinthon*'s Fables, of which *Donatus* (46) makes mention in his Notes on *Terence*, and which *Suidas* ſays were thirty-eight in Number, ſtill in being when *Stephanus* writ, were imitated at *Rome*: And as that *Geographer* ſays, that *Rhinthon* turned tragick Things into Ridicule, an *Italian* Critic (47) thinks that the *Hilarotragœdia* was only *una Tragedia contrafatta è di grave Ridotta al piacevole; è di Tragedia, per dir coſi, fatta Comedia*; that is, a Tragedy turned into a Comedy or a Farce. But the learned *Spanheim* (48) more properly thinks that *Rhinthon* had joined the comic Mirth of the *Greek* Satirick Plays and Interludes to the Gravity of Tragedy, which may by that have got the Name of *Mixta*.

Our *Rabelais*'s Work is alſo a Satire of the Kind of thoſe which, from *Menippus*, were called *Menippæan* by his Imitator *Varro*, the moſt learned among the *Romans*; having given that Name to that which he made, becauſe, like that *Cynick Philoſopher*, in it he had treated of grave Matters in a merry, joking Style. That Satire, or as *Tully* calls it, that *Poema varium & elegans*, was at once a Mixture of Proſe and ſeveral Sorts of Verſe; of *Greek* and of *Latin*; of *Philology* and of *Philoſophy*. That Orator (49) makes him give ſome Account of its Deſign and Variety; and without Doubt that Work was far more eſteemable than the Examples which he followed; if, as *Diogenes Laertius* ſays, thoſe of *Menippus* were made merely to excite Men to laugh, conſiſting chiefly of *Parodiæ*, or Verſes out of famous Authors, and generally *Homer*,

(45) Suidas in Πίνθων.

(46) Ad Prolog. Adelph.

(47) Ragion. della Academ. Aldean.

(48) Preface ſur les Cæſars de Jul.

(49) Et tamen in illis veteribus noſtris, quæ Menippum imitati, non interpretati, quadam hilaritate conſperſimus, multa admiſta ex intimâ phiſoſophiâ, multa dialecticè dicta. *Academ. Quæſt. L.* 1.

Euripides,

Euripides, and ſuch others, inverted and tagged together ſometimes like the *Cento* of *Auſonius*, and often in the Nature of our Mock Songs. Yet ſince *Strabo* ſays that by them he got the Name of σπεδογέλοῖος or (50) *Joco-ſerius*, we may believe that there was a Morality in them; but that, as in our *Rabelais*, not being obvious, ſome thought them trifling; like many in our Age, who find it much eaſier to judge and find Fault than to underſtand.

I could wiſh that among the other Sorts of Writing which, in ſomething, have been imitated by our Author, I might not reckon *Petronius Arbiter*; yet I only ſay this as to his Immodeſty; for, otherwiſe, as that Conſul under ſome amorous Fictions has concealed a cloſe and ingenious Satire on the Vices that reigned in *Nero's Court*, and was as nice and good a Judge of polite Learning as of diſſolute Pleaſures, without Doubt he is to be followed and admired: And indeed his Fable was eſteemed to be like the *Greek* ſatirick Poems which *Plato* ſays conſiſted of Fictions whoſe hidden Senſe differed very much from the ſuperficial Signification of the Words; ſince *Macrobius*, while he diſtinguiſhes Fables, made barely to pleaſe, from thoſe that at once divert and inſtruct, has placed that of *Petronius* among the latter.

Our Author's Works are alſo an Imitation of *Democritus* and of *Socrates*, if we may compare Writings with Actions; for thoſe two *Philoſophers* uſed to be ſtill merry, and freely ridiculed whatever was a fit Subject of *Raillery*: For this Reaſon *Quintilian* ſays of the latter, *Etiam vita univerſa Ironiam habere videtur, qualis eſt vita Socratis*; and that great *Philoſopher*, who had deſerved the Name of *the wiſeſt of Men*, was called *Scurra* by *Zeno*, as *Tully* renders it: Yet *Plato* and *Xenophon*, his Scholars, have not only tranſmitted to us ſome of his admirable Expreſſions (51) but alſo imitated them; and we may apply to *Rabelais* what *Vavaſſar* ſaid of that wiſe Man, *Conſtans ac perpetuus irriſor Mortalium.*

(50) *Lib.* 16.
(51) De Dictione Ludicra.

In

In this, his Work ſomewhat differs from the greateſt Part of the Satires of the *Romans*; for he ſeldom leaves his Ridiculing for their angry Railing. Their chief Deſign is leſs to rally than excite either Indignation or Hatred, *facit Indignatio verſum* (52). Which cauſed an ancient *Grammarian* to ſay, *Satyra dicitur Carmen apud Romanos nunc quidem maledicum*; thus calling (53) *Satire a railing* or *ſlandering Poem*, And *Ovid*, excuſing himſelf for not having writ any, gives it the *Epithet* of *biting*.

Non ego mordaci diſtrinxi Carmine quemquam:
Nec meus ullius crimina Verſus habet.

Accordingly the Authors of the *Roman Satires* generally kept the Character of Cenſors. *Horace* has given the gayeſt Air of them all to his *Satires*, and in that of *Naſidienus*, the Deſcription of the Fight between *Sarmentus* and *Meſſius*, as alſo in ſome others, has affected a comick Style; he alſo tells us that Satire ought to be ſometimes treated gaily, and at others ſullenly or gravely; *Et ſermone Opus eſt Modo triſti ſæpe jocoſo*. Yet in other Places he ſpeaks of the Sharpneſs of his Satires, and owns that they were an ill-natured or malicious Kind of Writing:

Lib. 2. *Sat.* 1. ——— *Triſti lædere verſu,*
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumq; nepotem.

Then he takes Notice of the Complaint of ſome againſt him:

—Lividus & mordax videor tibi.

He alſo obſerves that 'tis not enough to make a Hearer laugh;

Ergo non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum
Auditoris. *Sat.* 10. *Lib.* 1.

Far from this, he ſaith it is a commendable Thing to fill a Man with Shame, and, as he calls it, to bark at him if he deſerves it;

(52) Juven. Satyr. 1.
(53) Diomed. Lib. 3. Gram.

Si

Si quis opprobriis dignum latraverit—

This cauſes another Satiriſt, ſpeaking of *Lucilius*, whoſe Imitator he was, as well as *Horace*, to ſay,

Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius *ardens*
Infremuit, rubet Auditor cui frigida Mens eſt
Criminibus.—Juvenal Sat. 1.

The ſame in another Place, reflecting on the depraved Manners of his Age, cries, *Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.* By which he ſufficiently ſhews what was the Object and Deſign of thoſe Sorts of Poems.

Now *Rabelais* chiefly purſues his Subject by jeſting and expoſing, ridiculing and deſpiſing what he thinks deſerves ſuch an Uſage; and 'tis but ſeldom that he makes Uſe of Railing, or ſullen, biting Reproofs. Yet as he has done it in ſome Places, we may well ſay that his Work hath ſomething of the *Roman* Satire.

In ſhort, 'tis a Mixture, or, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, an *Olio* of all the merry, ſerious, ſatirical and diverting Ways of Writing, that have hitherto been uſed. But ſtill Mirth is predominant in the Compoſition, and like a pleaſing Tartneſs, gives the Whole ſuch a Reliſh, that we ever feed on it with an eager Appetite, and can never be cloyed with it. 'Tis Farce, as our Laureat, in his late curious Preface, (54) concerning that Way of Writing, judiciouſly obſerves of ſome of *Ben Johnſon*'s, but ſuch Farce, as bequeaths that Bleſſing (pronounced by *Horace*) on him that ſhall attempt the like.

—Sudet multum fruſtraq; laboret
Auſus idem.

For, as 'tis there obſerved, the Buſineſs of Farce extends beyond Nature and Probability. But then there are ſo few Improbabilities that will appear pleaſant in the Repreſentation, that it will ſtrain the beſt Invention to find them out, and require the niceſt Judgment to manage them when they are conceived. Extravagant and monſtrous Fancies are but ſick Dreams that rather

(54) Mr. *Tate*, Preface to A *Duke* and no *Duke*.

torment

torment than divert the Mind, but when Extravagancy and Improbability happen to pleaſe at all, they do it to Purpoſe, becauſe they ſtrike our Thought with greateſt Surpriſe.

Paſquier, the moſt judicious Critick that *France* had in his Time, was very apprehenſive of this, and illuſtrates it with two Examples that concern too much our Author, and the Point in Queſtion, not to be inſerted here. 'Tis in one of his Letters to the Poet *Ronſard* (55) *Il n'y a celui de nous, qui ne ſçache combien le Docte* Rabelais *en folaſtrant ſagement ſur ſon* Gargantua & Pantagruel *gaigna de Grace parmi le Peuple. Il ſe trouva peu apres deux Singes qui ſe perſuadarent d'en pouvoir faire tout autant; l'un ſous le Nom de* Leon l'Adulfy *en ſes* Propos Ruſtiques. *L'autre ſans Nom en ſon Livre* Des Fanfreluches. *Mais autant y profita l'un que l'autre; s'itant leur Memoire de ces deux Livres perdue.*

That is, *All knew to what Degree the learned* Rabelais *gained the Eſteem of the Nation by his wiſe Drolling on his* Gargantua *and* Pantagruel; *ſoon after ſtarted up a couple of Apes who conceived that they could do as much; viz. Leon l'Adulfy* in his *Propos Ruſtiques*, and the *anonymous* Author of *Fanfreluches. But as ill did the one ſucceed as the other; the Memory of thoſe two Books being loſt.*

This Work of *Rabelais* is doubtleſs an Original by imitating and joining in one, ſo many others. To imitate it, is not only *periculoſæ plenum Opus aleæ*, but almoſt an impoſſible taſk; nor is it eaſily to be deſigned. We ſee that it is hiſtorical, romantick, allegorical, comical, ſatirical; but as ſometimes all theſe Kinds of Writing are united in one Paſſage, as others they appear ſeverally.

I might ſay that it is partly dramatick: For there appears in it a great Deal of Action: The Dialogues, of which it is full, are as many lively Scenes: *Europe* is the Stage, and all Mankind is the Subject: The Author with his witty, drolling Prologues, comes in between every Act, as the *Sileni* and the *Satiri* did in the *Greek ſatirick* Plays. Or, if you had rather have it ſo, he

(55) Lettr. de Paſquier, Liv. 1.

ſupplies

ſupplies the Place of the *Chorus* in ſome of the old *Comedies*: The five Books anſwer exactly the five Acts, and it might perhaps as eaſily be made appear by a *Dacier*, that he has managed his *Drama* regularly, as by a *Boſſu*, that the Father of *Epick* Poetry has obſerved a juſt Conduct in his Iliads.

It has the Form of an Hiſtory, or rather of Romances, which it tacitly ridicules; I mean ſuch of them as thoſe Ages produced which preceded the Reſtoration of Learning. that chiefly happened when our Author lived; your *Amadis de Gaule*, *Lancelot de Lac*, *Triſtan*, *Kyrie Eleiſon* of Montauban, *&c.* For then *Kyrie Eleiſon* and *Paralipomenon* were taken for the Names of Saints; ſomewhat like the *Epitomizers* of *Geſner*'s *Bibliotheque*, who have aſcribed *Amadis* to one *Acuerdo Olvido*, not knowing that theſe two Words, which they found on the Title-page of the *French* Verſion of that Book, were the Tranſlator's *Spaniſh Motto*, that ſignifies *Remembrance*, *Oblivion*. Our Author ſeems to have mimicked thoſe Books, even in their Titles, in their Diviſion into Chapters, and in the odd Accounts of their Contents. I am much miſtaken if in many Places he has not alſo affected their *Style*; though in others he diſplays all the Purity and Elegance which the *French Tongue*, which he has much improved, had at that Time.

As for the Mixture of odd burleſque, barbarous, *Latin*, *Greek* and obſolete Words which is ſeen in his Book, 'tis juſtifiable, as it ſerves to add to the Diverſion of the Reader, pleaſed generally the more, the greater is the Variety, principally in ſo odd a Work.

About twenty Years before it was compoſed, *Thecphilus Folengi*, a *Monk*, born at *Mantua*, of a noble Family, who is hardly known now otherwiſe than by the Name of *Merlinus Coccaius*, had put out his *Liber Macaronicorum*, which is a poetical Rhapſody, made up of Words of different Languages, and treating of pleaſant Matters in a comical Stile: The Word *Macarone* in *Italian* ſignifies a jolly Clown, and *Macaroni* a Sort of Cakes made with coarſe Meal, Eggs and Cheeſe, as *Thomaſin*

naſin (56) obſerves. He publiſhed alſo another Work, which he called *Il Libro della Catta*, in the ſame Stile, and another, only *macaronick* in Part, called *Chaos del Tri per Uno*.

A learned Critick (57) has eſteemed that Sort of Writing to be a third Kind of *Burleſque*. Nor was *Folengi* only followed by his Countrymen, as *Gaurinas Capella* in his *Macarone de Remini* againſt *Cabri Ré de Gogue Magogue*, in 1526, and *Cæſar Urſinus*, who calls himſelf *Stopinus*, in his *Cappriccia Macaronica* 1536, for the learned *William Drummond*, Author of the Hiſtory of *Scotland*, and of ſome divine Poems, has left us an ingenious *macaronick* Poem, called, *Polemo-Middinia*, printed at the Theatre at *Oxford*, 1691.

Rabelais has imitated and improved ſome fine Paſſages of that of *Coccaius*, as well as his Style; though Mr. *Baillet*, in his *Jugement des Sçavans*, thinks that it would be an impoſſible Taſk to preſerve its Beauties in a Tranſlation.

The *Italians* affect thoſe mixt Sorts of Languages in their Burleſque Poetry. They have one Sort which they call *Pedanteſia*, from the Name of the Perſons of whom it moſt treats and whom it imitates; *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Italian* making up the Compoſition with an *Italian Termination*. Some have celebrated the Amours of *Grammarians* and of others in that *Italogrecolatin* Tongue: and I have ſeen a Book in Proſe in that Idiom of Idioms, intituled *Hipnerotomachia di Poliſilo*; *Cioè*, *Combatimento di Amore in Sogno*; or, The Fight of Love in a Dream.

Dante is full of *Latin* and *Provenzale*, of which he boaſts, ſaying, *Namque locutus ſum in Lingua trina*; and *Petrarch*, though moſt ſparing of *Latin*, has many *French* and *Provenzale* Words, even whole Lines of the latter *ponendoveneanche de i verſi interi*, ſays one of his Countrymen; and, beſides a great Number of Books of *burleſque* Poetry and Proſe, which they have in *Lingua Bergameſca*, *Bologneſe*, *Paduana*, *Venetiana*, *Breſciana*, *Veroneſe*, *Genoueſe*, *Napolitana*, *Romana*, *Si-*

(56) Eleg. p. 72.
(57) Naudé Jugement des Pieces contre Mazarin.

ciliana,

ciliana, *Sarda*, &c. they ſometimes have mixed ſeveral of thoſe *Dialects* together.

This Mixture of Languages, and of odd and fantaſtick Terms, has been cenſured by *Vavaſſor*, chiefly, becauſe he pretends that the Ancients never uſed it, though none will deny that they mixed Words and Verſes of different Kinds that has read of their *Satura Lanx*, or the εἰρεσιώνη. *Diomedes* ſays, *Satyra eſt carmen quod ex variis poematibus co ſtat*, and *Lucilius* whom *Pliny* ſays to have firſt found out *Stylum Naſi*, the Way of ſpeaking uſed in *Plays*, wrote in a low and vulgar Stile, mixt ſometimes with *Greek*. *Plautus* has *Punic* Words, and *Cicero* has *Greek*, particularly in his Epiſtles. But to ſhew that odd words, ſuch as are found in our Author's *burleſque* Writings, have been uſed by the Ancients, we need but conſult *Diogenes Laertius*, and we ſhall find that *Democritus* allowed himſelf as great a Liberty in uſing odd Expreſſions, as in laughing at Mankind. For he had ſo many particular Words, that a *Greek* Author made a Dictionary of them; his *Biographer* relates ſome of them, and *Heſychius* has preſerved alſo one or two, which he had probably out of that Dictionary, that has been loſt. *Vavaſſor* himſelf, owns that *Ariſtophanes* has *Verba inuſitata, compoſita ex multis Verbis & Sonantibus*, and that in his Plays, *Perſæ*, *Triballi*, *Scythæ*, *patriâ & barbarâ voce utuntur*, *Laco & Theſalus*. That comick Poet has indeed many Words as ſtrange as *Rabelais*, as βρεκεκεκέζ κοάζ κοάζ, from which the *Latins* have made *coaxare*; then ἐποποί, ποποί, ποποί; ἰώ, ἰώ, ἰτώ, ἰτώ; τίο, τίο, τίο, τίο, τίο, τίο, τίο, τίο, τριοτό τόβριζ; τορο τορο τορο τορο τορο τορο τὶγξ, κικκαβαῦ, τορο τοροτορολιλιλίγξ; τοροτὶγξ, τοροτίγξ; ποποποποποποπόι; τιτιτιτιτιτιτρούι, which are the various Voices of Birds. Then he has Diminutives, as Σοκρατίδιον, Χαντίδιον, υιτάριον, βάτιον; and if *Rabelais* has very long Words, ſo has *Ariſtophanes*, as his κομποφακελοῤῥίγονα, and many others; among which, the longeſt is made up of twenty-eight, and begins by λοποδοτεμαχοσελαχογαλεο, &c. Alſo in the Anthologia, G ammarians are called θειροζυγοκαμχιμετοποι; and there is an Epigram by an ancient Poet, all in ſuch Burleſque, againſt Philoſophers, which begins thus,

O φρυ-

Ο φρυανασπασίδαι, ρινεγκαταπυζογένειοι,
Σακκογενειοτρόφοι, καὶ λοταδαρπαρίδαι, &c.

A great Number of long Decompoſites are found in *Greek* Authors, and if the *Latins* have uſed them leſs, 'tis becauſe their Tongue was not ſo happy in linking Words together, as *Quintilian* obſerves. Yet we have many in *Plautus* that are downright *Burleſque* of the ſame Kind, as *Ferritribaces*, *Servilicolæ*, *Plagipatide*, *Cluninſtaridyſarchides*, &c.

What ſhall we think of the *Parodiæ*, of which *Ariſtophanes* and *Lucian* are full, and which *Julian* has uſed in his *Cæſars*, as many more among the *Greeks* have done; thoſe Witticiſms being a Part of the Salt, which they ſo much deſired in all jocoſe and ſatirical Compoſures.

As for the Puns, Clenches, Conundrums, Quibbles, and all ſuch other Dregs or baſtard Sorts of Wit, that here and there have crept in among the infinite Number of our Author's ingenious and juſt Conceptions, I will not apologize in their Behalf, otherwiſe than by ſhewing that *Ariſtophanes* and *Plautus* have ſtrewed them more laviſhly through their Works, which are partly of the Nature of this. Nor is it neceſſary to mention the great *Tully*, and many more among the Ancients, that allowed themſelves the Freedom of uſing them; many of thoſe dropped in Converſation by that Orator having been thought worthy to be made publick. They were doubtleſs better liked in thoſe Times, than they are now, and we find them in as great a Number in almoſt all the Writers of the laſt Age, that pretended to Wit; nor have Rhetoricians refuſed to teach or uſe the Figure *Antanaclaſis*. So though we may miſlike the Pen, we may admire the Author, ſince theſe are but ſo many ſmall Spots which, far from darkening him, illuſtrate the Beauties by which they are placed.

None can miſlike the great Number of various Images which he gives of the ſame things, or the long Train of Verbs, or Subſtantives, which he often ſets together; indeed in another Work they might be thought redundant. *Ambitioſa ornamenta reſcindenda ſunt*; but here thoſe Terms, though they are often technical, and therefore

fore inſtructing are only uſed to cauſe Mirth: And they become our Author ſo well, that we ſeldom read them over without laughing.

Mirth being do deſirable a Thing, ſo beneficial to the Body, and to the Mind, and Laughing one of the diſtinguiſhing Characters of Mankind, our Author may be ſaid not to have advantag'd the World a little, in compoſing this merry Treatiſe. He juſtifies himſelf in his Dedication to Cardinal *Chaſtillon*, for his comical Expreſſions, by repreſenting the Eaſe which many diſconſolate and ſick Perſons had received by them; and he ſays before his firſt Book, *Le Rire eſt le propre de l'Homme*; or, as it has been *Engliſh'd*, *Laugh only ſo to ſhew thyſelf a Man.* Even *Cæſar* had writ a whole Book of merry and witty Sayings; and *Balſac*, a great Enemy to *Burleſque*, has ſaid, *Que ce n'étoit pas peu meriter du Genre Humain, que de rejouir quelque fois Auguſte*; That, Mankind was not a little obliged to the Man who ſometimes could make *Auguſtus* merry. That Emperor, as *Macrobius* tells us, did not think it below him ſometimes to write Lampoons, and made one on *Pollio*, who knowing it, ſaid, *At ego taceo, non eſt enim facile in eum conſcribere qui poteſt proſcribere.*

Horace, after he has ſaid, that it is not enough to make a Hearer laugh, adds, *& eſt quædam hæc quoque virtus.*

Nor has our Author only aim'd at Mirth; tho' he has partly made it ſubſervient to his chief Deſign. He knew that the Learned and the Ignorant, by different Motives, delight in Fables, and that the Love of Mirth being univerſal, the only Way to cauſe his Sentiments to be moſt known and followed, was to give them a merry Dreſs. The Council of *Trent* began to ſit in 1545, and then our Author began to write. The Reſtoration of Learning had made the moſt knowing among the Clergy and the Laity, deſire that primitive Chriſtianity might alſo be reſtored. Accordingly I find, that when *Rabelais* (58) was at *Rome* in 1536, the Cardinal of *Trent*, who was a *German*, came thither to preſs the Pope to a Council, and, in our Author's Preſence, ſaid to Cardinal

(51) Letters de *Rabelais* à l'Eveſque de Maillezais.

Du Bellay, that the Pope refuſed to grant a Council, but that he would repent it, for the Chriſtian Princes would take away what they had given to the Church. The univerſal Cry was for the Reſtitution of the Cup to the Laity, and of Marriage to the Clergy; againſt Indulgences, Pardons, *&c.* This cauſed *Rabelais* to put out theſe *Pythagorical Symbols* as he calls them: That while ſome of the great Ones privately, and the Proteſtants publickly, were endeavouring a thorough Reformation, he might inſinuate a Contempt of the Church of *Rome*'s Fopperies, chiefly in the Clergy of *France*, and thoſe that were at the Council of *Trent*; as alſo in ſuch of the Laity as had Wit enough to find out his Meaning. And this is what he means in the Prologue to his 3d Book, by the comical Account which he gives of *Diogenes*; who ſeeing the Inhabitants of *Corinth* all very buſy in their Preparations for the War, and himſelf not invited to help them, roll'd and toſſed about his Tub, that he might not be ſaid to be idle. *For*, ſays *Rabelais*, *I held it not a little diſgraceful to be only an idle Spectator of ſo many valourous, eloquent, and warlike Perſons, who in the View and Sight of all Europe, act this notable Interlude or Tragi-comedy.* By the Word, *Eloquent*, we may eaſily judge, that this *notable Interlude* is the Council then ſitting. He knew that, in 1534, *Calvin* having dedicated his *Inſtitutions* to *Francis* I. the *Bigots* about him cunningly perſuaded that King not to read that excellent Work, nor its incomparable Preface; tho' he was otherwiſe not very religious, having made a League with the *Turks*, and joined his Fleet to that of *Barbaroſſa*, as alſo charg'd his Children in 1535, on Pain of incurring his Curſe, to revenge his Wrongs on *Charles* the V. whom he uſed to call *Satan*'s *eldeſt Son* (59). So partly that his Book might not have the ſame Fate, he made it myſterious; and indeed that King had read it to him in Spite of thoſe who told him it was heretical. But he was ſo embroil'd in Wars, that perhaps he dar'd not favour the Reform'd, for fear of being ſerved by the Pope like the King of *Navarre*. However, even his Mother, *Loyſe de Savoye*, what Devotion ſoever ſhe ſhew'd to Popiſh Fop-

(59) Memoires de Caſtelnau.

peries,

peries, ſeems to have had but little Reſpect for them. For, in her Journal, writ with her own Hand, and kept ſtill in the *Chambre des Comptes* at Paris, are found theſe Words concerning St. *Francis de Paule*; *Frere Francois de Paule fut par moi canoniſé*; *à tout le Moins j'en payay la Taxe:* that is, Fryar John *de Paule was ſainted by me*; *at leaſt I paid the Fees for making him a Saint.* Yet our Author wrote not ſo darkly but that the Ingenious of that Age could know his Meaning, for the very *antidoted Conundrums*, which are the 2d Chapter of his firſt Book, ſhew that he treated of *Religion*, as he had ſaid in the Prologue before it. The firſt *Stanza* may perhaps be only deſigned to make the reſt paſs for a Banter; but the ſecond mentions the Pope and *Calvin* plainly; the firſt, *whoſe Slipper 'tis more meritorious to kiſs than to gain Pardons*; and the other, *from the Depth iſſued where they fiſh for Roaches*, (the Lake at *Geneva*,) a Chuff *who ſaid, Sirs, for God's Sake let us forbear doing this*; in the *French*, *Qui dit, Meſſieurs pour Dieu nous en gardons.* I have not the Leiſure to examine now the other Stanzas, though I can explain ſome of them. But to ſhew that *Rabelais* was underſtood when he writ, we need but read the Verſes printed in the *French* before his ſecond Book; they are by *Huges Salel*, a Man of great Wit and Learning, who, as I have ſaid, had tranſlated *Homer's Iliads:* In them he encourages the Author to write on, and tells him, that under a pleaſing Foundation he had ſo well deſcribed uſeful Matters, that, if he was not rewarded here below, he ſhould be rewarded in Heaven.

Groſs Superſtition proceeds from Ignorance; ſo next to the Firſt he expoſes the Latter; but I need not come to Particulars: I may ſay that he has ſatyriſed all Sorts of Vice, and conſequently all Sorts of Men; we find them all promiſcuouſly on his Scene, as in *Bays*'s grand Dance in the Rehearſal, Kings, Cardinals, Ladies, Aldermen, Soldiers, *&c.*

He ſaw that Vice was not to be conquer'd in a declamatory War, and that the angry railing Lectures of ſome well-meaning Men were ſeldom as effectual to make it give Ground, as the gay, yet pointed Railleries of thoſe who ſeem unconcern'd; the latter convincing us effec-

tually, while the others with their paſſionate Invectives perſuade us of nothing, but that they are too angry to direct others.

This gay Way of moraliſing has alſo nothing of the dry mortifying Method of thoſe Philoſophers who, ſtriving to demonſtrate their Principles by Cauſes and a long Series of Arguments, only rack the Mind; but its Art and Delicacy is not perceived by every Reader: Conſequently many People will not eaſily find out the inward Beauties of the Works of *Rabelais*; but he did not intend that every one ſhould perceive them; though every one may be extremely diverted by the outward and obvious Wit and Humour. We may ſay of theſe hidden Graces, what a learned Man ſays of thoſe in *Horace*'s *Satyres*. (60) *Quæ cum Animæ plebiæ percurrunt, nec venuſtatem vident, nec Neceſſitatem Argumenti intelligunt. Eruditi, præter incredibilem leporem, ad Principium quo nititur recurrunt.* The Figure *Oxymorum*, by which Things at firſt appear fooliſh, tho' they are ſharp and witty, is ſuch a Maſter-piece in Rhetorick as can be perceived by none but the Skilful. Painting has its groteſque and bold Touches, which ſeem irregular to the Vulgar, only pleaſed with their Oddneſs; while Maſters thro' the antick Features and rough Strokes, diſcover an exact Proportion, a Softneſs and a Boldneſs together, which charm them to an unſpeakable Degree. So in artful Jeſts and Ironies, in that *Luſus Animi* and *judicious Extravagance*, what ſeems mean and abſurd is moſt in Sight and ſtrikes the Vulgar; but better Judgments under that coarſe Out-ſide diſcover exquiſite Wit, juſt and ſublime Thoughts, vaſt Learning, and the moſt profound Reaſonings of Philoſophy. Our Author's firſt Prologue has led me to this Obſervation, by that which he makes concerning *Socrates*. *Sorbiere* (61) who was a Man not much given to praiſe the Living, and much leſs the Dead, applies this to *Rabelais*, owning that his *Satyre* is the moſt learned and univerſal that ever was writ; and that it alſo ſo powerfully inclines our Minds to Mirth, that almoſt all thoſe whom he had known,

(60) Heinſius de Satyra Horatiana.
(61) Sorberiana.

that

that had been much converſant with it had gain'd by its Means a Method of thinking agreeably on the moſt profound and melancholick Matters. Thus it teaches us to bear Adverſities gallantly, and to make them our Diverſion rather than attack them directly, and with a Concern which they are not worthy to cauſe. *Ridiculum acri Plenius ac melius magnus plerumque ſecat Res*, ſays *Horace*.

'Tis true, that thoſe whoſe Temper inclines them to a *Stoical* Severity, will not have the ſame Taſte; and indeed, rallying ſeldom or never becomes them; but thoſe, who would benefit themſelves by the Peruſal of *Rabelais*, need not imitate his Buffoonry, and it is enough if it inwardly moves us, and ſpread there ſuch Seeds of Joy as will produce on all Sorts of Subjects an infinite Number of pleaſant Reflections. In thoſe Places that are moſt dangerous, a judicious Reader will curb his Thoughts and Deſires, conſidering that the Way is ſlippery, and thus will eaſily be ſafe; with wiſe Reflections, moderating his Affections. 'Tis even better to drink ſome too ſtrong Wines, tempering them with Water, which makes them but the more pleaſant, than to confine ourſelves to flat and inſipid Liquors, which neither affect the Palate nor cheer us within. The *Roman* Ladies us'd to view the Wreſtlers naked in the Cirque, and one of them diſcreetly ſaid, that a virtuous Woman was not more ſcandaliz'd at their Sight, than at that of a Statue, of which great Numbers were naked in all Places.

Thus the Sight of thoſe Females at *Sparta* who danc'd naked, being only covered with the publick Honeſty, made no ill Impreſſion on the Beholders. We may paſs over, with as much Eaſe, the Impurities of our Hiſtorian, as we forgive to excellent Painters Nudities, which they too faithfully repreſent; and we may only admire and fix our Eyes on the other Parts of the Piece. *Omnia Sana Sanis.* The Wiſe can benefit themſelves even by the worſt of Books, like thoſe Ducks of *Pontus*, to whom as *Aulus Gellius* ſays (62) Poiſons are rather wholeſome than hurtful, or thoſe Bees of *Pliny*, that being

(62) Lib. 17. Chap. 16.

gifted by Nature with the Virtue of the *Pſilli* (63) could uſefully feed on the Juice and Subſtance of the moſt venomous Weeds. The learned *Jeſuit*, who, in Favour of his Friend, *Balſac*, writ a Treatiſe againſt *Burleſque*, cannot forbear granting as much, ſince he ſays (64) *Scriptores noſtri quovis è Genere Librorum, etiam non optimorum, aucupantur utilitatem aliquam, & omnes undique Floſculos delibant; quo fere Pacto priceps olim Poetarum legere ſe gemmas ex Enniano Stercore dicebat.*

The Age, in which our Author wrote, was not ſo reſerv'd in Words as this, and perhaps he has not ſo much followed his own Genius in making Uſe of groſs, or looſe Expreſſions, as he has endeavoured to accommodate his Way of Writing to the Humour of the People, not excepting a Part of the Clergy of thoſe Times. Now we ought not to blame thoſe Authors who wrote in former Ages, for differing from us in ſeveral Things; ſince they follow'd Cuſtoms and Manners which were then generally received, though now they ſeem to us improper or unjuſt. To diſcover all the Beauties in their Works, we muſt a while lay aſide the Thoughts of our Practice, if it contradicts theirs; otherwiſe, all Books will be very ſhort-liv'd, and the beſt Writers, being diſheartened with the Thoughts of the ſpeedy Oblivion or Contempt of their Works, will no longer ſtrive to deſerve an immortal Fame, which fantaſtic Poſterity would deny them.

Some would altogether forbid the Peruſal of our Author: *Du Verdier*, in his *Bibliotheque*, which gives an Account of all thoſe that had writ in *French*, till about the Year 1585, has inſerted a large Invective made againſt *Rabelais*, by an Author whom I have diſcovered to be *Schoock* (65); theſe are his Words: *Utinam vel apud illos ſit* Rabeleſus *cum ſuo* Pantagrueliſmo, *ut ſcurrilis Hominis ſcurrili Voce abutar. Certe eſt quid callet bonæ Artis, cogatur in eas tandem ſe exercere alioqui tam impious Homo quam publicè ſuis nefariis Libellis peſtilens*, &c. *Neque ſemel deploravi Hominis ſortem, qui in tanta lite-*

(63) Lib. 21. Cap. 13.
(64) F. Vavaſſor. de Ludicra Dictione.
(65) In Fab. Hamel. p. 31.

ratum

rarum luce tam denſis ſeſe vitiorum tenebris immergit. Others, principally of the *Papiſt* Clergy, have not been more kind to him, of which he himſelf complains in ſome Places of his Book, much like an Author whom he accuſes of filching, in his firſt Prologue. 'Tis *Angelus Politian*, a famous Latin Poet who liv'd a little before him, and was alſo a Prieſt and a Prebend; he was a great Admirer of *Plautus*, whoſe Peruſal the *Florentine* Preachers would not allow in the Univerſities. So partly on that Account, he expreſſes himſelf in theſe Terms. *Epiſt. Lib.* 7.

Sed qui nos damnant, Hiſtriones ſunt maximi,
Nam Curios ſimulant, vivunt Bacchanalia.
Hi ſunt præcipue quidam clamoſi, leves,
Cucullati, lignipedes cincti funibus,
Superciliоſum, incurvicervicum pecus;
Qui, quod ab aliis & habitu & victu diſſentiunt,
Triſtrique vultu vendunt ſanctimonias,
Cenſuram ſibi quandam, & Tyrannidem occupant,
Pavidamque plebem territant minaciis.

In which Verſes by the Way, he has made Uſe of a Word, which an ancient Critick, alſo an Admirer of *Plautus*, mentions as *Burleſque* (66). But to ſhew that our Author's Way of Writing is not of that Kind of thoſe which ancient Philoſophers have condemn'd, we need but conſider that there is at leaſt as much Boldneſs and Impurity in that very *Plautus*, and the ancient *Greek* Comedy. Yet *Cicero*, whom all muſt grant to be a great Judge of good Writing and Morality, ſpeaking of the merry or ridiculing Way of Writing which was to be condemned, oppoſes to it that of *Plautus*, the ancient Comedy, and the Books of the Diſciples of *Socrates*. Theſe are his Words, *Duplex omnino eſt jocandi Genus: Unum, illiberale, petulans, flagitioſum, obſcenum: Alterum, elegans, urbanum, ingenioſum, facetum. Quo Genere non modo* Plautus *noſter & Atticorum antiqua Comœdia, ſed etiam Philoſophorum Socraticorum Libri referti ſunt.*

(66) Cum κυρτοαύχενα mirati ſumus, incurvicervicum vixare eſt defendimus. *Quintilian.*

After all, as I could wiſh that ſome Expreſſions, which I will not only call too bold and too free, but even immodeſt and prophane, had not been in this Book, I would not have thoſe Perſons to read it, whoſe Lives are ſo well regulated, that they would not employ a Moment, of which they might not give an Account without bluſhing; nor thoſe whoſe Minds, not being ripened by Years and Study, are moſt ſuſceptible of dangerous Impreſſions. Doubtleſs they may do much better than to read this Book.

Some therefore will think that either it was not to be tranſlated, or ought to have been tranſlated otherwiſe; and that as, in the moſt handſome Faces, there is always ſome Lines which we could wiſh were not there; ſo if thoſe Things which here may ſhock ſome Perſons, had been omitted or ſoftened, it would more juſtly, and more generally, have pleaſed; I ſuppoſe that the Tranſlator would have done ſo, had he not been afraid to have taken out ſome material Thing, hid under the Veil of ſome unhappy Expreſſion, inſtead of taking away a bare Trifle.

But as what may be blameable in this Book, bears no Proportion with the almoſt infinite Number of admirable and uſeful Things which are to be found in it, the Ingenious ought not to be deprived of it. *Lucian*'s Works, notwithſtanding a thouſand Paſſages in them againſt Modeſty and Religion, have been handed down to us by the primitive Chriſtians, which they would not have done, had they not been ſenſible that they could do much more Good than Harm.

The Art of Writing has cauſed much Miſchief, which made the Ancients ſay, that its Inventor had ſown Serpent's Teeth; yet who would be without the Uſe of Letters? We may as well cut out our Tongue, that *World of Wickedneſs*, as it is called in Scripture. Weak Minds may turn good Things to the worſt Uſe, and even ſacred Writings have produced ill Effects: Readers are often more blameable than Authors, and ſhould like Bees gather Honey out of Poetical Flowers, inſtead of ſucking the Poiſon like Spiders. The Cauſe of the ill Actions of moſt Men is not in Books, but in the wicked Diſpoſition of their Hearts; and the ſoft Melancholy with which the moſt

moſt chaſte Romances often cloud the Mind, thus making Way for violent Paſſions, is much more to be feared than a Work of this Nature.

As long as thoſe and ſome of our Plays are in the Hands of the *weaker Sex*; that *Catullus*, *Ovid*, *Juvenal*, and *Martial* are learned by Heart in Schools by *Men*, *Children*, and a thouſand other Books more dangerous, proſtituted to *the ignorant Vulgar*; *Rabelais*'s Works, in which there is more Morality, as well as more Wit and Learning, than in moſt that are read, may be allowed a Place among the Beſt. *Verbis offendi morbi aut imbecillitatis Argumentum eſt*, ſaith *Cicero*: And we may ſay for our Author, like *Auſonius*, *Cui hic Ludus noſter non placet ne legerit*; *aut cum legerit obliviſcator*: *Aut non oblitus ignoſcat*. A learned and pious *Engliſhman* (67) who was a Biſhop in *France* in the old Times, and wrote almoſt as freely as *Rabelais*, ſays *Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia*, *meis tamen rogo parcant opuſculis.*— *In quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper à nugis ad bona tranſire ſeria.* *Solomon* bids us not ſpeak in the Ears of a Fool, for he will diſpiſe the Wiſdom of our Words: As our Author ſpeaks to none of thoſe, his Book may be as uſeful as it is diverting; provided, as I have ſaid, that a Reader curb his Thoughts in ſome few Paſſages, which a Man of Senſe will eaſily do, and I recommend it to no others,

Peter Motteux.

(67) *Joan. Sareſberienſis*, in Policratico de Nugis Curial.

N. B. At the End of the late *French* Editions of *Rabelais*, without the leaſt Reaſon, the *Dipſodes* were ſaid to be *Lorrains*. *Fryar John* was ſaid to be Cardinal *de Lorraine*. *Gargantua* was ſaid to be *Francis* I. *Grangouſier* was ſaid to be *Louis* XII. *Great Mare of Gargantua*, Madam *D'Eſtampes*. *Her Trippa*, a great Magician. *Hippothadeus*, the King's Confeſſor. *Lerné*, Breſſe. *Loupgarou*, Amiens. *Pantagruel*, Henry II. *Sybil of Panzouſt*, a Court Lady. *Panurge*, Cardinal d'Amboiſe. *Picrochole*, Piedmont, *Salmygondin*, Benefices. *Theleme*, Protocole of the Council of Trent. *Zenomanes*, the Chancellor.

Theſe are all the Names ſaid to belong to theſe three Books, and unjuſtly called a *Key* to them.

THE

LIST

OF

Some of the Names mentioned in the Firſt, Second, and Third Books of *Rabelais*, explained in the *Preface*.

THE antidoted Conundrums, – – –	A Satire on the Pope, Emperor, &c.
Grangouſier, – – –	*John d'Albret*, King of *Navarre*.
Gargamelle, – – –	*Catharine de Foix*, Queen of *Navarre*.
Gargantua, – – –	*Henry d'Albret*, King of *Navarre*.
Badebec, – – –	*Margaret de Valois* his Queen.
Pantagruel, – – –	*Anthony de Bourbon*.
Panurge, – – – –	*Montluc*, Biſhop of *Valence*.
Fryar John of the Funnels,	*Cardinal Caſtillon*, alſo *Martin Luther*.
Utopia, – – – – –	*Navarre*.
Beuſſe, – – – – –	*Albret*.
Verron, – – – – –	*Bearn*.
Bibarois, – – – – –	*Vivarez*.
Picrochole, – – – –	King of *Spain*.
Lerné, – – – – –	*Spain*.
Cake-bakers of *Lerné*, – –	The Popiſh Prieſts.

The

The Cakes,	Bread in Communion.
Truands of *Lerné*,	The *Spaniſh* Army.
Philip Marais, Viceroy of *Papeligoſſe*,	*Philip*, Son to the Mareſchal of *Navarre*.
Theodorus, the Phyſician for the Brain,	*Berthaud*, a Proteſtant Divine.
White and *Blue*, *Gargantua*'s Colours,	*Innocence*, *Piety*, Biſhop of *Maillezais*'s Colours.
Epiſtemon,	*Ruffy*, Biſhop of *Oleron*.
Anticyrian Hellebore	The Holy Scripture.
Vine of *Seville*,	Cup in the *Euchariſt*.
Janotus de Bragmardo,	*Cenalis*, Biſhop of *Auranches*. Alſo a Head of a College.
Gargantua's Mare,	A Lady.
Maſter Beggar of St. *Anthony*,	The Provincial Father of that Order.
Ulrick Gallet,	Conſtable of *Navarre*: Alſo *Ulrick Zuinglius*.
Giants,	Princes.
Gargantua's Shepherds,	*Lutheran* Preachers.
The Medlars	The Reformers.
The Thirſtineſs of *Gargantua*, and the great Drought at *Pantagruel*'s Birth.	The Cry for the Reſtitution of the Wine in the *Euchariſt*.
The *Limoſin* Scholar,	*Heliſaine*, a pedantick Author.
The Catalogue of the Books in St. *Victor*'s Library at *Paris*.	A Satire on ſome Books in that Library, now one of the beſt in *France*.
The Cauſe between Kiſs-Breech, and Suck-Fizzle,	A Trial between the Mother of *Francis* I. and Conſt. *Bourbon*.
Kiſs-Breech,	*Poyet*, Chancellor.
Suck-Fizzle,	*Monthelon*. Lord Keeper,
Thaumaſt the *Engliſh* Scholar,	Sir *Thomas Moor*, and *Hieronymus Cardan*.
The *Dypſodes*,	*Netherlanders*.
The City of the *Amaurotes*,	*Terouenne*.

The *Amaurotes*, - - -	*Picardy.*
Loupgarou, - - - - -	The *Town* of *Liliers.*
The Giants arm'd with Freeſtone,	Caſtles near *Liliers*, St. *Omer*, &c.
King *Anarchus* made to cry Green Sauce in a *Canvas Jacket*,	*Boors* that ſheltered themſelves there.
The *Almyrods*, - - -	*Bapaume.*
Pantagruel covering an Army with his Tongue, -	*Anthony* of *Bourbon*, obtaining Cloaths for his Army.
The Sickneſs of *Pantagruel*,	His Diſguſt.
The Colony of *Utopians* ſent into *Dypſodie*,	His *Vaſſals* in *Picardy*, ſettled in the Low-Countries.
Salmygondin, - - - -	*Montluc*'s Abbey.
Sybil of *Panzouſt*, - -	St. *Thereſe*, a Nun. *Virgo Veneta.*
Raminagrobis, - - -	*Cretin*, an old Poet.
Enguerrant - - - - -	*Monſtrelet*, Hiſtoriographer,
The *Ogygian* Iſlands, - -	*Jerſey*, *Guernſey*, &c.
Sammalo, - - - - -	St. *Malo.*
Her Trippa, - - - - -	*Henry Cornel. Agrippa.*
Hippothadeus, - - -	*Philip Melanchthon.*
Rondibilis, - - - - -	*Rondeletus*, a Phyſician.
Trouillogan, - - - - -	*Petrus Ramus.*
Triboulet, - - - - -	A Jeſter thus named.
Judge Bridlegooſe, - -	Chancellor *Poyet.*
Herb Pantagruelion, - -	*Hemp.*

TO

TO THE

READER.

RAbelais *had ſtudied much, and look'd about,*
And found the World not worth one ſerious Thought.
So, Reader, howſoever pert thou art,
Take this along, he lays it not to Heart.
Before-hand with you here, he reads your Doom,
And damns Mankind, paſt, preſent, and to come.
Be Knaves or Fools, that either ſquint or drivel,
Blindfold he throws and give you to the Devil.
He ſaw what beaſtly Farce this World was grown,
That Senſe and all Humanity were gone.
Reaſon from thee; that never was his Care;
He would as ſoon chop Logick with a Bear.
But for the laughing Part, he bids thee ſtrain:
Laugh only ſo to ſhew thyſelf a Man.

N. B. If the *Engliſh* Reader has a *French Rabelais* by him, he will find the following to be a literal Tranſlation of what is ſaid by that Author, very different from, as being a great deal leſs licentious than, the Lines above.

RABELAIS begins thus.

The ineſtimable Life of the Great *Gargantua* Father of *Pantagruel*, heretofore compoſed by an Abſtractor of the Quaint-Eſſence, a Book full of *Pantagrueliſm*.

To the Readers.

Amys, Lecteurs, *&c.*

KInd Readers, *who vouchſafe to caſt an Eye*
On what enſues, lay all Prevention by.
Let not my Book your Indignation raiſe:
It means no harm, no Poiſon it conveys.
Except, in Point of laughing, it is true,
'Twon't teach you much: It being all my View
To inſpire with Mirth the Hearts of thoſe that moan,
And change to Laughter the afflictive Groan:
For LAUGHTER *is Man's Property alone.*

THE

THE AUTHOR's PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST BOOK.

MOST *Noble and Illuſtrious Drinkers, and you thrice precious Pockified Blades ; (for to you, and none elſe do I dedicate my Writings)* Alcibiades, *in that Dialogue of* Plato's, *which is intituled,* The Banquet, *whilſt he was ſetting forth the Praiſes of his Schoolmaſter* Socrates *(without all Queſtion the Prince of Philoſophers) amongſt other Diſcourſes to that Purpoſe ſaid, that he reſembled the* Sileni (1). Sileni *of old were little Boxes, like thoſe we now may ſee in Shops of Apothecaries, painted on the outſide with wanton toyiſh Figures as* Harpies, Satyres, bridled Geeſe, horned Hares, ſaddled Ducks, flying Goats, Thiller Harts, *and other ſuch like counterfeited Pictures at Pleaſure, to excite People unto Laughter, as* Silenus *himſelf, who was the Foſter-father of good* Bacchus, *was wont to do ; but within thoſe capricious Caſkets called* Sileni, *were carefully preſerved and kept many rich and fine Drugs, ſuch as* Balm, Ambergreeſe, Amamon, Muſk, Civet, *with ſeveral Kinds of* precious Stones, *and other Things of great Price. Juſt ſuch another Thing was* Socrates : *for to have eyed his Outſide,*

(1) Sileni] From Σιλλαίνω, *to jeer, banter, ſcoff at.*

and

and eſteemed of him by his exterior Appearance, you would not have given the (2) Peel *of an Onion for him, ſo deformed he was in Body, and ridiculous in his Geſture. He had a* (3) *ſharp-pointed Noſe, with the Look of a Bull, and Countenance of a Fool; He was in his Carriage ſimple, booriſh in his Apparel, in Fortune poor, unhappy in his Wives, unfit for all Offices in the Commonwealth, always laughing, tipling and merry, carouſing to every one, with continual Jibes and Jeers, the better by thoſe means to conceal his divine Knowledge. But opening this Box, you would have found within it a heavenly and ineſtimable Drug, a more than human Underſtanding, an admirable Virtue, matchleſs Learning, invincible Courage, inimitable Sobriety, certain Contentment of Mind, perfect Aſſurance, and an incredible Diſregard of all that for which Men commonly do ſo much watch, run, ſail, fight, travel, toil and turmoil themſelves.*

Whereunto (think ye?) doth this little Flouriſh of a Preamble tend; for ſo much as you, my good Diſciples, and ſome other jolly Fools of Eaſe and Leiſure, reading the pleaſant Titles of ſome Books of our Invention, as Gargantua, Pantagruel, Whippot, the Dignity of Cod-

(2) You would not have given the *Peel* of an Onion for him] *Ecce unum Calamum qui non valet unum Oignonum. This Pen's not worth an Onion,* ſays a raw School-boy, at the College [School] of *Navarre,* mentioned by *Corderius* in his *De corrupti Sermonis emendatione* (Edit. 1539.) This Expreſſion, ſo injurious to the Honour of that excellent Root, could never have its Riſe from the *Loire,* i. e. *in the Heart of France.* This Proverb, therefore, is here rectifyed by *Rabelais* who does not ſay, *You would not have given the* Peel *of an Onion for him*; No, for the Peelings or Coats of an Onion are the Onion itſelf: But he ſays, *You would not have given the* Beard *of an Onion for him: Le Coupeau* not *la Pelure: Le Coupeau,* from *couper,* is the fibrous Part which you *cut* away, where the *Root* was, our Gradeners call it the *Blard,* a Thing of as little Value as any Thing you can name. The celebrated *Monſ. Menage,* in his Origin of the *French* Tongue, at the Word *Coupeau,* does indeed explain *Rabelais*'s *Coupeau d'Oignon* by *Pelure d'Oignon,* and ſo too the excellent Tranſlator of this Book *Sir T. U.* calls it the *Peel of an Onion:* but they are both in the Wrong, for *la pelure ſe leve, & ne ſe coupe point.* What's peeled is *raiſed,* not *cut*; Now *Rabelais* uſes the Word *Cut, Ergò,* &c.

(3) Sharp-pointed Noſe] Yet, in all the antique Gems, he is repreſented with a blunt, round, Bottle-noſe.

pieces,

pieces, of Peaſe and Bacon with a Commentary, &c. *are too ready to judge, that there is nothing in them but Jeſts, Mockeries, laſcivious Diſcourſe, and recreative Lyes; becauſe the Outſide (which is the Title) is uſually (without any farther Enquiry) entertained with Scoffing and Deriſion. But truly it is very unbeſeeming to make ſo ſlight Account of the Works of Men, ſeeing yourſelves avouch that it is not the* Habit *makes the* Monk; *many being* monaſterially *accoutred, who inwardly are nothing leſs than* monachal; *and that there are of thoſe that wear* Spaniſh *Cloaks, who have but little of the Valour of* Spaniards *in them. Therefore is it, that you muſt open the Book, and ſeriouſly conſider of the Matter treated in it, then ſhall you find that it containeth Things of far higher Value than the Box did promiſe; that is to ſay, that the Subject thereof is not ſo fooliſh, as by the Title at the firſt Sight it would appear to be.*

And put the caſe that in the literal Senſe you meet with Matters that are light and ludicrous and ſuitable enough to their Inſcriptions; yet muſt not you ſtop there, as at the Melody of the charming Syrens; *but endeavour to interpret that in a ſublimer Senſe, which poſſibly you might think was ſpoken in the Jollity of Heart. Did you ever pick the Lock of a Cupboard to ſteal a Bottle of Wine out of it? Tell me truly, (and if you did, call to mind the Countenance which then you had?) Or did you ever ſee a Dog with a Marrow-bone in his Mouth (the Beaſt of all others, ſays* Plato, lib. 2. de Republica, *the moſt Philoſophical?) If you have ſeen him, you might have remarked with what Caution and Circumſpectneſs he wards and watcheth it; with what Care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what Affection he breaks it; and with what Diligence he ſucks it. To what End all this? What moveth him to take all theſe Pains? What are the Hopes of his Labour? What doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little Marrow. True it is, that this little is more ſavory and delicious than the great Quantities of other Sorts of Meat, becauſe the Marrow* (*as* Galen *teſtifieth*, 3. facult. nat. & 11. de uſu partium) *is a Nouriſhment moſt perfectly elaboured by Nature.*

In Imitation of this Dog, it becomes you to be wiſe, to ſmell, feel, and have in Eſtimation theſe fair goodly Books, ſtuffed with high Conceptions, that ſeem eaſy and ſuperficial, but are not ſo readily fathomed; and then like him you muſt, by a ſedulous Lecture, and frequent Meditation, break the Bone, and ſuck out the ſubſtantial Marrow; that is, my allegorical Senſe, or the Things I to myſelf propoſe to be ſignified by theſe Pythgorical *Symbols; with aſſured Hope, that in ſo doing, you will at laſt attain to be both very wiſe and very brave; for, in the Peruſal of this Treatiſe, you ſhall find another Kind of Taſte, and a Doctrine of a more profound and abſtruſe Conſideration, which will diſcloſe unto you the moſt glorious Doctrine, and dreadful* Myſteries, *as well in what concerneth our* Religion, *as Matters of the publick State and* Life œconomical.

Do you believe upon your Conſcience, that Homer *whilſt he was couching his* Iliads *and* Odyſſes, *had any Thought upon thoſe Allegories, which* Plutarch, Heraclides Ponticus, Euſtathius, Cornutus, *ſqueezed out of him, and* (4) *which* Politian *filched again from them. If that is your Faith, you ſhall never be of my Church; who hold that thoſe* Myſteries *were as little dreamed of by* Homer, *as the Goſpel-ſacraments were by* Ovid *in his* Metamorphoſis; *though a certain* (5) *Gulligut Fryar and true Bacon-eater, would have undertaken to prove it, if perhaps he had met with as very Fools as himſelf (and as the Proverb ſays)* a Lid worthy of ſuch a Kettle.

If

(4) Which *Politian* filched] *M. D. C.* plainly proves that *Rabelais* wrongs *Politian* very much by this Expreſſion *(derobé)* and that he did it to pleaſure his Friend *Budæus*, who, 'tis well known, was jealous, as well as his Friend *Laſcaris*, of *Politian*'s great Reputation.

(5) Gulligut Fryar, &c.] In the *French Frere Lubin.* Satirical Writers have been a long Time in Poſſeſſion of, and conſequently claim by Preſcription, a Right to call the whole *Poſſe* of Monks, in general, *Freres Lubins*, tho' more properly it ſeems to appertain to the *Franciſcans*, not ſo much on account of the Colour of their Habit (Grey, like a Wolf, *Loup*) as becauſe their Patriarch (*St. Francis*) did ſo indulgently call *Brother* the Wolf which had done ſo much Damage to the Inhabitants of *Gubio.* The Story is told with great Simplicity in the Book of Conformities (*Milan* Edit. 1513,) in the Romance

If you give any Credit to him, why are you not as kind to thoſe jovial new Chronicles of mine? Albeit when I did

Romance of the Roſe (Edit. 1531) *Fauxſemblant* or Hypocriſy ſpeaks thus, under the Habit of a begging Friar:

Je m'en plaindray, *&c.*

. . . . —— *No Man ſhall hear my moan,*
But my new Confeſſarius *alone:*
Not call'd Frere Louvel, *He: For, ſuch a Name*
Would put the holy Man into a Flame.

Lupus, Lupulus, Lupellus, *Louvel,* Lupinus, *Lubin.* [I have tranſlated *Confeſſeur* Confeſſarius, for ſo our Engliſh *Roman Catholicks* call their Father *Confeſſor*, and I think, very properly. A *Confeſſor*, ſeems to mean the Perſon *confeſſing*, not the Perſon *confeſſed to.*] The Character of a *Frere Lubin* is admirably well painted in *Marot*'s third *Balade.* The Sea-fiſh called *Loup* (a *Shark* ſays *Camb.* Dict.) is alſo called *Lupin* quaſi *Lupinus* à *Lupo.* As for *St. Lubin* Biſhop of *Chartres*, who dyed about the Middle of the 6th Century, his *Latin* Name in the Martyrologies is *Leobinus.* To bring this nearer Home; the *Frere Lubin* whom *Rabelais* here alludes to is not a *Franciſcan* Fryar, but an *Engliſh Jacobin* (white Fryar) who explained *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſes Allegorically. His Book in 4to. was printed at *Paris*, in 1509, by *Joſſe Badius*, and was intituled, *Metamorphoſis Ovidiana moraliter à Magiſtro Thoma Walleys Anglico de profeſſione Prædicatorum ſub ſanctiſſimo Patre Dominico explanata.* It had appeared at *Bruges in fol.* even in the Year 1484 in *French* by *Colard Manſion* whom *la Caille* in his Hiſtory of Printing took to be the Printer of the Work. [He was the Tranſlator, I ſuppoſe]. It is Matter of Surprize that the Jeſuit *Theophilus Raynaud* in his Book againſt the *Jacobins*, intituled *de Cyriacorum immunitate à cenſura*, has ſaid nothing of theſe ridiculous Moralities which he would not have failed to ſcourge; he who had made himſelf ſo merry with S. *Auguſtin*'s City of God by *Thomas Valois* alias *Walleys*, for *Thomas Valois*, *Walley*, *de Walleys*, & *Gualenſis* are but one and the ſame Author, under Favour of thoſe who multiply him, and who, tho' he lived not beyond the Middle of the 14th Century, yet place him in the Beginning of the 15th, being miſled by the Similitude of Name of *Thomas de Walden* a *Carmelite*, who dyed in 1430. In the Epiſtles *Obſcuror Virorum*, one *Conard Dollenkopf* (Mad-cap) is introduced, a great Admirer of *Thomas de Walley*'s *Ovid* Allegorized. *Alexander Neckham*, who lived a Century before, a famous *Engliſh* Poet, Philoſopher, and Divine, had wrote on *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſes, a Book out of which 'tis preſumed the *Jacobin* ſtole good Part of his; as in all Likelihood it was out of the *Jacobin*'s Book that *John Bounſignore* of the City of *Caſtello* took the allegorical Expoſition (which he publiſhed in *Italian*) of the Metamorphoſes in 1375, quoted by *Leonard Salviati*, and by the

I did dictate them, I thought thereof no more than you, who possibly are drinking (the whilst) as I was: For, in the composing of this masterly Book, I never lost nor bestowed any more, nor any other Time than what was appointed to serve me for taking off my bodily Refection, that is, whilst I was eating and drinking.

And indeed, That is the fittest and most proper Hour, wherein to write these high Matters and deep Sciences, as Homer *knew very well, the Paragon of all Philologues, and* Ennius, *the Father of the* Latin *Poets (as* Horace *calls him) although a certain sneaking Jabbernol objected that his Verses savoured more of the Wine than of the Oil.*

(6) *A certain addle-headed Cockscomb saith the same of my Boooks; but a Turd for him. The fragrant Odour of the Wine;* oh, *how much more sparkling, warming, charming, celestial, and delicious it is, than of Oil! And I will glory as much when it is said of me, that I have spent more on Wine than Oil, as did* Demosthenes, *when it was told him, that his Expence on Oil was greater than on Wine.*

I truly held it for an Honour to be called and reputed a good Fellow, a pleasant Companion, or (7) Merry-Andrew; *for under this Name am I welcome in all choice*

the Dictionary of *la Crusca*. One *Peter Lavinius*, another *Jacobin*, printed at *Lyons*, in the Beginning of the 16th Century a Tropological Explication of the same Metamorphoses. Furthermore, *P. Labbe*, p. 327, of his *Nova Bibliotheca* MSS. mentions a Manuscript in the Royal Library marked n. 786. with this Title, *Ovidij Metamorphosis moralisata per Joannem Bourgauldum*,

(6) A certain addle-pated Cockscomb.] In the *French Tirelupin*, *M. le D. Chat* says *Tirelupin* (for so *Rabelais* always spells it) was a Nickname given in 1372 to a certain Sort of *Cynick*-like People who lived upon *Lupins*, which they gathered *(tirerent)* up and down the Fields.

(7) *Merry Andrew.*] *Merry Walter* in *French: (Bon Gualtier)* Certain proper Names have particular Ideas affixed to them for ridiculous Reasons. For instance, nothing being more common than Cuckoldom and the Name of *John*, Cuckolds are therefore called *Johns* or *Jans*. *Gautir (Walter)* means a pleasant Companion, in allusion to *Gaudir*, *to play the Good-fellow* (from *gaudere* in *Latin*) *Nicodemus* is a foolish Fellow or *Ninnyhammer*, from *Nigaut* and *Nice*, which last Word has not the Meaning of our Word *Nice*, but means *Dull*, *Agnes* means *harmless*, *inoffensive*, *Lamb-like*, from Agneau (in *Latin Agnus.*)

Compa-

Companies of Pantagrueliſts. *It was upbraided to* Demoſthenes, *by an envious ſurly Knave, that his Orations did* ſmell like the Sarpler, or Clout that had ſtopped a muſty Oil Veſſel. *Therefore I pray interpret you all my Deeds and Sayings in the perfecteſt Senſe; reverence the* (8) *Cheeſe-like Brain that feeds you with all theſe jolly Maggots, and do what lies in you to keep me always merry. Be frolick now, my Lads, chear up your Hearts, and joyfully read the Reſt, with all the Eaſe of your Body and Comfort to your Reins. But hearken, Joltheads, O, Dickens take ye, off with your Bumper, I will do you Reaſon, pull away,* Supernaculum.

(8) Cheeſe-like Brain] *Cerveau Caſeïforme:* A Word of *Rabelais*'s coining to expreſs the Reſemblance of the Brain to ſoft Cheeſe.

The First Book of

RABELAIS,

Treating of the Ineſtimable

Life of the Great *Gargantua*.

CHAP. I.

Of the Genealogy and Antiquity of Gargantua.

I Muſt refer you to the great Chronicle of *Pantagruel*, for the Knowledge of that Genealogy and Antiquity of Race by which *Gargantua* is deſcended unto us: In it you may underſtand more at large how the Giants were born in this World, and how from them by a direct Line iſſued *Gargantua* the Father of *Pantagruel*. And do not take it ill, if for this Time I paſs by it, although the Subject be ſuch, that, the oftener it were remembered, the more it would pleaſe your Worſhips: According to the Authority of *Plato in Philebo* and *Gorgias*, and of (1) *Flaccus*, who ſays, That there is ſome Kind of Matters (ſuch as theſe are without Doubt) which, the *frequentlier* they be *repeated*, ſtill prove the more *delectable*.

(1) *Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.* Hiſt. *Art. Poet.*

Would

Would to God every one had as certain Knowledge of his *Genealogy* ſince the Time of the Ark of *Noah* until this Age. I think many are at this Day Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Princes, and Popes on the Earth, whoſe Extraction is from ſome *Porters* and *Pardon-pedlars*; as on the contrary many are now poor wandering Beggars, wretched and miſerable Mumpers, who are deſcended of the Blood and Lineage of great Kings and Emperors, occaſioned (as I conceive it) by the Revolution of Kingdoms and Empires,

From the *Aſſyrians* to the *Medes*;
From the *Medes* to the *Perſians*;
From the *Perſians* to the *Macedonians*;
From the *Macedonians* to the *Romans*;
From the *Romans* to the *Greeks*;
From the *Greeks* to the *Franks*.

And to give you ſome Hints concerning myſelf, who ſpeak unto you; I cannot think but I am come of the Race of ſome rich King or Prince in former Times; for never yet ſaw you any Man that had a greater Deſire to be a *King*, and to be rich, than I have; and to the End only, that I may make *good Cheer*, *do nothing*, nor *care for any Thing*, and plentifully *enrich* my *Friends*, and all *honeſt* and *learned* Men: But herein do I comfort myſelf that in the other World I ſhall be all this; yea, and greater too than at this preſent I dare Wiſh: As for you, with the ſame or a better Conceit enjoy yourſelves in your Diſtreſſes; and drink freſh if you can come by it.

(2.) But to our Matter again; I ſay, that, by the eſpecial Care of Heaven, the Antiquity and Genealogy of *Gargantua* hath been reſerved for our uſe, more full and perfect than any other except that of the *Meſſias*, whereof I mean not to ſpeak; for it belongs not unto

(2) *But to our Matter again*] It is in the *French*, *à noz Moutons*; ſtrictly *to our Mutton again*; a Proverb taken from the old *French* Play of *Patelin*, where a Woollen-draper is brought in, who, pleading againſt his Shepherd, concerning ſome Sheep the Shepherd had ſtole from him, would ever and anon digreſs from the Point, to ſpeak of a Piece of Cloth which his Antagoniſt's Attorney had likewiſe robb'd him of, which made the Judge call out to the Draper and bid him *return to his Muttons*. In Reference to this Proverb, we may go back to that of *Alia Menecles*, *alia Porcellus loquitur*, and ſee *Eraſmus*'s Explanation thereof.

my

my Province; and the *Devils* (that is to ſay) the *falſe Accuſers* and hypocritical *Church-vermin* wou'd be upon my Jacket. This *Genealogy* was found by *John Andeau* in a Meadow, which he had near the *Pole-arch* under the Olive-tree, as you go to *Narſay*. Where, as they were caſting up ſome Ditches, the Diggers with their Mattocks ſtruck againſt (3) a great brazen Tomb, unmeaſurably long, for they could never find the End thereof, by Reaſon that it entered too far within the Sluices of *Vienne*. Opening this Tomb, in a certain Place thereof, ſealed on the top with the Mark of a Goblet, about which was written in (4) *Hetrurian* Letters *HIC BIBITUR*, they found nine Flaggons ſet (5) in ſuch Order as they uſe to rank their *Skittles* in *Gaſcony*; of which that, which was placed in the Middle, had under it a big, greaſy, great, grey, jolly, ſmall, mouldy little Pamphlet, ſmelling ſtronger, but no better, than Roſes.

In that Book, the ſaid *Genealogy* was found written all at Length, in a Chancery Hand, not in Paper, not in Parchment, nor in Wax, but in the Bark of an *Elm-tree*; yet ſo worn with the long Tract of Time, that hardly could three Letters together be there perfectly diſcerned.

I (though unworthy) was ſent for thither, and with much Help of thoſe Spectacles, whereby the Art of reading dim Writings, and Letters that do not clearly appear to the Sight, is practiſed, as *Ariſtotle* teaches it; did tranſlate the Book, as you may ſee in your *Panta-*

(3) *A great brazen Tomb*] In a Place call'd *Civaux*, within two Leagues of *Chauvigni* in the lower *Poitou*, there's ſtill to be ſeen, almoſt even with the Surface of the Earth, a great Number of Stone Tombs for near two Leagues together in a Circle; particularly near the River *Vienne*, wherein likewiſe 'tis thought, are many more of thoſe Tombs. This is what *Rabelais* here alludes to, and the Tradition of the Country is, that they incloſed the Bodies of a prodigious Number of *Niſigoth Arrians*, defeated by *Clovis*.

(4.) Hetrurian *Letters*] Concerning the *Hetrurian* Characters (which now are abſolutely unknown) ſee *Du Chat*'s Account at Length (upon this Place) very curious but too long to be here inſerted.

(5) *In ſuch Order*] Not all upon a Line as in ſome Places, and at a certain Game: But upon three parallel Lines, three Pins on each Line, as here with us.

gruelifing

gruelifing, that is to ſay, in drinking ſtiffly to your own Heart's Deſire; and reading the dreadful and horrifick Acts of *Pantagruel*. At the End of the Book there was a little Treatiſe, intituled the *Antidoted Conundrums*. The Rats and Moths, or (that I may not lye) other wicked Vermin, had nibbled off the Beginning; the Reſt I have hereto ſubjoined, for the Reverence I bear to *Antiquity*.

CHAP. II.

THE

(1) *Antidoted Conundrums*,

FOUND IN AN ANCIENT MONUMENT.

———The *Cymbrians* Overcomer
Paſs thr——the Air, to ſhun the Dew of Summer;
———At his coming——great Tubs were fill'd,
———Freſh Butter down in Showers diſtill'd.
———His Grandam overwhelm'd; ſo Hey
Aloud he cry'd,———
His Whiſkers all bewray'd, to make him madder,
So bang'd the Pitcher, till they rear'd the Ladder,
To lick his Slipper, ſome told was much better,
Than to gain *Pardons*, and the Merit greater.
In the mean Time a crafty *Chuff* approaches,
From the Depth iſſued, where they fiſh for Roches;
Who ſaid, Good Sirs, ſome of them let us ſave:
The Eel is here, and in this hollow Cave
You'll find, if that our Looks on it demur,
A great Waſte in the Bottom of his Fur.

To

(1.) *Antidoted Conundrums*] This Piece is a Snare laid by *Rabelais* for ſuch of his Readers as ſhall ridiculouſly ſet up for cunning People. He had himſelf been very much puzzled, were he to have been obliged to unriddle his Antidoted Conundrums. It matters nothing to ſay he qualify'd them in this Manner, and made them ſo obſcure by Way of Antidote againſt any Offence they might have given, had they

To read this Chapter when he did begin,
Nothing but a *Calves Horns* were found therein.
I feel (quoth he) the *Mitre* which doth hold
My Head ſo chill, it makes my Brains take Cold.
Being with the Perfume of a *Turnip* warm'd,
To ſtay by Chimney Hearths himſelf he arm'd,
Provided that a new *Thill*-Horſe they made
Of every Perſon of a hair-brain'd Head.

St. *Patrick's Hole* employ'd their wiſe Diſcourſe;
And (2) *Elden Hole*, with twenty Thouſand worſe.
If any Skill might bring them to a Scar,
So as no *Cough* reciprocate the Air.
Since every Man unſeemly did it find,
To ſee them gaping thus at ev'ry Wind.
For if perhaps they handſomely were clos'd,
For Pledges they to Men might be expos'd.

In this Arreſt by *Hercules* the Raven
Was ſlain at his Return from *Lybia* Haven.
Why am not I, ſaid *Minos*, there invited,
Unleſs it be myſelf, not One's omitted.
And then it is their Mind I do no more
Of Frogs and Oyſters ſend them any Store.
In caſe they ſpare my Life and prove but civil,
I give their Sale of Diſtaffs to the Devil.

they been more intelligible. My Anſwer is, he very well foreſaw, that ev'n this Obſcurity would ſet the curious more a-gog to dive into the Myſtery thereof. Have not *Noſtradamus*'s Prophecies met with Commentators? Have we not ſeen divers and ſundry Explications of the famed Enigma of *Bologna*, *Ælia Lælia Criſpis*? *Joſeph Scaliger* us'd to ſay, *Calvin* was wiſe in not writing upon the *Apocalypſe*. For my Part, without prophanely comparing *Rabelais*'s Conundrums with the Works of St. *John*, I ſhall always hold thoſe to be prudent Men, who don't offer to explain the Book of *Revelation*. Grammatical Notes indeed may be allow'd of, but Shame and eternal Deriſion on thoſe who ſhall make Hiſtorical ones on them, and, having made them, ſhall publiſh them to the World.

(2) And *Elden Hole*.] It is not *Elden Hole* in the Original. *Elden Hole* is one of the Wonders of the *Peak* in *Derbyſhire*. *Rabelais*'s Words are *trou de Gibbathar*. This Hole is the Strait of *Gibraltar*, call'd *l.* 1. *c.* 33. the Strait of *Sibylle*, becauſe that Strait is in the Neighbourhood of the City of *Seville*, named *Sibylle* in our old Romances.

To quell him comes *Q. B.* who limping frets
At the ſafe Paſs of trixy *Crackarets*,
The *Boulter*, the grand *Cyclops'* Couſin, thoſe
Did maſſacre, whilſt each one wip'd his Noſe.
Few (3) *Ingles* in this fallow Ground are bred,
But on a Tanner's Mill are winnowed.
Run thither all of you, th' Alarms ſound clear,
(4) You ſhall have more than you had the laſt Year.

Short while thereafter was the Bird of *Jove*
Reſolv'd to ſpeak, though *diſmal* it ſhould prove.
Yet was afraid, when he ſaw them in Ire,
They ſhould o'rthrow quite, flat, down, dead th'Empire,
He rather chus'd the Fire from Heaven to ſteal,
To Boats where were *Red Herrings* put to Sale;
Than to be calm 'gainſt thoſe who ſtrive to brave us,
And to the *Maſſorets* fond Words enſlave us.

All this at laſt concluded gallantly,
In ſpite of *Até* and her (5) *Hern*-like Thigh,

Who

(3) *Ingles.*] It means *a Bardachio, a Catamite:* the *French* Word is *Bougrin.* Minſheu ſays, *an Ingle, a Boy kept for Sodomy: Vox eſt Hiſpanica*, adds he, *& ſignificat Lat. Inguen*, the Groin of Man or Woman (the *Spaniards* ſpell it *Yngle*, which with them means nothing elſe but the *Groin*, not a *Bardaſh.*) Minſheu, who gives the Name of this Creature in ſeveral Languages, with its reſpective Derivations worth reading, if ſuch a Subject can be worth it, concludes with theſe remarkable Words, which, for the Honour of the *German* Nation, I ſhall tranſcribe: *Hock autem vitium apud Germanos cum ſit incognitum: meritò & appellatione deſtuitur, in eorundem lingua.* To return to *Rabelais*, *M. D. Chat.* ſays, ſome People will have this fallow Field to be the Field of the *Roman Church*, which, in *Rabelais*'s Opinion, was not at that Time cultivated as it ought: and the *Bougrins* means the *French Lutherans*, whom he calls *Bougrins* (i. e. little *Bougres*) as being deſcended from the *Vaudois*, who were called *Bougre* from *Bulgaria*, over which they were ſpread. *Rabelais* by the *Tanner's Mill* intimates that till his Time, few Perſons had undertaken to reform the *Weſtern Church*, or to ſeparate from it, without *leaving their Skin behind them*, as the Saying is.

(4) You ſhall have more, *&c.*] If the *Proteſtants* Interpretation of this Place be right, *Rabelais* here foretells the Hereticks of his Time, that they will be ſtill more roughly treated than their Anceſtors were.

(5) *Hern-like* Thigh.] *Marot*, ſpeaking of a Fit of Sickneſs which had brought him extremely low, expreſſes himſelf thus,

Tant affoibly m'a d'etrange maniere,
Et ſi m'a la cuiſſe Heronniere.

That

Who ſitting ſaw *Pentheſilea* ta'en,
In her old Age for a *Creſſe-ſelling* Quean.
Each one cried out, thou filthy *Collier Toad*,
Doth it become thee to be found abroad?
Thou haſt the *Roman* Standard filtch'd away,
Which they in Rags of Parchment did diſplay.

Juno was born, who under the Rainbow
Was a Bird-catching with her *Duck* below.
When her with ſuch a grievous Trick they ply'd,
That ſhe had almoſt been tranſmogrify'd.
The Bargain was that of that Throat full ſhe
Should of *Proſerpina* have two Eggs free:
And if that ſhe thereafter ſhould be found,
She to a *Haw-thorn* Hill ſhould be faſt bound.

Seven Months thereafter lacking Twenty-two,
He that of old d d *Carthage* Town undo:
Did bravely mid'ſt them all himſelf advance,
Requiring of them his Inheritance.
Although they juſtly made up the Diviſion,
According to the *Shoe-welt-laws* Deciſion;
By diſtributing Store of Brew's and Beef
To thoſe poor Fellows that did pen the *Brief*.

The Year will come, mark'd by a *Turkiſh Bow*,
Five *Spindles* yarn'd, and three *Pot Bottoms* too,
Wherein of a diſcourteous King the *Dock*
Shall pepper'd be under an *Hermit*'s Frock.

That is, It had made him, *Hern-like*, as much as to ſay, *lean, meager, lank*, as *Cotgrave* explains the Word *Heronnier*, which I take to be a right Explanation, and M. *Boyer*'s to be wrong, who makes *Cuiſſe Heronniere*, to mean only *Cuiſſe rude, a rough rugged Thigh*, inſtead of *a mere Skin and Bone Thigh*. To return to *M. du Chat*; The *Até* of the *Greeks* was a Goddeſs who excited Tumults and Quarrellings, and *Rabelais* gives her a Hern or *Heron's Thigh*, that is, long and light, as a *Heron*'s is, becauſe Homer (*Iliad* 9) to inſinuate that Diſſentions are very ſwift and arrive very ſoon, and often for the ſlighteſt Cauſe, paints that Goddeſs very ſwift and light of Foot.

N. B. M.---'s large Edition has it *Horn-like Thigh*, by Miſtake of the Printer, no doubt; and indeed the Errors of that Kind are ſo numerous and egregious in both the *Engliſh* Editions, that *Rabelais*, of himſelf myſterious enough, is made a hundred Times, nay, I can truly ſay, ten hundred Times, more unintelligible than he will be found to be in this *Edition* of mine, I don't ſay *Tranſlation* of mine: *Haud equidem tali me dignor Henore*, or rather, *Haud ea noſtra voco*.

Ah that for one ſhe *Hypocrite* you muſt
Permit ſo many Acres to be loſt.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, this *Viſard* may become another,
Withdraw yourſelves unto the (6) *Serpents* Brother.

The Day is paſt; ſo he that is ſhall reign,
And his good Friends all kindly entertain.
No raſh or heady Prince ſhall domineer;
Peace and Good-will muſt triumph every where:
And all the (7) *Solas*, promiſed long ago
To Heaven choice Gueſts, in mighty Streams will flow.
And every (8) *Garron*, founder'd ne'er ſo long,
Shall with the Royal Palfries prance along.

And this continue ſhall from Time to Time,
Till *Mars* be fetter'd for an unknown Crime.
Then ſhall one come who others will ſurpaſs,
Delightful, pleaſing, matchleſs, full of Grace.
Chear up your Hearts, approach to this Repaſt,
All truſty Friends of mine; for he's deceaſt,
Who would not for a World return again,
So highly ſhall Time paſt be cry'd up then.

He who was made of *Wax* ſhall lodge each Member
Cloſe by the Hinges of a Block of Timber.
We then no more ſhall *Maſter, Maſter*, whoot,
The *Swagger* who th' alarum Bell holds out,
Could one ſeize on the *Dagger* which he bears,
Heads would be free from tingling in the Ears;
To baffle the whole Storehouſe of Abuſes;
And thus farewell *Apollo* and the *Muſes*.

(6) *Serpents* Brother.] I take it to be a burleſque Curſe for *Go to Hell*. The Devil, every one knows, is call'd a *Serpent*, becauſe of that *Serpent* which beguil'd our firſt Parents. See *Apocalypſe*, c. 12. & 20. *Serpents Brother* for *Serpent*, as *fraterculus gigantis*, for *gigas* in Juvenal. *Sat.* 4. *v.* 98.

(7) *Solas.*] I know not what this *Solas* in *Roman* Letters means. It ſhould be *Solace*. *Soulas* in the *French*.

(8) *Garron*] 'Tis *haratz* in *French*, *a Stud of Horſes and Mares*. I therefore think it ſhould be *Carrion*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How Gargantua *was carried eleven Months in his Mother's Belly.*

GRangouſier was a good Fellow in his Time, and notable Jeſter; he loved to drink neat, as much as any Man that then was in the World, and would willingly eat Salt Meat: to this Intent he was ordinarily well furniſhed with (1) Gammons of Bacon, both of *Weſtphalia*, *Mayence*, and *Bayonne*; with Store of dried Neats Tongues, Plenty of Links, Chitterlings, and Puddings in their Seaſon; together with Salt Beef and Muſtard, a good deal of (2) *Botargos*, great Proviſion of Sauſages, not of *Bolonia*, (for he feared the (3) *Lombard Boccone*) but

(1) *Gammons of Bacon, both of* Weſtphalia, Mayence *and* Bayonne.] I would, methinks, turn the Word *Gammons* into *Hams*, for more than one Reaſon. As for *Weſtphalia*, *Rabelais* only ſays *Jambons de Magence & de Bayonne* (not *Babylone*, as ſome Editions have it.) Upon this, *M. D. C.* obſerves: The Hams (for ſo *Jambon*, with an Addition of Place, means; otherwiſe *Gammon*) of *Mayence*, and thoſe of *Bayonne*, continue ſtill in great Requeſt. The former have their Name from *Mayence* [*Mentz*] not becauſe they are cured there, but becauſe theſe Hams, which come from *Weſtphalia*, uſed formerly to be ſold there, at a Fair which has been ſince transferred to *Francfort* on the *Mein*. As for *Bayonne* Hams, the fineſt come to *Paris*, where they make Pyes of them for the beſt Tables. See the Queen of *Navarre*'s *Heptameron*, *Nouv.* 28.

(2) Botargos,] *Cotgrave* ſays, are the hard Rows of *Murene*, a Kind of Mullet, ſalted, and then dried and eaten, to promote Drinking. *Miege* ſays the ſame, in the firſt Part of his great Dictionary; but in the Second he ſays, a thick and ſhort Sauſage, *à l' Italienne qui ſe fait des oeufs & du Sang du Mulet de Mer.* [I ſuppoſe he means *Muge*, for that's a *Mullet*, *Mulet* is a *Mule*.] According to thoſe Words of *Miege*, the *Botarge* is made of the hard Roe and *Blood* of the Sea-Mullet. *Boyer's* Dictionary is ſilent: Now hear what *D. C.* ſays; In *Provence* they call *Botargues* the hard Roe of the Mullet, pickled in Oil and Vinegar. The Mullet (*Muge*) is a Fiſh which is catch'd about the Middle of *December*; the hard Roes of it are ſalted againſt *Lent*, and this is what is called *Boutargues*, a Sort of *Boudins* (*Puddings*) which have nothing to recommend them but their exciting of Thirſt.

(3) *For he feared the* Lombard Boccone.] *Car il craignoit li Bocconi de Lombard*. *Boccone* in *Italian* ſignifies a Mouthful of any Thing

but of *Bigorre*, *Longaulnay*, *Brene*, and *Rouargue*. In the Vigor of his Age he married (4) *Gargamalle*, Daughter to the King of the *Parpaillons*, a jolly Pug, and well mouthed Wench. Theſe two did oftentimes do the two-backed Beaſt together, joyfully rubbing their Bacon 'gainſt one another, in ſo far, that at laſt ſhe became great with Child of a fair Son, and went with him unto the eleventh Month, for ſo long, yea longer, may a Woman carry her great Belly; eſpecially when it is ſome *Maſter-piece* of Nature, and a Perſon predeſtinated to the Performance, in his due Time, of great Exploits, as *Homer* ſays, that the Child, which *Neptune* begot upon the *Nymph*, was born a whole Year after the Conception; that is, in the twelfth Month; for as *Aulus Gellius* ſaith, *Lib.* 3. this long Time was ſuitable to the Majeſty of *Neptune*; that in it the Child might receive his Form in Perfection. For the like Reaſon, *Jupiter* made the Night, wherein he lay with *Alcmena*, laſt forty-eight Hours; a ſhorter Time not being ſufficient for the forging of *Hercules*, who was to rid the World of its *Monſters*, and its *Tyrants*. *My Maſters*, the ancient *Pantagrueliſts*, have confirmed that

(from the *Latin Bucca*, the hollow Part of the Cheek) but in *French* it ſignifies *Poiſon*, or a *poiſon'd Bit* abſolutely. See *Cotgrave*, *Miege*, *Boyer*, *Richelet*, &c. &c. The Reaſon of this may be gathered from *M. D. C*'s Note, *viz.* The Sauſages that come from *Bolognia la Graſſe* (The Fat or Fertile) in *Italy*, are in high Renown for their Goodneſs [and very juſtly, *teſte meipſo*;] and what *Rabelais* here inſinuates is, that for all it was ſo delicious a Morſel, ſo excellent a Thing to eat, *Grandgouſier* would never touch it, becauſe *he feared the Lombard Bit*. Now the Reader is to know, that the *Italians*, who are accuſed of not being over ſcrupulous at poiſoning their Enemies, bore an extreme Hatred to *Louis* XII. after he had made War upon them, in order to recover the Dutchy of *Milan*, which belonged to him by lineal Deſcent from *Valentina* of *Milan* his Grandmother, and which is compoſed of the ancient *Lombardy*. *God keep us from three Things: The Scrivener*'s *Et cætera*; *The Apothecary*'s *Qui pro Quo*; *and the* Lombard *Bit*, were common Proverbs in *Oliver Mailliard*'s Time (Serm. 35. of the *Advent.*) Of theſe Proverbial Expreſſions, which are quoted by *H. Stephens* in c. 6. of his Apology for *Herodotus*, the laſt may have taken its Riſe from the aforeſaid *Valentinia* Ducheſs of *Milan*'s being violently ſuſpected of foul Play towards the King Charles VI. and attempting to poiſon him, to make Way for that King's Brother, her Huſband, to mount the Throne.

(4) Gargamelle, *Daughter to the King of the* Parpaillons, *Parpaillon* in ſome Parts of *France* is the *Papillon* (Butterfly). *Gargamelle*

that which I ſay, and withal declared it to be not only poſſible, but alſo maintained the Legitimacy of the Infant, born of a Woman in the eleventh Month after the Deceaſe of her Huſband. (5) See the Laws mention'd below; by Means whereof the Widows may, without Danger, play at the cloſe-buttock Game with might and main, and as hard as they can for the Space of the firſt two Months after the Deceaſe of their Huſbands. I pray you, my good luſty ſpringal Lads, if you find any of theſe Females, that are worth the Pains of untying the Cod-piece-point, get up, and bring them to me; for if they happen within the third Month to conceive, the Child ſhall be heir to the Deceaſed, *and the Mother ſhall paſs for an honeſt Woman.*

When ſhe is known to have conceived, thruſt forward boldly, ſpare her not, whatever betide you, ſeeing the Paunch is full. As *Julia* the Daughter of the Emperor *Octavian* never proſtituted herſelf to her Belly-bumpers, but when ſhe found herſelf with Child; after the Manner of Ships that receive not their Steers-man, till they have their Ballaſt and Lading. And if any blame the Woman for that after Pregnancy, they ſtill continue buxom, and puſh for more; whereas any Beaſt, a Cow or Mare will kick and flounce, and admit no farther Courtſhip from the Bull or Stallion: The Anſwer will be, Theſe *are Beaſts*, and know no better: (6) *But the*

le is a burleſque Word for the *Gullet*, *the Weazand*. *Gargante* in *Spaniſh* ſignifies the ſame Thing. The *Greeks* have their γαργαρεών, and all the Words, as well as the *Gurges* of the *Latins*, the *Gorgo* of the *Italians*, the *Gargoüille* of the *French*, the *Gargle* of the *Engliſh*, *Gorgelen* of the *Hollanders*, *Gegurgel* of the *Germans*, &c. have been form'd from that Noiſe the Throat makes in *gargling* one's Mouth.

(5) *Hippocrates*, *lib. de Alimento*. *Plin. l.* 7. *c.* 5. *Plutus in Ciſtellaria*, *Marcus Varro*, in his Satire inſcribed *The Teſtament*, alledging the Authority of *Ariſtotle* on this Occaſion. *Cenſorinus*, *lib. de die Natali*. *Ariſt. l.* 7. *c.* 3. *&* 4. *de Natura Animalium*. *Gellius*, *l.* 3. *c.* 19. *Servius in Ecl.* upon that Verſe of *Virgil*, *Matri longa decem*, &c. and a Thouſand other Fools, whoſe Number has been increaſed by the Lawyers *ff. de ſuis & Legic. l. inteſtato*, § *fin.* And *in authen. de reſtitut. & ea quæ parit in* 11 *menſe*. Moreover, upon theſe Grounds have they foiſted in their *Robidilardick* Law. *Gallus ff. de lib. & poſt & l. ſeptimo ff. de Stat. homin.* &c.

(6) But the other are Women, &c.] All this better half of what *Rabelais* ſays, and *Populia* anſwers, is omitted by Sir *T. U.*

ther are Women, and underſtand the glorious Right they have to the pretty Perquiſite of a Superfœtation, as Populia heretofore anſwered, according to the Relation of *Macrobius, Lib.* 2. *Saturnal.* If the Devil will not have them to bagge, (7) he muſt wring hard the Spigot, and *ſtop the Bung-hole.*

CHAP. IV.

How Gargamelle, *being big with* Gargantua, *did eat a huge Deal of Tripes.*

THE Occaſion and Manner how *Gargamelle* was brought to bed, and delivered of her Child, was thus: And if you do not believe it, I wiſh your Bum-gut may fall out. Her Bum-gut indeed, or Fundament, eſcaped her in an Afternoon, on the 3d Day of *February*, with having eaten at Dinner too many *Godebillios: Godebillios* are the fat Tripes of *Coiros*; *Coiros* are Beeves fattened in the Ox-ſtalls, and *Guimo Meadows*; *Guimo Meadows* are thoſe that may be mow'd twice a Year; of thoſe fat Beeves they had killed Three Hundred Sixty Seven Thouſand and Fourteen, to be ſalted at *Shrovetide*; that in the entering of the Spring they might have Plenty of powder'd Beef, wherewith to ſeaſon their Mouths at the Beginning of their Meals, and to taſte their Wine the better.

They had Abundance of Tripes as you have heard, and they were ſo delicious, that every one licked his Fingers. But (1) as the Devil would have it, there was no poſſibility of keeping them long ſweet, and to let them ſtink was

(7) *He muſt wring hard the Spigot.*] *Rabelais* means, that after a Woman has been three Months a Widow, ſhe ſhould be cautious how ſhe has to do with a Man, for fear of Accidents which may hurt her Reputation.

(1) *As the Devil would have it.*] In the Original it is *Lâ grand 'Diablerie â quatre perſonnaiges. A Play or Show of Devils*, ſays *Cotgrave*, and that's all. *M. D. C.* goes further: He tells us it is an Expreſſion uſed by the People of *Poitou*, to ſignify, *le malheur voulut*, as if we ſhould ſay, *By deviliſh ill Luck ſuch or ſuch a Thing happened.* The Riſe of it was this: In the Amphitheatre of *Doué* and at St. *Maixent* in *Poitou*, they heretofore uſed to act religious Plays,

was not ſo commendable or handſome; it was therefore concluded, that they ſhould be all of them gulched up, without any Waſte. To this Effect they invited all the Burghers of *Sainais*, of *Suillé*, of the *Roche Clermaud*, of *Vaugaudry*, without omitting *Coudray*, *Monpenſier*, the (2) *Gué de Vede*, and other their Neighbours; all ſtiff Drinkers, brave Fellows, and good Players at Nine-pins. The Goodman *Grangouſier* took great Pleaſure in their Company, and commanded there ſhould be no Want nor Pinching for any Thing: nevertheleſs he bade his Wife eat ſparingly, becauſe ſhe was near her Time, and that theſe Tripes were no very commendable Meat; (3) they would fain (ſaid he) be at the chewing of Ordure, who eat the Bag that contain'd it. Notwithſtanding theſe Admonitions ſhe did eat ſixteen Quarters, two Buſhels, three Pecks and a Pipkin full. What a filthy Deal of Lob-lolly was here, to ſwell and wamble in her Guts?

After Dinner they all went tag-rag together to the Willow Grove, where, on the green Graſs, to the Sound of the merry Flutes and pleaſant Bag-pipes, they danced ſo gallantly, that it was a ſweet and heavenly Sport to ſee them ſo frolick.

Plays, with more or fewer Actors, among whom were commonly ſome Devils who were hereafter to torment hardened Sinners World without End. Theſe pious Theatrical Repreſentations were called *petite*, or *grand Diablerie*. *Petite* (little Devilry) when there were leſs than four Devils; *Grande*, when there were four: whence the Proverb comes, *faire la Diable à quatre, to make a more than ordinary, belliſh Hurly-burly*.

(2) Gué de Vede, &c.] All theſe Places are either appertaining to *Poitou*, or adjoining to *Chinon*, *Rabelais*'s Town.

(3) *They would fain*, &c.] In *Alſace*, where they are great Eaters of Tripe, and where *Rabelais* lived ſome Time, they have a Proverb, which may run thus in *Engliſh*.

Scrape Tripe, as clean as e'er you can,
A Tythe of Filth will ſtill remain.

CHAP. V.

How they chirped over their Cups.

THEN did they fall upon the Chat of (1) the Afternoon's Collation; and forthwith began Flaggons to go, Gammons to trot, Goblets to fly, great Bowls to tin, Glaſſes to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without Water, ſo my Friend, ſo, (2) whip me off this Glaſs neatly, bring me hither ſome Claret, a full weeping Glaſs till it run over, a Ceſſation and Truce with Thirſt. Ha thou falſe Fever, wilt thou not be gone? By my *Figgins*, Godmother, I cannot as yet enter in the Humour of being merry, nor drink ſo currently as I would; you have catch'd a Cold, *Gammer*; yea forſooth, Sir; by the Belly of Sanct *Buff* let us talk of our Drink, I never drink but at my *Hours*, like the Pope's Mule; and I never drink but in (3) my *Breviary*, like good Father *Gardian*. Which was firſt, *Thirſt* or *Drinking*? *Thirſt*, for who in Time of Innocence would have drunk without being a-thirſt? nay, Sir, it was *drinking*; for *privatio præſupponit habitum*. I am learned you ſee, *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?* We poor (4) *Innocents* drink but too much without *Thirſt*. Not I truly, who am a *Sinner*, for I never drink without *Thirſt*, either preſent, or future, to prevent it (as you know) I drink for the *Thirſt* to come; I drink eternally, this is to me an Eternity of Drinking, and drinking of an Eternity. Let us ſing, let us drink, now for a Catch, duſt it away, where is my Nogging? what, (5) it ſeems I do not drink but by Proxy. Do

(1) *Afternoon's Collation.*] *Reciner* in *French*; from *Recœnare*, the *Cœna* being the Dinner of the Ancients.

(2) *Whip*, &c.] *Fouette moi ce verre, whip me that Glaſs*, Turn up the Bottom or Breech of it, as when you *whip* a Child.

(3) *In my* Breviary.] The *Mendicants* invented certain Flaggons made in the Shape of *Breviaries*. Thence *Theological Wine, to drink Theologically*, &c.

(4) Innocents.] Theſe are Monks, who call the Hood of their Habit, *the Biggin of Innocence*. But their Words will bear an Alluſion to what's ſaid of ſome *Innocent* People who are tortur'd with Water forced down their Throats to make 'em confeſs.

(5) *It ſeems I do not drink* but *by Proxy*.] Sir *T. U.* has left out the *but*. *Procuration* it is in the Original, for theſe Monks or Canons who ſpeak here, uſed to give very grudgingly their *Procuration-Feaſts* to their Viſitors.

you

you wet yourſelves to dry, or do you dry to wet you? Piſh, I underſtand not the *Rhetorick* (*Theorick* I ſhould ſay) but I help myſelf ſomewhat by the *Practick*. Enough; I ſup, I wet, I humect, I moiſten my Gullet, I drink, and all for fear of dying; drink always and you ſhall never die. If I drink not, I am a-ground, and loſt. I am ſtark dead without Drink, and my Soul ready to fly into ſome Marſh amongſt Frogs; (6) the *Soul never dwells in a dry Place.*

O, you *Butlers*, Creators of new Forms, make me of no Drinker a Drinker: a *Perennity* and Everlaſtingneſs of ſprinkling and bedewing me through theſe my parched and ſinewy Bowels. He drinks in vain that feels not the Pleaſure of it: This entereth into my Veins; the piſſing Tool ſhall have none on't. I would willingly waſh the Tripes of the Calf which I rear'd this Morning. I have pretty well now ballaſted my Stomach. If the Papers of my Bonds and Bills could drink as well as I do, my Creditors would have their Hands full. Hold up your Dagger-hand; that Hand of yours ſpoils your Noſe. O how many other ſuch will go in here before this go out; what, drink at ſo ſhallow a Ford? It is enough to break both *Girths* and *Breaſt-leather*. This is called a Cup of *Diſſimulation*. What Difference is there between a Bottle and a Flaggon? great Difference: The Bottle is ſtopped with a Stopple, and *Flaccon a vis*. Our Fathers drank luſtily, and emptied their Cans; this is *Bien chié chanté, Well cack'd, well ſung*. Come, let us drink: Will you ſend nothing to the River? here is one going to waſh the Tripes. I drink no more than a Spunge. I drink like a *Templar* Knight. And I *tanquam ſponſus*. And I *ſicut terra ſine aqua*. Give me a *Synonymon* for a Gammon of Bacon; it is the *Compulſory* of Drinkers; it is a *Pully*; by a (7) *Pully*-rope Wine is let down into a *Cellar*, and

(6) *The* Soul, &c.] Upon thoſe Words of S. *Auguſtin*, *Anima certè, quia ſpiritus eſt, in ſicco habitare non poteſt*, reported in 2d Part of the Decree, *Cauſ.* 32, &c. The Gloſs ſays, *Et eſt argumentum pro Normannis, Anglicis, & Polonis, ut poſſint fortiter bibere, ne anima habitet in ſicco.* To which a *Flemiſh* Phyſician, *Peter Chatelain*, a learned Man, made this pleaſant Addition, *veri ſimile eſt Gloſſatorem ignoraſſe naturam Belgarum.*

(7) *A* Pully-*rope*, &c.] Thus we ſay, *a Red Herring is a Shoing-horn to a Pot of Ale.*

by a Gammon into the Stomach. Ha now Boys hither; ſome Drink, ſome Drink; there is no Trouble in it. *Reſpice perſonam; pone pro duo, bus non eſt in uſu.* If I could get up as well as I can ſwallow down, I had been long ere now very high in the Air. Thus become *Tom Toſs-pot* rich: Thus went in the Taylor's Stich: Thus did (8). *Bacchus* conquer *India:* (9) Thus Philoſophy, *Melinda.* A little Rain allays a great Deal of Wind; long Tippling breaks the Thunder. But if there came ſuch Liquor from my Buttock, would you not ſuck the Udder? Here, Page, fill, I prithee forget me not when it comes to my Turn; and I will enter the *Election* I have made of thee into the very *Regiſter* of my Heart. Sup, *Simon*; pull away, there is ſomewhat in the Pot. I appeal from Thirſt, and diſclam its Juriſdiction. Page, ſue out my *Appeal* in Form. This Remnant in the Bottom of the Glaſs muſt follow its Leader. I was wont heretofore to drink out all, but now I leave nothing. Make not ſuch Haſte; we muſt carry all along with us. Hey-day, here are Tripes fit for our Sport; *Godebillios* of the dun Ox with the black Streak. O, for God's Sake, let us laſh them ſoundly, yet thriftily. (10) Drink, or I will. No no, drink I beſeech you; Sparrows will not eat unleſs you bob them on the Tail; nor can I drink if I be not fairly ſpoke to. (11) *Lagonædatera,* there is not a Cunniborow in all my Body, where this Wine doth

(8.) *Thus did Bacchus conquer* India.] That is, all the Conqueſts *Bacchus* made in the *Indies* are no more than the chimerical Projects of Drinkers when the Wine gets into their Noddles.

(9) *Thus Philoſophy,* Melinda.] The Sages of *Portugal,* having undertaken to convert the People of *Melinda,* wrought upon them as much by Drinking as Reaſoning, which afterwards made the Conqueſt of the whole Country eaſy to the *Portugueſe.*

(10) *Drink, or I will.*] This does not mean, *Drink, or I will drink,* as one would take it to mean by the full Stop. In *M. C. D*'s Edition is thus, *Beuvez, ou je vous . . . . . Drink, or I'll . . . . . give ye a Knock,* ſuppoſe. It is a Figure of Speech called *Apoſiopeſis,* when a Perſon, through Anger or Earneſtneſs, leaves out ſome Word, or Part of the Sentence, and yet may be underſtood; As in Virgil, *Quos ego . . . . . ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.* Where *puniam,* or *multabo,* or the like, is to be underſtood.

(11) Lagonædatera.] It ſhould be, as it is in *Rabelais, Lagona Edatera,* theſe two Words are no other than *Biſcayan,* and mean, *Partner, ſome Drink,* tho' the *Dutch* Scholiaſt takes a World of fruitleſs

doth not *ferret* out my Thirſt. Ho, this will bang it ſoundly; but this ſhall baniſh it utterly. Let us make Proclamation by the Sound of Flaggons and Bottles, that whoever hath loſt his Thirſt come not hither to ſeek it. (12) Long Spits are to be voided without Doors. The great God made the *Planets*, and we make the (13) *Platters* neat. I have the Word of the *Goſpel* in my Mouth, *Sitio*. The Stone called *Aſbeſtos*, is not more unquenchable than the Thirſt of my *Paternity*. Appetite comes with eating, ſays (14.) *Angeſton*; but the Thirſt goes away with drinking. I have a Remedy againſt Thirſt, quite contrary to that which is good againſt the biting of a mad Dog: Keep running after a Dog, and he will never bite you; drink always before the Thirſt, and it will never come upon you: There I catch you, I awake you. *Argus* had a hundred Eyes for his Sight; a Butler ſhould have (like *Briarius*) a hundred Hands wherewith to fill us Wine indefatigably. Ha, now Lads (15) let us wet, it

fruitleſs Pains to prove them *Greek* Words: In the firſt Place, either from λαγόνες, the Flanks or empty Parts of the lower Belly above the Hanches, where are the Inteſtines, of which Puddings are made; and ἔδω *to eat*. And if this wont down, then he gives ye another Derivation, and ſo on.

(12) *Long Spits are to be avoided without Doors.*] He that can tell me the Meaning of this—*erit mihi magnus Apollo*, the Original is, *Longs clyſteres de beuverye l'ont faict vuyder hors de logis*, i. e. *Long Clyſters of Quaffing and Bouzing have made him void the Houſe*. What *him*, you'll ſay. Why, *Thirſt*, named juſt before.

(13) Platters *neat*.] *Plates neat* would come nearer the *French* Pun, viz. *Planettes* and *Plats netz*.

(14) Angeſton.] This, in all Probability, alludes to *Jerom le Hangeſt*, a Doctor of *Paris*, a great School-Divine, and a barbarous Writer of thoſe Times, and ſerves to ſhew, that it was not, as has been thought, *Amyot*, Biſhop of *Auxerre*, who firſt brought up this Saying.

(15) *Let us wet*, &c.] He before had ſaid, in this Chapter, *Do you wet yourſelves to dry, or do you dry to wet you?* This is not unlike the Song of an old teſty Toper,

Remplis ton verre vuide,
Vuide ton verre plein.
Je ne puis ſouffrir dans ta main
Un verre ni vuide ni plein.

Fill, fill your Glaſſes, which empty ſtands;
Empty it, and let it paſs:
For I hate to ſee, in Peoples' Hands,
A full or empty Glaſs.

will

will be time to dry hereafter. White Wine, here, Wine Boys, pour out all, *per le Diable*, fill, I ſay, fill and fill till it be full. My Tongue peels. *Lans, tringue:* to thee Countryman, I drink to thee good Fellow. (16) Comrade to thee, luſtly, lively, ha, la, la, that was drunk to ſome Purpoſe, and bravely gulped over. (17) *O lachryma Chriſti*, it is of the beſt Grape; I faith, (18) pure *Greek*, *Greek*. O the fine white Wine! upon my Conſcience it is a Kind of (19) Taffatas Wine, *him*, *him*, it is of (20.) one Ear, (21) well wrought and of good

(16) *Comrade.*] *Compaign*, an old *French* Word, to which has ſucceeded *Compagnon*, though *Compaign* is ſtill uſed in *Languedoc* and *Picardy*. *Caninius* ſays it comes from the *Latin Compaganus*, not from *Com* and *Panis*.

(17) O lachryma Chriſti.] Within eight *Miles* of *Viterbo*, and two Days Journey from *Rome*, on the Deſcent of a Hill inclos'd within the Territory or the little Town of *Montiſiaſcon*, grows the excellent *Moſcatello Wine*, otherwiſe called *Lacrymæ Chriſti*, from a neighbouring *Abby* which boaſts of being poſſeſs'd of *a Tear* juſt like that at *Vendôme*. Tho' now this Wine is rarely to be had, ev'n on the Spot, the Great Duke of *Tuſcany* generally cauſing it to be carry'd off for his own Uſe and for Preſents, yet a *German* Gentleman drank of it to that Exceſs that he died of it, if we may believe a *Latin* Epitaph ſaid to be made by his Valet upon him. (See *Miſſon*, *Let.* 27.) We read in the Letters *Obſcurorum Virorum*, that a Matter of Arts of *Cologn* going to *Rome*, to ſolicit againſt *Ruechlin* be like, drank here pretty liberally of this ſame *Lacryma*, and liked it ſo well, that from the Abundance of his Heart he cried out, *Utinam Chriſtus vellet etiam flere in patriâ noſtrâ!*

(18) *Pure* Greek.] *Deviniere* in the Original, not *Greek*. *Deviniere* was the *Vineyard* belonging to the Author's Father, and the Place where he was born. Sir *T. U.* might take *Deviniere* to be meant of the Wine, as if it was *Divine*, *Greek* Wine.

(19) *Taffatas Wine.*] As ſmooth and pleaſing to the Taſte as Taffeta is to the Feeling.

(20) *Wine of one Ear.*] In M. *Motteux*'s large Edition, it is Wine of *one Oar*, inſtead of *one Ear:* an ugly Miſtake of the Preſs, and ought to have been noted as an *Erratum*; but there's no Notice of *Errata* in *either* of the Editions, as if they were as correct as this *French* Edition of D. *Chat's* publiſhing, all whoſe ſix Volumes don't contain ſo many Typographical Errors as any ſix Pages together of theſe two Editions of *M. M.—x.* But to return to *Wine of one Ear*, 'tis a proverbial Expreſſion for *exceeding good Wine*. I have introduced the ſame with good Succeſs (*Præfiſcine dico*; *verbo abſit invidia*) in ſome Parts of *Leiceſterſhire* and elſewere, ſpeaking of *Good Ale*, Ale of *One Ear:* Bad Ale, *Ale of Two Ears*. Becauſe when 'tis good, we give a Nod with *One Ear:* if bad, we ſhake our Head, that is, give a Sign with both *Ears* that we don't like it. (21) *Well wrought and of good Wool*, that is, it has both a good Body and delicate Taſte.

Wool

Wool. *Courage* Comrade, up thy Heart, *Billy*: we will not be *beaſted* at this Bout, for I have got one Trick. *Ex hoc in hoc.* There is no Enchantment nor Charm there, every one of you have ſeen it: my Prentiſhip is out, (22) I am a free Man of this Trade. I am an Abbot (*Pſhaw* I ſhould ſay) O, the Drinkers, thoſe that are a dry; O, poor thirſty Souls! Good Page, my Friend, fill me here ſome, and (23) crown the Cup, I prithee, (24) *à la Cardinale*; *Natura abhorret vacuum.* Would you ſay that a Fly could drink in this? (25) *A la mode de Bretagne.* Clear off neat, *ſupernaculum*, ſwill it over heartily, no Deceit in a Brimmer; Nectar and Ambroſia.

CHAP. VI.

How Gargantua *was born in a ſtrange Manner.*

WHilſt they were on this Diſcourſe, and pleaſant Tattle of Drinking, *Gargamelle* began to be a little unwell in her lower Parts; whereupon *Grangouſier* aroſe from off the Graſs, and fell to comfort her very honeſtly and kindly, ſuſpecting that ſhe was in Travail, and told her that it was beſt for her to ſit down upon the Graſs under the Willows; becauſe ſhe was like very ſhortly *to ſee young Feet*; and that therefore it was con-

(22) *I am a free Man of this Trade.*] *Je ſuis Prêtre Macé*, He would ſay, *Maître Paſſé*, but his Tongue trip'd, being fuddled. As if any of us in our Cups ſhould ſay, the *Chichop of Bicheſter lowes Beggs and Acon*, inſtead of the *Biſhop of Chicheſter lowes Eggs and Bacon.*

(23) *Crown the Cup.*] Pour on, till the Wine ſeems to crown my Glaſs. *Homer* and *Virgil* uſe this Expreſſion more than once. Writing the Word, *Pour on*, puts me in Mind of an honeſt faithful Drunkard, who, being call'd upon when he lay ſnoring upon the Floor, to get up and not to leave his Wine behind him, anſwer'd, *Pour it upon me.*

(24) A la Cardinale.] A *Brimmer*. *Rouge-bord*, a Red-brim (for Red Wine) is another Word for a *Brimmer*, ſynonymous to *Cardinale*: for *Rouge-bord* means *Red-brim*, as I ſaid, and *Cardinale* means a *Cardinal's Hat*, which is *Red.*

(25) A la mode de Bretagne.] Below in *l.* 2. 27. *Bûvons ici à la Breteſque. Let's imitate the Bretons*, who never leave a Drop in the Glaſs, whereas in other Provinces they never empty the Glaſs, but always *leave ſomething for Manners*, as we ſay.

venient

convenient ſhe ſhould pluck up her Spirits, and take a good Heart at the new coming of her Baby; ſaying to her withal, that although the Pain was ſomewhat grievous to her, it would be but of ſhort Continuance; and that the ſucceeding Joy would quickly remove that Sorrow, in ſuch ſort that ſhe ſhould not ſo much as remember it. (1) On with a Sheep's Courage (quoth he) diſpatch this Boy, and we will ſpeedily fall to work for the making of another. Ha (ſaid ſhe) ſo well as you ſpeak at your own Eaſe, you that are Men; well then, in the Name of God, I'll do my beſt, ſeeing you will have it ſo; but would to God that it were cut off from you: What? (ſaid *Grangouſier*) Ha (ſaid ſhe) you are a good Man indeed, you underſtand it well enough. What my Member? (ſaid he). (2) Udzookers, if it pleaſe you, that ſhall be done inſtantly; bid 'em bring hither a Knife. Alas, (ſaid ſhe) the Lord forbid, I pray Jeſus to forgive me, I did not ſay it from my Heart; do it not any Kind of Harm, neither more nor leſs for my ſpeaking: But I am like to have Work enough to Day, and all for your Member, yet God bleſs both you and it.

Courage, courage (ſaid he) take you no Care of the Matter, (3) let the *four foremoſt Oxen do the Work*. I will yet

(1) *On with a Sheep's Courage.*] Have at leaſt as much Courage as an Ewe Sheep that's going to yean. Inſtead of theſe Words, *On with a Sheep's Courage*, to thoſe incluſively, *ſeeing you will have it ſo*, we find in the Edition of *Dolet*, agreeably to thoſe of *Francis Juſtus* 1534 and 1535, the following Words: *I'll prove it, ſaid he; Our Saviour ſays in the Goſpel*, Joannis 16, *a Woman, when ſhe is in Travail, hath Sorrow, becauſe her Hour is come; but as ſoon as ſhe is delivered of the Child, ſhe rembreth no more the Anguiſh. Ha, ſaid ſhe, you ſay well, and I had much rather bear ſuch Sentences of the Goſpel, and find myſelf the better for't, than to hear the Life of St.* Margaret, *or ſuch like canting hypocritical Trumpery.*

(2) *Udzookers.*] *Sang de Cabres. By the Blood of Goats*, for *Cabres* in *Gaſcoon* is *Chêvres*. This *Gaſcon* Expreſſion is one Reaſon which induces *M. M—x*, to think that, under the Name of *Grandgouſier*, *Rabelais* means *John d'Albret*, King of *Navarre*.

(3) *Let the* four foremoſt Oxen do the Work.] Let your Reliance be on the Vigor and ſtretching-leatherneſs of the ſuffering Part; for we ſee but very few Women, however weakly they be, but what happily get over the Condition you are in. *Let the four foremoſt Oxen do the Work*, is a Proverbial Expreſſion in the Province of *Poitou*, where, not having Horſes enough to draw their Waggons and Carts, they uſually draw

yet go drink one Whiff more, and if in the mean Time any Thing befall you, I will be ſo near, that, at the firſt whiſtling in your Fiſt, I ſhall be with you. A little while after, ſhe began to groan, lament, and cry; then ſuddenly came the Midwives from all Quarters, who groping her below, found ſome (4) *Peloderies* of a bad Savour indeed; this they thought had been the Child; but it was her *Fundament* that was ſlipp'd out with the Mollification of her *Inteſtinum Rectum*, which you call the *Bum-gut*; and that merely by eating of too many Tripes, as we have ſhewed you before: Whereupon an old ugly Trot in the Company, who was reputed a notable Phyſician, and was come from (5) *Briſpaille* near to St. *Gnou* threeſcore Years before, made her ſo horrible a reſtrictive and binding Medicine, whereby all her Arſe-pipes were ſo oppilated, ſtopped, obſtructed, and contracted, that you could hardly have opened and enlarged them with your Teeth. Which is a terrible Thing to think upon, (6) ſeeing the Devil at Maſs at Saint *Martin*'s was puzzled with the like Taſk; when with his Teeth he lengthened out the Parchment whereon he wrote the Tittle Tattle of two young mangy Whores. The

draw with three Couple of *Oxen*, if they go far and the Way is bad. The *four foremoſt*, which are always the ableſt, follow each other very cloſe, but they are at a conſiderable Diſtance from the two Thillers, that when the Cart or Wain is fet faſt in a Slough, theſe *four*, which are made to it, may draw out of the Mire the two others, together with the Waggon or Cart.

(4) Peloderies.] *Pellauderias*, *Rabelais* ſpells it. *Cotgrave* conſtrues it, *filthy Matter, beaſtly or ugly Stuff*. *M. de Chat* ſays, 'Tis the Shreds, Parings, Clippings, and Scrapings of Beaſts' Hides and Skins, from *Peau*, (*Pellis* in *Latin*.) In *Normandy* they call *Pellautier*, a Worker in Hides, a Pelter we may ſay in *Engliſh*.

(5) *Come from* Briſpaille *near to St.* Gnou.] It ſhould be *Genou*, not *Gnou*. In *Languedoc* and in *Dauphiny*, to ſay of a Woman, that ſhe is *come from Briſepaille near St. Genou, ſo many Years ago*, is to call her *an old Whore*, and literally tho' punningly ſignifies, that the *Straw* (*Paille*) of her Bed has been long ſince *bruis'd* (*briſée*) with the *Knees* (*Genoux*) of her Belly-bumpers. Theſe three make *Briſe Paille Genou*.

(6) *Seeing the Devil at Maſs*, &c.) This is not very clear, as the Tranſlator has manag'd it. Perhaps the Reader will underſtand it better when he has perus'd the following Note of *M. du Chat*, which is this: *Peter Groſnet*, in his Collection of *Cato*'s Golden Sayings and other Moral Sentences, relates this Story in the following Terms:

Notez,

The Effect of this was, that the *Cotyledons* of her Matrix were all looſened above, through which the Child ſprung up and leap'd, and ſo entering into the *Vena Cava*, did climb by the *Diaphragm* even above her Shoulders (where that Vein divides itſelf into two) and, from thence taking his Way towards the left Side, iſſued forth at her left Ear. As ſoon as he was born, he cried not as other Babes uſe to do, *mies, mies, mies,* but with a high, ſturdy, and big Voice, ſhouted aloud, *Drink, Drink, Drink,* as inviting all the World to drink with him; the Noiſe hereof was ſo extremely great, that it was heard in both the Countries at once, of (7) *Beauce* and

Notez, en l' Egliſe de Dieu
Femmes enſemble caquetoient, &c.

There's half a dozen Lines more, but as the inſerting them and other Verſes and Notes, at length, would ſwell the four Volumes to ſeven or eight, the Reader will accept of my Tranſlation of them, which he may aſſure himſelf is as literal as poſſible,

Two Goſſips prating in a Church,
The Dev'l, who ſtood upon the Lurch,
In Short-hand on a Parchment-Roll,
Writ down their Words; and when the Scroll
Could hold no more, (it was ſo full)
His Devilſhip began to pull
And ſtretch it with his Teeth, which failing,
He knock'd his Head againſt the Railing.
St. Martin *laugh'd, tho' then at Maſs,*
To ſee the Devil ſuch an Aſs,
To think a Parchment-Roll, or ev'n a Skin,
Could hold two Womens Chat when they begin.

M. D. Chat goes on; the People, taking Notice of St. *Martin*'s laughing, aſk'd him, after Maſs, the Reaſon of it: then the Saint reveal'd his Viſion, and ſo we came to know this *(true)* Story. The Tales of *Eutrapel* touch upon it *en paſſant*, nay, it was ſeen, in 1678, repreſented at *Breſt*, in the Church of *la Recouvrance*, in a Picture, containing likewiſe a Recital of the Hiſtory both in *French* and *Bas-Breton*. N.B. There is at St. *Omers*, in the Church of St. *Bertin*, a very fine and large Piece of Painting in a Frame, the Figures as big as the Life, of much ſuch another Story of St. *Anthony*, which the Tranſlator and Compiler of theſe Notes, not long ago ſaw there to his great Edification, and his no leſs Satisfaction.

(7) Beauce *and* Bibarois.] *Beuſſe* (for ſo *Rabelais* ſpells it) is a large Town, which gives Name to a little River, form'd by divers Springs near *Loudun*. The *Bibarois* is nothing elſe but the *Vivarets*, as the *Gaſcons* pronounce that Word. *Rabelais* here reflects upon the Country

and *Bibarois*. I doubt me that you do not thoroughly believe the Truth of this ſtrange Nativity. Though you believe it not I care not much: *But an honeſt Man, of good Judgment, believeth ſtill what is told him, and that which he finds written.*

Is this beyond our Law, or our Faith? againſt Reaſon or the Holy Scripture? For my Part, I find nothing in the Sacred Bible that is againſt it; but tell me if it had been the Will of God, would you ſay that he could not do it? Grammercy; I beſeech you never dumfound or embarraſs your Heads with theſe idle Conceits: For I tell you, nothing is impoſſible with God; and, if he pleaſed, all Women henceforth ſhould bring forth their Children at the Ear: Was not *Bacchus* engender'd out of the very Thigh of *Jupiter?* Did not *Roquetaillade* come out at his Mother's Heel? and *Crocmouſh* from the Slipper of his Nurſe? Was not *Minerva* born of the Brain, even through the Ear of *Jove? Adonis* of the Bark of a Myrrh-tree? and *Caſtor* and *Pollux* of the (8) Doupe of that Egg which was laid and hatched by *Leda?* But you would wonder more, and with far greater Amazement, if I ſhould now preſent you with that Chapter of *Pliny*, wherein he treateth of ſtrange Births, and contrary to Nature; and yet am not I ſo impudent a Lyar as he was. Read the ſeventh Book of his Natural Hiſtory, *Chap.* 3, and trouble not my Head any more about this.

Country of *Beuſſe* and *Vivarets*, as if the Inhabitants were great *Drinkers*, *Bûveurs*, (*Bibitores*, if I may uſe that *Latin* Word, to anſwer the *French Bibaroys*) and *Bûverie* (*Bibbing*) by way of Pun upon *Beuſſe*.

(8) *Doupe of that Egg.*] I know not what *Doupe* means, unleſs it is *Scotch* for *Double*. *Leda* was indeed *double-egg'd*, for *Jupiter* turned himſelf into a Swan, and lay with her juſt after her Huſband; by them two ſhe had two *Eggs*; of one came *Pollux* and *Helena*; of the other, *Caſtor* and *Clytemneſtra*. *Rabelais*'s Words are only *de la Cocque d'un Oeuf*.

CHAP. VII.

After what Manner Gargantua *had his Name given him; and how he tippled, bibbed, and curried the Can.*

THE good Man *Grangouſier*, drinking and making merry with the reſt, heard the horrible Noiſe which his Son had made as he entered into the Light of this World, when he cried out Drink, Drink, Drink; whereupon he ſaid in *French*, *Que* GRAND TU AS *& ſouple le gouſier*, that is to ſay, *How great and nimble a Throat thou haſt*; which the Company hearing ſaid, that verily the Child ought to be called (1) GARGANTUA, becauſe it was the firſt Word that after his Birth his Father had ſpoke, in Imitation, and at the Example, of the ancient *Hebrews*; whereunto he condeſcended, and his Mother was very well pleaſed therewith; in the mean while, to quiet the Child, they gave him to drink a *tirelarigot*, that is, 'till his Throat was like to crack with it; then was he carried to the Font, and there baptized, according to the Manner of good *Chriſtians*.

Immediately thereafter were appointed for him ſeventeen thouſand nine hundred and thirteen Cows of the Towns of (2) *Pautille* and *Breemond*, to furniſh him with Milk in ordinary; for it was impoſſible to find a Nurſe ſufficient for him in all the Country, conſidering the great Quantity of Milk that was requiſite for his Nouriſhment: although there were not wanting ſome

(1) *Gargantua.*] This Word is partly made up of thoſe three Words before, *Grand tu as*, as the *French* pronounce it.

(2) Pautille *and* Breemond.] The Map of the *Chinonis*, (*Rabelais*'s native Country) places *Potille* on the River *Vienne*, within a League of *Chinon*; and *Brebemont* on the *Loire*, three Leagues from *Chinon*, on which it is dependent. Here are made thoſe Cheeſes, which, by the *French* Tranſlator of *Platina de Obſoniis*, were ſo highly valued; that in his Tranſlation printed in 1505, though *Platina* does not take any Notice of thoſe Cheeſes, yet he has made particular and very honourable mention of them; wherein he has been followed by *Bruyerin* or *la Bruyere Champier*, *l.* 14. *de re cibaria*, *c.* 8.

Doctors

Doctors of the Opinion of *Scotus*; who affirmed that his own Mother gave him ſuck, and that ſhe could draw out of her Breaſts one thouſand four hundred two Pipes and nine Pails of Milk at every Time. Which indeed is not probable, and this Point hath been found (3) *duggiſhly* ſcandalous and offenſive to tender Ears, for that it ſavoured a little of *Hereſy*: Thus was he handled for one Year and ten Months, after which Time, by the Advice of Phyſicians, they began to carry him abroad, and then was made for him a fine litle Cart drawn with Oxen, of the Invention of (4) *Jan Denio*; wherein they led him hither and thither with great Joy, and he was worth the ſeeing; for he was a fine Boy, had a burly Phyſiognomy, and almoſt ten Chins; he cried very little, but beſhit himſelf every Hour: For to ſpeak truly of him, he was wonderfully Phlegmatick in his Poſteriors, both by Reaſon of his natural Complexion, and the accidental Diſpoſition which had befallen him by his too much quaffing of the *Septembral* Juice. Yet without a Cauſe did not he ſip one Drop; for if he happened to be vexed, angry, diſpleas'd, or ſorry; if he did fret, if he did weep, if he did cry, and what grievous Quarter ſoever he kept, bring him ſome Drink he would be inſtantly pacified, come to his own Temper, be in a good Humour again, and as ſtill and quiet as ever. One of his Governeſſes told me (ſwearing by her Fig) how he was ſo accuſtomed to this Kind of Way, that at the Sound of Pints and Flaggons, he would on a ſudden fall into an Ecſtaſy, as if he had then taſted of the Joys of Paradiſe; ſo that they, upon Conſideration of this his divine Complexion, would every Morning, to chear him up, play with a Knife upon the Glaſſes, on the Bottles with their Stopples, and on the Pottle-pots

(3) Duggiſhly *ſcandalous.*] *Mammallement ſcandaleuſe.* *Rabelais* here ſeems particularly to have in View the *Anathema* pronounced by the Univerſities of *Lovain* and *Cologne*, and afterwards by *Pope Leo X.* in 1520, againſt the Propoſitions of *Luther*, which, as his very Adverſaries confeſſed, were not all equally heretical and capital. See *Sleidan*, *l.* 2. and *Fra. Paolo*'s Hiſtory of the Council of *Trent.*

(4) Jan Denio.] *Rabelais* calls him *Jehan*, not *Jan*, (for *Jan* means a Cuckold) *Denyau*, not *Denio*. An ancient and honourable Family, moſt of them Lawyers, both in *Poitou* and *Bretagne.*

with

with their Lids and Covers, at the Sound whereof he became gay, would leap for Joy, would loll and rock himself in the Cradle, then nod with his Head, (5) *monocordising* his Fingers, and (6) *barytonising* with his Tail.

CHAP. VIII.

How they apparelled Gargantua.

BEING of this Age, his Father ordained to have Cloaths made to him in his own Livery, which was White and Blue. To work then went the Taylors, and with great Expedition were those Cloaths made, cut, and sewed, according to the Fashion that was then in Vogue. I find by the ancient Records, to be seen in the (1) Chamber of Accompts at *Montsoreau*, that he was accoutred in Manner as followeth: To make him every Shirt of his, were taken up nine hundred Ells of *Chateleraud* Linen, and two hundred for the Gussets, in Manner of Cushions, which they put under his Armpits; his Shirt was not gathered nor plaited, for the

(5) Monocordising *his Fingers.*] It should be *monochordising* with his Fingers. Moving his Fingers, as if he was about to play on the Instrument, called by the Ancients *Monochorde*, because it had but one String. The *Monochorde* of the Moderns has kept the same Name, (though it has several Strings) because they are *Unisons*.

(6) Barytonising *with his Tail.*] The Art of Rhetorick, quoted by *Borel*, has the Word *Barytoniser*, but *Barytoner* is better. It means yielding a grave Tone or Accent, Βαρυλογεῖν. *Gargantua* formed the acute Accent with his Fingers, and the grave with his Bum.

(1) *Chamber of Accompts at* Montsoreau.] *Rabelais* placing the Scene of his Romance in *Touraine*, and part of the adjoining Provinces, was resolved to settle a Chamber of *Accompts* at *Montsoreau*, a little Town and *Comté* in *Anjou*, on the *Loire*, alluding, belike, to the Title of *Comtes*, which belonged to the Lords of *Montsoreau*, a Family so eminent about the 12th Century, that *Walter de Montsoreau* is stiled Most Christian Prince in an Instrument of those Times, as *M. Menage* has observed, as did likewise *M. Pavillon* before him.

Plaiting

(2) Plaiting of Shirts was not found out 'till the Seam-ſtreſſes (when the Point of their Needles was broken) began to work and occupy with the Tail. There were taken up for his Doublet eight hundred and thirteen Ells of white Sattin, and for his Codpiece Points, fifteen hundred and nine Dogs Skins and a Half. Then was it that Men began to tie their Breeches to their Doublets, and not their Doublets to their Breeches; for it is (3) againſt Nature, as hath moſt amply been ſhewed by (4) *Ockam* upon the *Exponibles* of Maſter *Hautechauſſade*.

For his Breeches, were taken up eleven hundred and five Ells and a Third of white Broad Cloth. They were cut in Form of Pillars, chamfred, channel'd, and pink'd behind, that they might not overheat his Reins; and were, within the Panes, puffed out with the Lining of as much blue Damaſk as was needful; and remark, that he had very good Knee-rollers, proportionable to the reſt of his Stature.

For his Codpiece, was uſed ſixteen Ells and a Quarter of the ſame Cloth, and it was faſhion'd on the Top like unto a triumphant Arch, moſt gallantly faſtened with two enamell'd Claſps, in each of which was ſet a great

(2) *Plaiting of Shirts.*] This Faſhion began in *Rabelais*'s Time. *Nam rugæ hæ, quid aliud ſunt hoc tempore, quam nidi, aut receptacula pediculorum & pulicum*, ſays one in *Vives*. (Dial. intituled, *Veſtitus & deambulatio matutina.*) The Perſon who ſpoke thus, did not like that new Mode it ſeems, and ſo ſays, *The Gathers of ſuch Shirts are fit for nothing but to harbour Lice and Fleas.*

(3) *Againſt Nature.*] Indeed it is neither natural nor poſſible to faſten or hang one Thing to another Thing, which was lower than it.

(4) Ockam.] The Copy in *Rabelais*'s own Hand-writing, has it *Olzam*, in old Characters, according to which, in the Manuſcripts, and many printed Pieces of thoſe Times, the *k* is made like an *z*; whence it is, that not one of the Editions I have yet ſeen has it *Okam*, or *Ockam*, which is that *Engliſh* Doctor's true Name; but all of them *Olkam*, *Olcam*, or *Olzam*. Here below, in Chap. 33. the Printers have committed the ſame Fault in the word *Lubec*, for in the Edition of *Niery*, 1573, we ſee *Lubelz* for *Lubeck*. In *c.* 40. *l.* 3. *A. D.* 1553, that Edition has *Stolzom* for *Stockholm*, and in Prol. of *l.* 4. *Ollzegon* for *Ockeghem*, ſtill carried on by the ſame Blunder; nay, even thoſe that worked for *H. Stephens* on the beſt Edition of his Apology for *Herodotus*, *A. D.* 1566, have ſtumbled at the Words *Kyrielle* and *Lanſqueneks*; inſtead of which, they have put *Izirielle* and *lanſquenelz*.

Emerald

Emerald as big as an Orange; for, as ſays *Orpheus*, *Lib. de lapidibus*, and *Pliny*, *Lib. ultimo*, it hath an erective Virtue and Comfortative of the natural Member. The Jett, or Out-ſtanding of his Codpiece, was of the Length of a Yard, jagged and pinked, and withal bagging, and ſtrouting out with the blue Damaſk Lining, after the Manner of his Breeches: but had you ſeen the fair Embroidery of the ſmall Needle-work Purl, and the curiouſly interlaced Knots, by the Goldſmith's Art, ſet out and trimm'd with rich Diamonds, precious Rubies, fine Turquoiſes, coſtly Emeralds, and *Perſian* Pearls; you would have compared it to a fair *Cornucopia*, or Horn of Abundance, ſuch as you ſee in Anticks, or as *Rhea* gave to the two Nymphs, *Amalthea* and *Ida*, the Nurſes of *Jupiter*.

And like to that *Horn of Abundance*, it was ſtill gallant, ſubculent, droppy, ſappy, pithy, lively, always flouriſhing, always fructifying, full of Juice, full of Flower, full of Fruit, and all Manner of Delight. Bleſſed Lady! 'Twould have done one good to have ſeen it: But I will tell your more of it in the Book which I have made of the *Dignity of Codpieces*. One Thing I will tell you, that as it was both long and large, ſo was it well furniſhed and provided within, nothing like unto the *hypocritical* Codpieces of ſome fond Wooers and Wench-courters, which are ſtuffed only with Wind, to the great Prejudice of the Female Sex.

For his Shoes, were taken up four hundred and ſix Ells of blue Crimſon-velvet, and were very neatly cut by parallel Lines, joined in *uniform Cylinders*: For the ſoling of them were made uſe of eleven hundred Hides of brown Cows, ſhapen like the Tail of a (5) Keeling.

For his Coat, were taken up eighteen hundred Ells of blue Velvet, dyed in Grain, embroider'd in its Borders with fair Gilliflowers, in the Middle decked with Silver Purl, intermix'd with Plaits of Gold, and Store

(5) *Keeling.*] An unuſual Word, as the *Camb.* Dict. ſays, for what the *Latins*, or rather *Greeks* call *Salpa*: That is, a Stockfiſh. Rather, as *Cotgrave* ſays, a Kind of ſmall Cod, whereof Stockfiſh is made. He calls it a *Kneeling*, but that muſt be a typographical Error. (*Merlus* is the *French* Word.)

of

of Pearls, hereby ſhewing, that in his Time he would prove an eſpecial good Fellow, and ſingular Whip-can.

His Girdle was made of three hundred Ells and a half of ſilken Serge, half white and half blue, if I miſtake it not. His Sword was not of *Valentia*, nor his Dagger of *Saragoſa*, for his Father could not endure theſe *Hidalgos borrachos maraniſados como diablos*; but he had a fair Sword made of Wood, and the Dagger of boiled Leather, as well painted and gilded as any Man could wiſh.

His Purſe was made of the Cod of an Elephant, which was given him by (6) Her *Pracontal*, Proconſul of *Lybia*.

For his Gown, were employed nine thouſand ſix hundred Ells, wanting two Thirds, of blue Velvet, as before, all ſo *diagonally* purled, that by true Perſpective iſſued thence an unnamed Colour, like that you ſee in the Necks of Turtle-doves or Turkey-cocks, which wonderfully rejoiceth the Eyes of the Beholders. For his Bonnet, or Cap, were taken up three hundred two Ells and a Quarter of white Velvet, and the Form thereof was wide and round, of the Bigneſs of his Head; for his Father ſaid, that the Caps of the (7) *Mirabaiſe* Faſhion, made like the Cover of a Paſty, would, one Time or other, bring a Miſchief on thoſe that wore them. For his Plume, he wore a fair great blue Feather, plucked from an *Onocrotal* of the Country of *Hircania*

(6) Her Pracontal.] The Sire *Pracontal*, of an ancient Family in *Dauphiny*.

(7) *Caps of the* Marrabaiſe *Faſhion.*] *Bonnetz à la Marrabaiſe*, i. e. *à la Juiva*, *Jew* Faſhion, and as they are worn by the *Spaniards*; many of whom are counted a Sort of *Jews* and *Mahometans* concealed. *Marrabais* ſeems to be a Word compounded of *Maurus* and *Arabs*, becauſe the *Moors* and *Arabians* ruled a long Time in Part of *Spain*; and as there were many *Jews* intermixed among them, thence *Marrabais* means a *Mahometan* and a *Jew*. And becauſe the *Spaniards* are abuſively named *Marranes* and *Marrabais*, as if they held with the *Jews*; therefore, when in *c.* 22. *l.* 3. we read of the Poet *Raminagrobis*, *He is by G-d a witty, quick, and ſubtil* Sophiſter, *I'll lay an even Wager he is a* Marrabais, *Rabelais* undoubtedly means he is acute as the *Spaniards*, who, as is well known, being much attach'd to School Divinity, are conſequently great Logicians.

nia the Wild; very prettily hanging down over his right Ear: For the Jewel or Broach, which in his Cap he carried, he had in a Cake of Gold, weighing three-ſcore and eight Marks, a fair Piece of enamelled Work, wherein were portrayed a Man's Body with two Heads, looking towards one another, four Arms, four Feet, two Arſes, ſuch, as *Plato in Sympoſio* ſays, was the myſtical Beginning of Man's Nature; and about it was written in *Ionick* Letters, (8)

To wear about his Neck, he had a golden Chain, weighing twenty-five thouſand and ſixty-three Marks of Gold, the Link thereof being made after the Manner of great Berries, amongſt which were ſet in Work green Jaſpers engraven, and cut Dragon like, all environed with Beams and Sparks, as King *Niceſos* of old was wont to wear them, and it reached down to the very Buſt of the riſing of his Belly, whereby he reaped great Benefit all his Life long, as the *Greek* Phyſicians knew well enough. For his Gloves, were put in Work ſixteen (9) Otters Skins, and three of *Laugarous* or (10) Men-eating Wolves, for the bordering of them: And of this Stuff were they made, by the Appointment of the *Cabaliſts* of (11) *Sanlouand*. As for the Rings which his Father would have him to wear, to renew the ancient Mark of Nobility, he had on the Fore-finger of his left Hand a Carbuncle as big as an Oſtridge's Egg, enchaſed very daintily in Gold of the fineſt of a *Turky Seraph*.

(8) Ἀγάπη, &c.] *Charity ſeeketh not her own. I think* ἀγάπη *looks bald without the prepoſitive Article* ἡ.

(9) *Otters Skins.*] *Peaux de Lutins. Lutin* in *French* is not an *Otter*, but an *Hob-goblin*. *Loutre* indeed is an *Otter*, and Sir *T. U.* miſtook it for the other, deceiv'd by the Similitude of the Name, not of the Thing, for there's no ſuch Thing as an *Hob-goblin*; and for that Reaſon *Rabelais* here introduces it; for what can be more imaginary than an *Hob-goblin's Skin*?

(10) *Men-eating Wolves.*] *Loupgarous*. This Word means a Man who is ſaid to transform himſelf, or thinks himſelf transform'd into a Wolf. See *Cotgrave*'s various and different Accounts of this *imaginary* Creature. *Rabelais* only gives it as a ſynonymous Word for an *Hob-goblin*: A *Hob-thruſh*, *Robin-good-fellow*, &c.

(11) *Sanlouand.*] A Priory on the *Vienne*, about a League from *Chinon*.

Upon

Upon the (12) middle Finger of the ſame Hand, he had a Ring made of four Metals together, of the (13) ſtrongeſt Faſhion that ever was ſeen; ſo that the Steel did not cruſh againſt the Gold, nor the Silver cruſh the Copper. All this was made by Captain *Chappuys*, and *Alcofribas* his Operator. On the *Medical* Finger of his right Hand, he had a Ring made Spire-ways, wherein was ſet a perfect baleau Ruby, a pointed Diamond, and (14) a Poiſon Emerald of an ineſtimable Value; for *Hans-carvel*, the King of *Melinda*'s Jeweller, eſteemed them at the Rate of threeſcore and nine Millions, eight hundred ninety-four thouſand and eight *French* (15) Crowns of *Berry*, and at ſo much did (16) the *Jews* of *Auſburg* prize them.

CHAP. IX.

The Colours and Liveries of Gargantua.

GARGANTUA's Colours were White and Blue, as I have ſhewed you before, by which his Father would give us to underſtand, that his Son to him was a hea.

(12) *Middle Finger.*] *Medical* Finger in the Original: which among the *Greeks* indeed was the *Middle Finger*, *quod eo vete. Medici miſcerent pharmaca*, *Alex. ab Alex.* Among the *Latins* 'twas otherwiſe; they called the *Ring-Finger Medicus*, as well as *Annularis*. See *Camb. Dict.* under *Digitus*, for the Names and Reaſons of all the Fingers, as well as Thumb.

(13) *Strongeſt.*] Read *ſtrangeſt.*

(14) *A Poiſon Emerald.*] It is in the Original, *une Emeraug de Phyſon*, not *Poiſon.*

(15) *Crowns of* Berry.] In the *French*, *Moutons à la grande Laine: Well wool'd Sheep*, a Gold Coin, on one Side whereof was repreſented Jeſus Chriſt, under the Figure of a Lamb, with theſe Words round it, *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata Mundi, miſerere nobis. Rabelais* often uſes this Word.

(16) *The* Jews *of* Augſbourg.] *Fourques d'Augſbourg.* Theſe were no *Jews*, (but of Sir *T. U*'s own circumciſing) unleſs you'll call a Man a *Jew* for being as rich as a *Jew. Rabelais* in his firſt Letter tells us, they were vaſtly rich and very eminent Merchants; for his Words are, *Next to the Fourques of Auſbourg in Germany,*

a heavenly Joy, for the *White* did ſignify Gladneſs, Pleaſure, Delight, and Rejoicing, and the *Blue*, celeſtial Things. I know well enough, that in reading this you laugh at the old Toper, and hold this Expoſition of Colours to be very extravagant, and utterly diſagreeable to Reaſon, becauſe *White* is ſaid to ſignify Faith, and *Blue*, Conſtancy. But without moving, vexing, heating, or putting you in a Chafe (for the Weather is dangerous) anſwer me if it pleaſe you; for no other compulſory Way of arguing will I uſe towards you, or any elſe; only *now and then I will mention a Word or two of my Bottle.*

What is it that induceth you? What ſtirs you up to believe, or who told you that *White* ſignifieth Faith, and

Philip Strozzi, of Florence *in* Italy, *is counted the richeſt Merchant in Chriſtendom.* Their true Name is *Foucker*, and they are at this Day Counts of the Empire, of which they were made Barons by the Emperor *Maximilian* I. The Supplement to *Morery*, giving an Account of the Name *Fouckers*, I thought fit to tranſlate it, "They "were the richeſt Merchants in *Augſbourg* (their native City) in "*Cha.* the Vth's Time, and obtained of that Emperor a Privilege, "excluſive of all others, to bring from *Venice* into *Germany* all the "*Spiceries*, which were diſtributed in *France*, and all the neighbour-"ing Countries. As theſe *Spiceries* at that Time came from the *Le-*"*vant*, only by the *Red Sea*, and from thence into the *Mediterra-*"*nean*, they were very ſcarce and dear. Whereby the *Fouckers* made "ſo great a Fortune, that they were counted the wealthieſt Family "throughout the Empire, inſomuch that they have a Proverb in "*Germany*, Such a one is *As Rich as the Fouckers*, ſpeaking of a "Perſon that is immenſely rich, or has an over-grown Eſtate. The "Family is yet in great Credit, and makes a conſiderable Figure, "ſome in the Army, others in the Emperor's Court. It is related "of theſe rich Merchants, as a very ſingular Thing and curious to be "known, that the Emperor *Cha.* V. in his Return from *Tunis*, paſ-"ſing into *Italy*, and from thence thro' the City of *Augſbourg*, took "up his Quarters at their Houſe: that, to ſhew their Gratitude and "their Joy for the Honor he did them with his Preſence, one Day, "among their other magnificent Regalements of the Emperor, they "put into the Chimney-place a Faggot or Bundle of Cinnamon, "which was a very valuable Commodity at that Time; then ſhew-"ing him a Promiſſory Note they had of his, for a very large Sum "of Money, they ſet it on Fire, and with it kindled the Faggot, "which yielded an Odour and a Brightneſs the more pleaſing to "the Emperor, as he ſaw himſelf quit of a Debt which his Af-"fairs did not, at that Time, permit him to pay without ſome "Difficulty."

Blue,

Blue, Conſtancy? An old paultry Book, ſay you, ſold by the hawking Pedlars and Balladmongers, intituled, *The Blaſon of Colours*: Who made it? Whoever it was he was wiſe in that he did not ſet his Name to it; I know not what I ſhould rather admire in him, his Preſumption, or his Folly. His Preſumption, for that he ſhould without Reaſon, without Cauſe, or without any Appearance of Truth, have dared to preſcribe by private Authority what Things ſhould be denoted and ſignified by the Colour. Which is the Cuſtom of Tyrants, who will have their *Will* to bear Sway inſtead of *Equity*; and not of the Wiſe and Learned, who, with the Evidence of Reaſon, ſatisfy their Readers.

His *Folly* and Want of Wit, in that he thought, that, without any other Demonſtration or ſufficient Argument, the World would be pleaſed to make his blockiſh and ridiculous Impoſitions the Rule of their *Devices*. In effect, according to the Proverb, *To ſhitten Tails, Turd never fails*; he hath found (it ſeems) ſome ſimple Ninny in thoſe rude Times of old, when high Bonnets were in Faſhion, who gave ſome Truſt to his Writings, according to which they ſhaped their Apophthegms and Mottos, trapped and capariſoned their Mules and Sumpter-horſes, apparelled their Pages, quarter'd their Breeches, border'd their Gloves, fring'd the Curtains and Vallens of their Beds, painted their Enſigns, compoſed Songs, and, which is worſe, placed many deceitful Jugglings, and unworthy baſe Tricks clandeſtinely, amongſt the chaſteſt Matrons. In the like Darkneſs and Miſt of Ignorance, are wrapped up theſe vain-glorious Courtiers and Name-tranſpoſers, who going about in their *Impreſa*'s, to ſignify *Eſpoir*, have portrayed a *Sphere*: Birds Pens for *Pins*: *L'Ancholie* for *Melancholy*: A horned Moon or *Creſcent*, to ſhew the *increaſing* of one's Fortune: A *Bench broken*, to ſignify *Bankrupt*: *Non*, and a *Corſlet* for, *non dur habet*, otherwiſe *non durabit*, it ſhall not laſt: *Un lit ſans ciel*, for *Un licentié*; which are Equivocals ſo abſurd and witleſs, ſo barbarous and clowniſh, that (1) a Fox's Tail ſhould be pin-

(1) *A Fox's Tail*, &c.] A Way of Speaking borrowed from the Ancients, who were wont to treat in this Manner ſuch as they had a Mind ſhould

ned at his Back, and a Fool's Cap be given to every one that ſhould henceforth offer, after the Reſtitution of Learning, to make Uſe of any ſuch Fopperies in *France*.

By the ſame Reaſons (if Reaſons I ſhould call them and not Ravings rather) might I cauſe Paint (2) a *Painer*, to ſignify that I am in *Pain:* a Pot of *Muſtard*, that my Heart is *much tardy*; one *piſſing upwards* for a *Biſhop*; the Bottom of a Pair of *Breeches* for a Veſſel full of *Farthings*, (*Fart-hings*) a *Codpiece* (as the *Engliſh* bears it) for the Tail of a *Cod-fiſh*; and a *Dog's Turd*, for the *dainty Turret*, wherein lies the Love of my Sweet-heart.

For otherwiſe did heretofore the Sages of *Egypt*, when they wrote by Letters, which they called Hieroglyphicks, which none underſtood who were not ſkilled in the Virtue, Property, and Nature of the Things repreſented by them: Of which *Orus Apollo* hath in *Greek* compoſed in two Books, and (3) *Polyphilus* in his Dream of Love ſet down more. In *France* you have a Taſte of them, in the (4) Device or Impreſs of my

ſhould be laugh'd at. *Veteres*, ſays the *Scaligerana*, *ils ques irridere volebant, cornua dormientibus capiti imponebant, vel* caudam vulpis, *vel quid ſimile.*

(2) Painer.] *Pannier*, I ſuppoſe it ſhould be.

(3) Polyphilus, &c.] *Hypnerotomachia Polyphili, ubi omnia non niſi ſomnium eſſe docet, atque obiter plurima ſcitu ſane quam digna commemorat.* This is the Inſcription of the Book, which is a Folio, printed at *Venice* by *Aldus Manutius*, A. 1499. *M. D. Chat* gives a long, but not very advantageous Character of this Book and its Author. Alchymiſts think the Philoſopher's Stone may be found in it, if they had the right Key to it.

(4) *Device*, &c.] *Rabelais*, in two or three Places, ſays poſitively *Auguſtus*'s Motto was *Feſtina lentè*, with the *Device* of an Anchor, *a very heavy Thing, and round it a Dolphin, the ſwifteſt of Fiſhes, if not of all Creatures.* And yet it is certainly true that this very Motto and *Device* was the Emperor *Titus*'s; that of *Auguſtus* having been, as *H. Stephens* obſerves, *Terminus fulmini conjunctus*, with the ſame Words indeed, *Feſtina lentè*. N. B. *Rabelais* often wrote by Memory. The Admiral of *France* he alludes to, is thought to be *M. de Brion*, whoſe *Device* was the *Anchor* and *Dolphin*, the one referring to his marine Employment, the other to his particular Attachment to the *Dauphin*. [I think, a noble *Engliſh* Peer has likewiſe for his Motto, *Feſtina lentè*, which as it means *On ſlow*, there's no Occaſion to name him.]

Lord

Lord Admiral, which was carried before that Time by *Octavian Auguſtus*. But my little Skiff amongſt theſe unpleaſant Gulfs and Shoals will ſail no further, therefore muſt I return to the Port from whence I came; yet do I hope one Day to write more at large of theſe Things, and to ſhew both by Philoſophical Arguments and Authorities, received and approved of, by and from all Antiquity, what, and how many Colours there are in Nature, and what may be ſignified by every one of them, if God ſave the Mould of my Cap, which is my beſt Wine-pot, as my Grandam uſed to ſay.

CHAP. X.

Of that which is ſignified by the Colours, White *and* Blue.

THE White therefore ſignifieth Joy, Solace, and Gladneſs, and that not at random, but upon juſt and very good Grounds; which you may perceive to be true, if, laying aſide all prejudicate Affections, you will but give Ear to what preſently I ſhall expound unto you.

Ariſtotle ſaith, That ſuppoſing two Things, contrary in their Kind, as Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, Heat and Cold, White and Black, Pleaſure and Pain, Joy and Grief: And ſo of others, if you couple them in ſuch Manner, that the contrary of one Kind may agree in Reaſon with the contrary of the other; it muſt follow by Conſequence, that the other contrary muſt anſwer to the remanent oppoſite to that wherewith it is conferred: As for Examples; Virtue and Vice are contrary in one Kind, ſo are Good and Evil; if one of the Contraries of the firſt Kind be conſonant to one of thoſe of the ſecond, as Virtue and Goodneſs, for it is clear that Virtue is good, ſo ſhall the other two Contraries (which are Evil and Vice) have the ſame Connexion, for Vice is Evil.

This Logical Rule being underſtood, take theſe two Contraries, Joy and Sadneſs; then theſe other two, White and Black, for they are Phyſically contrary: If ſo be then that Black do ſignify Grief, by good Reaſon then ſhould White import Joy. Nor is this Signification inſtituted by human Impoſition, but by the univerſal Conſent of the World received, which Philoſophers call *Jus Gentium*, the Law of Nations, or an uncontroulable Right, of Force in all Countries whatſoever; for you know well enough, that all People, and all Languages and Nations (except the ancient (1) *Syracuſans*, and certain *Argives*, who had croſs and thwarting Souls) when they mean outwardly to give Evidence of their Sorrow, go in Black; and all Mourning is done with Black, which general Conſent is not without ſome Argument and Reaſon in Nature, the which every Man may by himſelf very ſuddenly comprehend, without the Inſtruction of any; and this we call the Law of Nature: By Virtue of the ſame natural Inſtinct, we know that by White all the World hath underſtood Joy, Gladneſs, Mirth, Pleaſure, and Delight.

In former Times, the *Thracians* and (2) *Grecians* did mark their good, propitious, and fortunate Days with white Stones; and their ſad, diſmal, and unfortunate ones with black; is not the Night mournful, ſad, and melancholick? It is black and dark by the Privation of Light; Doth not the Light comfort all the World? And it is more white than any Thing elſe, which to prove, I could direct you to the Book of *Laurentius Valla* againſt *Bartolus*, but an Evangelical Teſtimony I hope will content you:

(1) Syracuſans.] *Plutarch*, deſcribing the Magnificence of the Funeral Ceremonies performed by the *Syracuſans* to *Timoleon*, ſays they appeared thereat in their *neateſt cleaneſt Cloaths*, Παντων καθαρας ἐσθητας φορουντων. From whence *Alexander ab Alexandro*, *cap.* 7. of *l.* 3. of his *Genial Days*, has taken Occaſion to write that the Cuſtom of the *Syracuſans* was to attend Funerals in a White Robe. Wherein he has committed two Faults, here faithfully copied by *Rabelais*. Firſt, in talking of a White Robe, when *Plutarch* mentions no Colour, but only the Neatneſs of their Cloaths; the other for taking the extraordinary Funeral Honours done by the *Syracuſans* to *Timoleon*, for a Cuſtom eſtabliſhed among them in all Funerals.

(2) Grecians.] *Cretans* in *Rabelais*.

you: *Matt.* 7. it is ſaid, that at the Transfiguration of our Lord, *Veſtimenta ejus facta ſunt alba ſicut Lux*, his Apparel was made white like the Light; by which lightſome Whiteneſs he gave his three Apoſtles to underſtand the *Idea* and Figure of the eternal Joys; for by the Light are all Men comforted according to the Word of the old Woman, who although ſhe had never a Tooth in her Head, was wont to ſay (3) *Bona Lux*. And *Tobit*, Chap. 5. after he had loſt his Sight, when *Raphael* ſaluted him, anſwered, *What Joy can I have, that do not ſee the Light of Heaven?* In that Colour did the Angels teſtify the Joy of the whole World, at the Reſurrection of our Saviour, *John* 20, and at his Aſcenſion, *Acts* 1. With the like Colour of Veſture did St. *John* the Evangeliſt, *Apoc.* 4. 7. ſee the Faithful cloathed in the heavenly and bleſſed *Jeruſalem*.

Read the ancient both *Greek* and *Latin* Hiſtories, and you ſhall find that the Town of *Alba* (the firſt (4) Patron of *Rome*) was founded, and ſo named by Reaſon of a *White Sow*, that was ſeen there. You ſhall likewiſe find in thoſe Stories, that when any Man, after he had vanquiſhed his Enemies, was by Decree of the Senate, to enter into *Rome* triumphantly, he uſually rode in a Chariot drawn by *White Horſes*: White in the Ovation Triumph, was alſo the Cuſtom; for by no Sign or Colour would they ſo ſignificantly expreſs the Joy of their coming as by the White: You ſhall there alſo find, how *Pericles*, the General of the *Athenians*, would needs have that Part of his Army, unto whoſe Lot befel the *White Beans*, to ſpend the whole Day in Mirth, Pleaſure, and Eaſe, whilſt the reſt were a fighting. A thouſand other Examples and Places could I alledge to this Purpoſe, that is not here, where I ſhould do it.

By underſtanding hereof, you may ſolve one Problem,

(3) Bona Lux.] Φῶς ἀγαθὸν. Id eſt, *Lumen bonum Vitæ lumen eſt. Id autem dictum eſt ab anu quapiam moriente, quam etiamnum juvabat vivere*, ſays *Eraſmus* himſelf under the Name of *Liſtrius* on the Φῶς ἀγαθὸν of the *Encomium Moriæ*, P. 64, of the *Bâle* Edition, 1676.

(4) *Patron.*] *Pattern* it ſhould be. *Patron* is indeed *French* for both a *Pattern* and a *Patron*.

which *Alexander Aphrodiſeus* hath accounted (5) unanſwerable, why the Lion who, with his only Cry and Roaring, affrights all Beaſts, dreads and feareth only a *White Cock?* for (as (6) *Proclus* ſaith, *Libro de Sacrificio & Magia*) it is becauſe the Preſence, or the Vertue, of the Sun, which is the Organ and Promptuary of all terreſtrial and *ſyderial* Light, doth more ſymboliſe and agree with a *white Cock*, as well in regard of that Colour, as of his Property and ſpecifical Quality, than with a Lion. He ſaith furthermore, that Devils have been often ſeen in the Shape of Lions, which at the Sight of a *white Cock* have preſently vaniſhed. This is the Cauſe why the *Galli* (ſo are the *Frenchmen* called, becauſe they are naturally *white* as *Milk*, which the *Greeks* call *Gala*) do willingly wear in their Caps *white* Feathers; for by Nature they are of a candid Diſpoſition, merry, kind, gracious and (7) well-beloved, and for their *Cognizance* and Arms have the whiteſt Flower of any, the *Flower de Luce*, or *Lilly*.

If you demand how, by White, Nature would have us underſtand Joy and Gladneſs? I anſwer, that the Analogy and Conformity is thus, for as the White doth outwardly diſperſe and ſcatter the Rays of the Sight, whereby the *optick* Spirits are manifeſtly diſſolved, according to the Opinion of *Ariſtotle* in his Problems and perſpective Treatiſes; as you may likewiſe perceive by Experience, when you paſs over Mountains covered with Snow, how you will complain that you cannot ſee well! as *Xenephon* writes to have happened to his Men, and as *Galen* very largely declareth, *Lib.* 10. *de uſa partium:* Juſt ſo the Heart with exceſſive Joy is inwardly dilated, and ſuffereth a manifeſt Reſolution of the vital Spirits;

(5) *Unanſwerable.*] *Rabelais*'s Word is *Inſoluble*, which the Reader will agree with me is the proper Word here, to correſpond with *ſolve* before. But this by the bye, and only to ſhew *Rabelais*'s Correctneſs. M. *Du Chat* ſays the Place where *Alexander Aphrodiſeus* declares this Problem *inſoluble*, is in his Preface to his Problems, where however M. *Du Chat* takes Notice, that that Author does not actually ſay it is a *White Cock* the Lion dreads, but only a *Cock*.

(6) Proclus.] *Rabelais* cites him again, *l.* 2. *c.* 18. yet neither *Proclus* nor *Alexander Aphrodiſeus* determine the Colour of the Cock.

(7) *Well-beloved.*] It ſhould be *Well-diſpoſed*, as M. *Du Chat* clearly proves *Rabelais* to have meant here; from the old Word *lien-eſme*.

which

which may go ſo far on, that it may thereby be deprived of its Nouriſhment, and by conſequence, of Life itſelf (8) By this *Pericharie* or Extremity of Gladneſs, as *Galen* ſaith, *lib.* 12. *method. lib.* 5. *de locis affectis, & lib.* 2. *de ſymptomatum cauſis.* And as it hath come to paſs in former Times (witneſs *Marcus Tullius lib.* 1. *quæſt. Tuſcul. Verrius, Ariſtotle, Livius* in his Relation of the Battle of *Cannæ, Plinius, lib.* 7. *cap.* 32. & 34. *A. Gellius, lib.* 3. *cap.* 15. and many other Writers) (9) of *Diagoras* the *Rhodian, Chilon, Sophocles, Dionyſius* the Tyrant of *Sicily, Philippides, Philemon,* (10) *Polycrates,* (11) *Philipion,* (12) *M. Juventi,* and others who died with Joy. And as *Avican* ſpeaketh in 2. *Canon.* & *lib. de virib. cordis,* of the Saffron, that it doth ſo rejoice the Heart, that, if you take of it exceſſively, it will, by an exceſſive Reſolution and Dilatation, deprive it altogether of Life. Here peruſe *Alex. Aphrodiſeus, lib.* 1. *probl. cap.* 19. and that for a Cauſe: But what? it ſeems I am enter'd further into this Point than I intended at the firſt: Here therefore will I ſtrike Sail, referring the reſt to that Book of mine, which handleth this Matter to the full. Mean while, in a Word I will tell you, that *Blue* doth certainly ſignify Heaven and heavenly Things, by the very ſame Tokens and *Symbols,* that *White* ſignifieth Joy and Pleaſure.

CHAP. XI.

Of the youthful Age of Gargantua.

GARGANTUA, from three Years upwards unto five, was brought up and inſtructed in all conve-

(8.) *By this* Pericharie.] This ſhould begin no new Period, but concludes the laſt. In the Original it is, *& per conſequent ſeroit la Vie eſtaincte par cette peribarie,* comme dit *Galen,* &c.

(9) *Of* Diagoras, &c.] It ſhould be *To, not of* Diagoras, &c. I mention this as only one particular above twenty which I have alter'd in this Page, to make *Rabelais* ſpeak his own good Senſe.

(10) Polycrates.] *Polycrites* it ſhould be, for ſo is this Woman nam'd by *Parthenius* and *Plutarch,* not *Polycrates,* a Man, as the old Edition of *Aullus Gellius* has it.

(11) Philipion.] *Philiſtion* it ſhould be, and ſo *Rabelais* has it. He was a comick Poet, and died with exceſſive Laughing. See *Suidas.*

(12) M. Juventi.] *M. Juventius Talva. Plin. l.* 7. *c.* 53. *Val. Max. l.* 9. *c.* 12. where *Pighius* obſerves from the *Faſti Capitolini* and *MSS.* that it ſhould be written *Thalna,* nient

nient Dicipline, by the Commandment of his Father; and ſpent that Time like the other little Children of the Country; that is, in *drinking, eating, and ſleeping; in eating, ſleeping, and drinking; and in ſleeping, drinking, and eating.*

He was continually wallowing and rolling up and down in the Mire and Dirt; he blurred and ſullied his Noſe with Filth; he blotted and ſmutted his Face with any Kind of naſty Stuff; he trod down his Shoes in the Heel, lay with his Mouth open to catch Gnats, and ran a hawking after the Butterflies, the Empire whereof belonged to his Father. He piſſed in his Shoes, ſhit in his Shirt, and wiped his Noſe on his Sleeves: He did let his Snot and Snivel fall in his Pottage, and dabbled, paddled, and ſlabbered every where. He would drink in his Slipper, and ordinarily rub his Belly againſt a Painier: He would pick his Teeth with a wooden Shoe; wipe his Breech with his Finger, waſh his Hands in his Broth, and comb his Head with a broken Ladle. He would ſit down betwixt two Stools and his Arſe to the Ground; would cover himſelf with a wet Sack, drink in his Pottage, gnaw the Bone he could not ſwallow, eat his Cake without Bread, bite laughing, and laugh biting, ſpit in the Diſh, fart in his Fiſt, piſs againſt the Wind, and hide himſelf in the Water for fear of Rain: He would ſtrike before the Iron was hot, would blow in the Duſt till it fill'd his Eyes; be often in the Dumps: He would (1) flay the Fox, ſay the Apes *Paternoſter*, would run at Mutton, and turn the Hogs to the Hay: He would beat the Dogs before the Lion; put the Plough before the Oxen, and claw where it did not itch: He would leap before he look'd; *at Midſummer-Moon* ſpend his *Michaelmas Rent*, and take Miſreckoning for good Payment: By griping all, would hold faſt nothing; and always eat his white Bread firſt: He ſhoed the Gooſe, tickled himſelf to make himſelf laugh, was Cook-ruf-

(1) *Flay the Fox.*] *Eſcorcher le Regnard.* To caſt up one's Accounts upon exceſſive drinking; either, ſays *Cotgrave*, becauſe in ſpuing one makes a Noiſe like a Fox that barks, or (from the Subject to the Effect) becauſe the flaying of ſo unſavoury a Beaſt will make any one ſpue.

fin

ſin in the Kitchen, would ſing *Magnificat* at *Mattins*, (2) and found it was an Enemy of God, would turn to Account: He would eat Cabbage, and ſhite Colliflowers; (3) catch Fiſh in a Diſh of Milk, and make them all Cripples: He would tear the Paper, raſe the Records, then truſt his Heels for his Security: He would pull at the Kids Leather, or vomit up his Dinner, then reckon without his Hoſt: He would beat the Buſhes without catching the Birds; (4) thought the Moon was made of green Cheeſe, and that every Thing was Gold that glitters. He would ſooner go to the Mill than to the Maſs; took a Bit in the Morning to be better than nothing all Day; would eat his Cake and have his Cake; and was better fed than taught; he always looked a given Horſe in the Mouth; would tell a Tale of a Tub; throw the Helm after the Hatchet; when the Steed was ſtolen, would ſhut the Stable-door, and bring his Hogs to a fair Market: By robbing *Peter* he paid *Paul*; he kept the Moon from Wolves, and was ready to catch Larks if ever the Heavens ſhould fall: He did make of Neceſſity Virtue; of ſuch Bread, ſuch Pottage; and cared as little for the peeled as for the ſhaven: Every Morning he did caſt up his Gorge; his Father's little Dogs eat out of the Diſh with him, and he with them: He would bite their Ears, and they would ſcratch his Noſe; would blow in their Arſes, and they would lick his Chops.

(2) *And found it was*, &c.] Thus it ſtands in the former *Engliſh* Editions. Make Senſe of it, who can, for me. In the Original it is *faſoit gerbe de feurre aux Dieux*, ſtrictly, *he would give the Gods a Sheaf of Straw inſtead of a Sheaf of Wheat*, i. e. as *Cotgrave* ſays, defraud God of his Right. In the *Jews* Law it was held a great Impiety in any Man to give the *Levites* Chaff or Straw inſtead of Corn.

(3) *Catch Fiſh in a Diſh of Milk.*] It is in the Original, *congnoiſſoit Mouſches en Laict*, *Would diſcern Flies among Milk*, i. e. Diſtinguiſh between White and Black: This proverbial Expreſſion is the Poet *Villon*'s, in the laſt of his Ballads.

(4) *Thought the Moon*, &c.] In the Original it is, thought the Clouds were Braſs Shovels, and Bladders Lanterns. Here are omitted by Sir *T. U.* ſome other proverbial Vulgariſms, ſuch as, Piſs a Pool and paddle in it, jumble the Bitter with the Sweet, the Raw with the Ripe, *&c.* On this whole Chapter, all *M. D. Chat* ſays, is, *It* is only the Edition of 1553, that is thus ſwelled out with Proverbs, *Dolet*'s Edition of 1542, not containing Half of them, but ſo well choſen, as perfectly to repreſent *Gargantua*'s Childhood; whereas moſt of theſe here are out of Character.

But

But hearken good Fellows, may ye be ſick of the Mulligrubs with eating chopp'd Hay, if now ye do not liſten: This little Leacher was always groping his Nurſes and Governeſſes upſide down, arſy verſy, topſy turvy, (5) *Harribourrquet*, with a *Yacco haic, hyck gio*, handling them very rudely in jumbling and tumbling them to keep them going; for he had already began to exerciſe the Tools, and put his Codpiece in practice; which Codpiece his Governeſſes did every Day deck up and adorn with fair Noſegays, curious Ribbons, ſweet Flowers, and fine ſilken Tufts, and very pleaſantly would paſs their Time in taking you know what between their Fingers, and (6) dandling it like a little Baby; then did they burſt out in laughing, when they ſaw it lift up its Ears, as if the Sport had liked them. One of them would call it her (7) Pillicock, her Fiddle-diddle, her Staff of Love, her Tickle-gizzard, her Gentle-titler. Another, her Sugar-plumb, her Kingo, her old Rowley, her Touch-tripe, her Flap-dowdle. Another again, her Branch of Coral, her Placket-racket, her *Cyprian* Sceptre, her Tit-bit, her Bob-lady. And ſome of the other Women would give theſe Names, my Roger, my Cockatoo, my Nimble-wimble, Buſh-beater, Claw-buttock, Eves-dropper, Pick-lock, Pioneer, Bully-

(5) Harri, &c.] In the Original it is *Harri bourriquet*. *Bourriquet* is ſuch a Title for an Aſs as Jade is for a Horſe: ſo *Harri bourriquet*, ſays *Cotgrave*, are Words wherewith the Millers, &c. in *France* drive forward their Aſſes. *M. D. Chat* ſays the ſame Thing, only he confines it to *Languedoc*; he alſo quotes the following Verſe, *Merlin Coccaie*, in *lib.* 8. of his Macaronicks:

Non tibi fuſtigans aſinum pronunciat ari.

(6) *Dandling it like a little Baby.*] *Rabelais* ſays, *comme vug. Magdaleon d'entract, They moulded his Cock like a Roller of green Salve. M. D. Chat* ſays, *ſorte d'onguent.* He goes on: *Latin* barbarous Authors have ſaid, *Magdaleones*; others more correct, *Magdalia* in the Neuter Gender; the *Greeks* μαγδαλίαι, and μαγδαλίδες in the Feminine Gender; the whole derived from μάσσειν, to knead, (or mould, as Dough) becauſe this Unguent is kneaded, as it were, to give it the Form of a Cylinder. *Extract*, or *entrait*, comes from *intractum*, becauſe it is drawn out, in order to lengthen it, and withal give it a Roundneſs.

(7) *Pillicock.*] *Pine*, or *Pinne*: In the Title 59 of the Law of the *Germans*, the Word *Pinne* ſeems to mean a Probe: *Pinna, Inſtrumentum Chirurgicum quo vulnera tentantur*, ſays *Du Cange*, in his *Latin* Gloſſ. at the Word *Pinna*.

ruffin,

ruffin, Smell-ſmock, Trouble-guſſet, my luſty live Sauſage, my Crimſon Chitterlin, Rump-ſplitter, Shovedevil, downright to't, ſtiff and ſtout, in and to, at-her-again, my Cony-borrow-ferret, Wily-beguiley, my pretty Rogue. It belongs to me ſaid one; it is mine ſaid the other: What, quoth the third, ſhall I have no Share in it? By my Faith I will cut it off then; Ha! to cut it off (ſaid the other) would be a ſcurvy Buſineſs: Madam, is it your Way to cut off little Childrens Things? Were his cut off, he would be then (8) Maſter-Bob. That he might play and ſport himſelf, after the Manner of the other little Children of the Country, they made him a goodly Whirly-gig of the Wings of the Wind-mill of *Myrebalais*.

CHAP. XII.

Of Gargantua's *wooden Horſes.*

AFTERWARDS, that he might be all his Lifetime a good Rider, they made for him a fair great Horſe of Wood, which he did make leap, curvet, yerk out behind, and ſkip forwards all at a Time, to pace, trot, rack, gallop, amble, to play the Hobby, the Hackney-gelding, go the Gait of the Camel, and of (1) the wild Aſs: He made him alſo change his Colour of Hair, (2) as the *Monks* of *Coultibo*, accord-

(8) *Maſter-Bob.*] *Monſieur ſans Queuë*, ſtrictly, *Maſter without a Tail*, i. e. one that has no Addition to his Name, but only plain Mr. Such-a-one. *Queuë*, beſides its primary Meaning, the Tail of a Beaſt, has ſeveral ſecondary ones, ſuch as, *the Stalk of Fruits*, Label of a Deed, and alſo Label of Mortality, or Bauble of a Man, *&c.*

(1) *The wild Aſs.*] *L'Onagrier*, a quick ſhort Step, like that of a *wild Aſs*, whoſe *Latin* Name, from the *Greek*, is *Onager*.

(2) *As the* Monks *of* Coultibo.] There are no ſuch *Monks*, nor any ſuch Place. *Courtibaut*, for that is the Word, is a *Monk*'s Veſtment, ſo called from *curtum tibiale*, becauſe it reaches but little lower than the Knee. The *Monks* do, according to the Feſtival, change this *Courtibaut*, as 'tis ſtill called in *Berri*, *Saintonge*, and *Touraine*. It is a Sort of *Tunick*, or ancient *Dalmatica*; ſo that the true Tranſlation of this Place would be, *Pantagruel* made his Horſe change his Colour of Hair, as *Monks* do their *Courtibauts*, (*Veſtments*) according to the Variety of their Holidays. *Et lui faiſoit changer de poil, comme font les Moynes de Courtibaulx, ſelon les feſtes.*

ing

ing to the Variety of their Holy-days, uſe to do their Cloaths, from Bay, Brown to Sorrel, Dapple-grey, Mouſe-dun, Deer-colour, Roan, Cow-colour, Gingioline, Skued-colour, Pie-ball'd, and the Colour of the Savage Elk.

Himſelf of an huge big Poſt made a hunting Nag; and another for daily Service of the Beam of a Wine-preſs; and of a great Oak made up a Mule with Houſing for his Chamber. Beſides theſe, he had ten or twelve ſpare Horſes, and ſeven Horſes for Poſt; and all theſe were lodged in his own Chamber, cloſe by his Bed-ſide. One Day the Lord of (3) *Breadinbag* came to viſit *Gargantua*'s Father, in great Bravery, and with a gallant Train; and at the ſame Time, to ſee him, came likewiſe the Duke of (4) *Friemeale*, and the Earl of *Wetgullet*. The Houſe truly for ſo many Gueſts at once was ſomewhat narrow, but eſpecially the Stables. Whereupon the Stewards and Gentlemen of Horſe to the Lord *Breadinbag* (to know if there were any other empty Stables in the Houſe) came to *Gargantua*, then a little young Lad, and ſecretly aſked him where the Stables of the great Horſes were, thinking that Children would be ready to tell all. He lead them up the great Stair-caſe of the Caſtle, paſſing through the ſecond Hall into a broad great Gallery, by which they entered into a large Tower, and as they were going up at another Pair of Stairs, ſaid the Gentleman of Horſe to the Steward, this Child deceives us, for the Stables are never on the Top of the Houſe. You may be miſtaken (ſaid the Steward) for I know ſome Places at *Lyons*, at the (5) *Baſmette*,

(3) Breadingbag.] *Painenſac (Bread-en-bag.)* Of this Name, which at firſt Sight looks as it was *fictitious*, or rather *factitious*, was the Seneſchal of *Thoulouſe*, *(le Sire de Pennenſac)* in 1452. See the Hiſt. of *Cha.* VIIth. falſely aſcribed to *Alain Chartier*.

(4) Friemeale.] Read *Free-meal*. Francrepas.

(5) La Baſmette.] It is a Convent Half a Quarter of a League below *Angers*, in the Hollow of a Mountain. *René d'Anjou*, King of *Sicily*, Duke of *Anjou* and Earl of *Provence*, founded it in 1451, for the *Cordeliers*, on the Model of the Sainte *Baume* of *Provence*, called ſo from the *Latin*-barbarous *Balmo*: The Founder of this *Baumette* called it ſo as being but a diminutive of the Sainte *Baume*, which the People

Baſmette, at (6) *Chaiſnon* and elſewhere, which have their Stables at the very Tops of the Houſes; ſo it may be, that behind the Houſes (7) there is a Way to come to this Aſcent; but I will queſtion him further: Then ſaid he to *Gargantua*, my pretty little Boy, whither do you lead us? To the Stable (ſaid he) of my great Horſes, we are almoſt come to it, we have but theſe Stairs to go up at; then leading them along another great Hall, he brought them into his Chamber, and opening the Door, ſaid unto them, this is the Stable that you aſk'd for, this is my Gennet, this is my Gelding, this is my Courſer, and this is my Pad; and laid on them with a great Cudgel. I will beſtow upon you (ſaid he) this *Frizeland* Horſe, I had him from *Francfort*, yet will I give him you; for he is a pretty little Nag, and will go very well; with a Caſt of Goſehawks, half a Dozen (8) Spaniels, and a Brace of Greyhounds; thus are you King of the Hares and Partridges for all this Winter. By St. *John* (ſaid they) what a Couple of Puts has he made us? what Monkies? Hold, hold, Gentlemen, ſaid he, you muſt ſhew your Tails 'ere you paſs for Monkies. Judge you now, whether they had moſt Cauſe, either to hide their Heads for Shame, or to laugh for Company. As they were going down again thus amazed, he aſked them, Will you have a *Whimwham?* What is that, ſaid they? It is (ſaid he) five Turds to make you a

People of *Provence* do really believe to have ſerved *Mary Magdalen* for a Place of Retirement. Anciently they called *Baſme*, that precious Liquor which now is called *Baum*, from *Balſamum*, which gave Occaſion to the Change that is made of the *Baumette* of *Anjou* into *Baſmette*.

(6) Chaiſnon.] This is *Chinon*, which *Rabelais* calls thus *de Caino*, which is the Name of this Town in *Gregory* of *Tours*. See *Adrian de Valois*, under the Word *Caino*.

(7) *There is a Way to come to this Aſcent.*] It ſhould be to the *Mounting-Block*, au *Montoir*. Behind; as in all Houſes ſituated on the Side, or at the Root of a Hill; There, beyond the Stables, is an eaſy Way, leading to a Place where one may get on Horſe-back, and purſue one's Way on level Ground.

(8) *Spaniels.*] *Maturin Corderius* tells us, this Sort of Dog has its Name from the Country from whence the Breed firſt came (*Spain.*) Nay, the People of *Spain* were anciently called *Spaniels*, not *Spaniards*; *Eſpaigneuls*, not *Eſpagnols*, which is a modern Word in compariſon of the other.

Muzzle-

Muzzle: To-day (ſaid the Steward) though we happen to be roaſted we ſhall not be burnt, for we are pretty well baſted and larded in my Opinion. O, my jolly dapper Boy, (9) thou haſt given us a Gudgeon; I hope to ſee thee *Pope* before I die: I think ſo (ſaid he) myſelf, and then ſhall you be a *Puppy*, and this gentle *Popinjeay pop* into ſome Office under me. Well, well (ſaid the Gentleman of the Horſe). But (ſaid *Gargantua*) gueſs how many Stitches there are in my Mother's Smock: Sixteen (quoth the Gentleman). (10) You do not ſpeak Goſpel (ſaid *Gargantua*) for there is (11) *Sent* before, and *Sent* behind, and did you reckon them ill, conſidering the *two under Holes?* When? (ſaid the Gentleman). Even then (ſaid *Gargantua*) (12) when they made a Shovel of your Noſe to take up a Quarter of Dirt, and of your Throat a Funnel, wherewith to put it into another Veſ-

(9) *Thou haſt given us a Gudgeon, I hope to ſee thee a Pope*] It ſhould be, *Thou haſt Hay in thy Horns; I ſhall ſee thee a Pope before I die. Fœnum habit in Cornu, longè fuge. He has Hay in his Horns*, uſed to be the Outcry at *Rome* againſt Railers and carping *Cynicks*; becauſe, when a Bull or Ox was vicious and would run at People, the Owner of him was obliged to faſten a Handful of Hay to his Horns, as a Warning for People to keep out of his Way. The Steward has the ſame Idea of *Gargantua*, and ſeeing him ſo full of Waggery and witty Roguery for one of his Years, ſays, *he knows enough to be made a Pope in Time.* The Vulgar have always thought the Pope knows every Thing, from whence they conclude that Knowledge was the High-road to the Papacy. The Fable of Pope *Joan*, and the Examples of ſome poor Prieſts, as well ſecular as regular, have helped forward this Belief: *Why, I ſee you're a Scholar*, ſays *Verville*, in his *Moyen de parvenir, you are in Danger of being a Pope one of theſe Days. Thomas Naogeorgus* was not in Jeſt when he ſaid in a Satire againſt *John de la Caſa*, *Quippe hoc Sanctorum merita effecere Paparum ut vulgo inſigne jam de nebulone feratur,*

Tam malus eſt nequam, Chriſtique inimicus, & oſor,
Ut fieri poſſit Papa.

(10) *You do not ſpeak Goſpel.*] You lie.

(11) Sent *before and* Sent *behind.*] A Pun upon the Word *Cent* (a Hundred) and *Scent*, (or Smell) *Sens*, the Imperative of the Verb *Sentir.*

(12) *When they made a Shovel of your Noſe to take up a Quarter of Dirt*, &c.] The Parallel here is half loſt: *Rabelais* ſays, *Alors qu'on feit de votre nez une dille pour tirer un muy de merde*, &c. i. e. *When they made a Fawcit of your Noſe to draw off a Hogſhead of Turd, and of your Throat a Funnel*, &c.

ſel,

ſel, becauſe (13) the Bottom of the old one was out. *Cockſhod* (ſaid the Steward) we have met with a Prater. Farewel (Maſter Tatler) God keep you from Harm, (14) now your Mouth is ſo mellow.

Thus going down in great Haſte, under the Arch of the Stairs, they let fall (15) the great Leaver which they had upon their Backs; whereupon *Gargantua* ſaid, what a Devil, you are (it ſeems) but bad Horſemen, that (16) ſuffer your Bilder to fail you, when you need him moſt. If you were to go from hence to (17) *Chauſas*, whether had you rather ride on a Gooſe, or lead a Sow in a Leaſh? (18) I had rather drink (ſaid the Gentleman of Horſe) with this they entered into the lower Hall, where the Company was, and, relating to them this new Story, made them (19) laugh like a Swarm of Flies.

(13) *The Bottom of the old one was out.*] By the *Bottom's being out*, (or cracked, or *ill-ſoldered*, or *badly caulked*, as *Rabelais* ſays elſewhere) *Gargantua* reproaches the Steward's Want of Senſe.

(14) *Now your Mouth is ſo mellow.*] I know not what *Mellow* means. *Tant vous avez la bouche fraiſche.* This Word *fraiſche* will admit of various Senſes. 'Tis ſaid of a Horſe that ſlavers and flings his Foam about, he has *la bouche fraiſche.* In which Senſe, 'tis as much as if the Steward had ſaid, *O what fine Terms you uſe, what goodly Words you come out with*, ironically. Again, *frais* often ſignifies *refreſhed, cool, ready for Work, in a Condition to do one's Part well. Bouche fraiche*, in this Senſe is, *a Mouth prepared for prating. Gueule fraiche*, in another Senſe, is ſpoken of one that has a notable good Stomach; one whoſe Stomach is always ready, whoſe Appetite is ever awake.

(15) *The great Leaver, which he had put upon their Backs.*] *Le gros Levier qu'il leur avoit chargé.* I fancy *Rabelais* means, the great Walking-ſtaff he had put into their Hands.

(16) *Suffer your Bilder to fail you.*] I know not what *Bilder* means. Taking it in the Senſe, as I ſaid juſt now, of a Walking-ſtaff, then inſtead of *Bilder*, 'twill be, *ſuffer your Horſe*, (which we often call one's Walking Cane) *to fail you.* It is in *French, Courtaut*, a crop-ear'd or bob-tail Horſe. *Judicet Lector.*

(17) Chauſas.] Read *Cabuſac.* An Eſtate in the *Agenois*, then belonging to *Louis, Baron d'Eſtiſſac.* This *Cabuſac* is again mentioned, *l.* 4. *c.* 52.

(18) *I had rather drink.*] The poor Man, having been ſo often catched by the young *Gargantua*, did not dare any more to make a direct Anſwer.

(19) *Laugh like a Swarm of Flies.*] Confuſedly, like the Buzzing of *Flies.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How Gargantua's *wonderful Underſtanding became known to his Father* Grangouſier, *by the Invention of a* Torch-cul, *or* Wipe-breech.

ABOUT the End of the fifth Year, *Grangouſier*, returning from the Conqueſt of the *Canarians*, went by the Way to ſee his Son *Gargantua*; there was he filled with Joy, as ſuch a Father might be at the Sight of ſuch a Child of his. And whilſt he kiſs'd him and embraced him, he aſked many childiſh Queſtions of him about divers Matters, and drank very freely with him, and with his Governeſſes, of whom in great Earneſt, he aſked, among other Things, whether they had been careful to keep him clean and ſweet? To this *Gargantua* anſwered, that he had taken ſuch a Courſe for that himſelf, that in all the Country there was not to be found a cleanlier Boy than he. How is that (ſaid *Grangouſier?*) I have (anſwered *Gargantua*) by a long and curious Experience, found out a Means to wipe my Bum, the moſt lordly, the moſt excellent, and the moſt convenient that ever was ſeen. What is it? (ſaid *Grangouſier*) how is it? I will tell you by and by (ſaid *Gargantua*). Once I did wipe me with a Gentlewoman's Velvet Maſk, and found it to be good; for the Softneſs of the Silk was very voluptuous and pleaſant to my Fundament. Another Time with one of their Hoods, and in like Manner that was comfortable: At another Time with a Lady's Neck-kerchief, and after that I wiped me with ſome Ear-pieces of hers made of crimſon Sattin, but there was ſuch a Number of golden Spangles in them (turdy round Things, a Pox take them) that they fetched away all the Skin off my Tail with a Vengeance. Now I wiſh St. *Anthony*'s Fire burn the Bumgut of the Goldſmith that made them, and of her that wore them. This Hurt I cured by wiping myſelf with a Page's Cap, garniſh'd with a Feather after the *Switzers* Faſhion.

After-

Afterwards, in dunging behind a Buſh, I found a March-Cat, and with it wiped my Breech, but her Claws were ſo ſharp that they ſcratched and exulcerated all my *Peritoneum*. Of this I recovered the next Morning thereafter, by wiping myſelf with my Mother's Gloves, of a moſt excellent Perfume and Scent of the *Arabian* (1) *Benin*. After that, I wiped me with Sage, with Fennil, with Anet, with Marjoram, with Roſes, with Gourd Leaves, with Beets, with Colewort, with Leaves of the Vine-tree, with Mallows, (2) Wool-blade (which is a Tail-ſcarlet) with Lettuce, and with Spinage Leaves. (All this did very great good to my Leg.) Then with wild Mercury, with (3) Purſly, with Nettles, with Comfrey; but that gave me the bloody Flux of *Lombardy*, which I healed by wiping me with my *Braguette*. Then I wiped my Tail in the Sheets, in the Coverlid, in the Curtains, with a Cuſhion, with Arras Hangings, with a green Carpet, with a Table-cloth, with a Napkin, with a Handkerchief, with a Combing-cloth, in all which I found more Pleaſure than do the mangy Dogs when you rub them. Yea, but (ſaid *Grangouſier*) which *Torchecul* didſt thou find to be the beſt? I was coming to it (ſaid *Gargantua* and by and by ſhall you hear the *tu autem*, and know the whole Myſtery and Knot of the Matter. I wiped myſelf with Hay, with Straw, with Thatch-ruſhes, with Flax, with Wool, with Paper; but,

(1) Benin.] The *Arabian* Gum called *Beninne*: ſo *Cotgrave* renders *Rabelais*'s Word *Maujoin*, which *M. Du Chat* ſays is the ſame Thing as *Benjoin*, only called *Maujoin* by Way of Antiphraſis, or the Rule of Contraries.

(2) *Wool-blade*.] Verbaſce. Its Leaf, which is large and broad, is covered with a prickly Down, which makes *Rabelais* call it *Tail-ſcarlet*, becauſe it inflames the Place it touches, and makes it look red.

(3) *Purſly*.] *Perſiguiere* in the Original, which ſignifies (not *Purſly*, but) what we *Engliſh* call *Arſe-ſmart*. This I have often recommended to the Country Fellows for a *Wipe-bruſh*, and have been well diverted and not a little curſed for my Advice. This Simple, ſays *Du Chat*, is called in Latin, *Perſicaria*. *Lobel*, in his *Adverſaria Nova*, P. 134. *Gallis* culraige *vocatum eſt*, (he is ſpeaking of the *Perſicaria*) *ut cujus folia, quæ quis podici (honor ſit auribus) abſtergendi cauſa affricurerit, inurant rabiem clunibus, ſive, ut loquuntur leguleij, Culo.*

Touſiours

Touſiours laiſſe aux couillons eſmorche,
Qui ſon ord cul de papier terche,
Who his foul Tail with Paper wipes,
Shall at his Bollacks leave ſome Chips.

What (ſaid *Grangouſier*) my little Rogue, haſt thou been at the Wine Pot, that thou doſt rhime already? Yes, yes, my Lord and King, (anſwered *Gargantua*) I can rhime out of Meaſure; I can rhime and chime, and clink till I ſtink again. Hark what our Privy ſays to the Skiters:

Shittard
Sguittard
Crackard
Turdous,
Thy Bung
Hath flung
Some Dung
On us.
Filthard
Cackard
Stinkard,
St. *Anthony* fire thy Arſe-bone,
If thy
Ditty
Toby
Thou do not wipe e're thou be gone.

Will you have any more of it? Yes, yes (anſwered *Grangouſier*). Then ſaid *Gargantua*,

A Roundelay.

A ſhiting, I found Yeſterday
The Tax I to my Arſe ſhould pay;
The Bung-hole Breath ſo vile a Funk,
That one would wonder how I ſtunk:
O had but then ſome brave *Signior*
Brought her to me I waited for,
A ſhiting:

I would

I would have cleft her Water-gap,
And join'd it cloſe to my Flip-flap;
While ſhe had with her Fingers guarded
My foul Nockandrow, all bemerded
A ſhiting.

Now ſay that I can do nothing. By the (4) *Merdi*, they are not of my making, but I heard them of this good old Grandam that you ſee here, and ever ſince have retained them in the Budget of my Memory.

Let us return to our Buſineſs, ſaid *Grangouſier*: What (ſaid *Gargantua*) to ſkite? No (ſaid *Grangouſier*) but to wipe our Tail: But (ſaid *Gargantua*) will not you be content to pay a (5) Puncheon of *Briton* Wine, if I do not blank and gravel you in this Matter, and put you to a *non plus?* Yes truly, ſaid *Grangouſier*.

There is no need of wiping one's Tail (ſaid *Gargantua*) but when it is foul; foul it cannot be, unleſs one have been a ſkiting; ſkite then we muſt before we wipe our Tails. O my pretty little waggiſh Boy (ſaid *Grangouſier*) what an excellent Wit thou haſt? I will make thee very ſhortly proceed Doctor in (6) the *Belles Lettres*, by G—, for thou haſt more Wit than Age.

Now, I prithee, go on in this bumfodder Diſcourſe; and, by my Beard I ſwear, for one Puncheon thou ſhalt have threeſcore Pipes, I mean of the good *Breton* Wine,

(4) Merdi.] Inſtead of *Mort Dieu*, *Cotgrave* ſays. The old *Dutch* Scholiaſt ſays it is equivalent to *Marmes*, (which *Cotgrave* ſays is a ruſtical *Languedoc* Oath for *mon arme*, or *mon ame*) and to *Merdigues*, (which *Cotgrave* likewiſe interprets *Mother* or *Mercy of God*, another ruſtical Oath or Interjection. Be all this as it may, 'tis certain *par la merdé* is a very proper Alluſion to the Subject of this Chapter.

(5) *A Puncheon of* Briton-*Wine*.] *Buſſart de Vin Breton*. In *Anjou* they call a *Buſſart* a Half-Pipe of Wine; and what they call *Briton*-Wine is the beſt Wine that grows in the whole Peninſula formed about *Chinon* by the *Loire* and the *Vienne*. It has this Name belike from the *Britons* (People of *Bretagne*) carrying it all off, as they uſually do, for their own Drinking.

(6) *The* Belles Lettres.] *La Guaye Science*, which by no Means ſignifies the *Belles Lettres*, but *Romance-making*, the Trade exerciſed by the ancient *Conteurs* and *Troubadours* of *Provence*. See *Huetius* in his *Origin of Romances*, from which M. *M*———*x* has extracted what he ſays thereof in his Notes, which ſee likewiſe.

(7) not

(7) not that which grows in *Britain*, but in the good Country of *Verron*. Afterwards I wiped my Bum (ſaid *Gargantua*) with a Kerchief, with a Pillow, with a Pantoufle, with a Pouch, with a Pannier, but that was a wicked and unpleaſant Wipe-Breech; then with a Hat; of Hats, note that ſome are ſhorn, and others ſhaggy, ſome velveted, others covered with Taffities, and others with Sattin; the beſt of all theſe is the ſhaggy Hat, for it makes a very neat Abſterſion of the *fecal* Matter.

Afterwards I wiped my Tail with a Hen, with a Cock, with a Pullet, with a Calves Skin, with a Hare, with a Pigeon, with a Cormorant, with an Attorney's Bag, with a Montero, with a Coif, with a Falconer's Lure; but to conclude, I ſay and maintain, that of all Torcheculs, Arſe-wiſps, Bum-fodders, Tail-napkins, Bung-hole-cleanſers and Wipe-breeches, there is none in the World comparable to the *Neck of a Gooſe*, that is well downed, if you hold her Head betwixt your Legs: And believe me therein *upon mine Honour*; for you will thereby feel in your Nockhole a moſt wonderful Pleaſure, both in regard of the Softneſs of the ſaid Down, and of the temperate Heat of the Gooſe; which is eaſily communicated to the Bumgut and the reſt of the Inteſtines, inſofar as to come even to the Regions of the Heart and Brains.

And think not, that the Felicity of the *Heroes* and *Demigods*, in the *Elyſian* Fields, conſiſteth either in their *Aſphodele*, *Ambroſia*, or *Nectar*, as our old Women here uſe to ſay; but in this (according to my Judgment) that

(7) *Not that which grows in* Britain, *but in the good Country of* Verron.] The *Païs de Verron* is all that Peninſula from the Confluence of the *Loire* and the *Vienne*, as far as the Territory of *Chinon*, incluſive; and it is indeed there that the good *Briton* Wine grows, and not in *Bretagne*; where, if what is related of King *Francis* I. be no Fable, it may be ſaid, that the beſt Grapes are not worth a Ruſh; no, not in the Neighbourhood of *Rennes* itſelf, which is not the worſt ſituated of any City of *Bretagne*. The forementioned *Francis* I. related it as Matter of Fact, that a Dog, belonging to M. *Ruzé*, a Counſellor of *Rennes*, having eaten but one Bunch of Grapes near *Rennes*, fell that Moment to barking at the Vine-ſtock, *by Way of proteſting that he would revenge himſelf for the Belly-ach, which the Sourneſs of the Grapes had given him.* See laſt Chapter of Tales of *Eutrapel*.

they

they wipe their Tails with the Neck of a Gooſe, holding her Head betwixt their Legs, and ſuch is the Opinion of (8) *Maſter John* of *Scotland*.

CHAP. XIV.

How Gargantua *was taught* Latin *by a Sophiſter.*

THE good Man *Grangouſier*, having heard this Diſcourſe, was raviſh'd with Admiration, conſidering the high Reach and marvellous Underſtanding of his Son *Gargantua*, and ſaid to his Governeſſes; *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, knew the great Wit of his Son *Alexander*, by his ſkilful managing of a Horſe; for his Horſe *Bucephalus* was ſo fierce and unruly, that none durſt adventure to ride him, after that he had given to his Riders ſuch deviliſh Falls, breaking the Neck of this Man, the other Man's Leg, braining one, and cracking another's Jaw Bone. This by *Alexander* being conſidered, one Day in the *Hippodrome*, (which was a Place appointed for the breaking and managing of great Horſes) he perceived that the Fury of the Horſe proceeded merely from the Fear he had of his own Shadow; whereupon getting on his Back, he run him againſt the Sun, ſo that the Shadow fell behind, and by that Means tamed the Horſe, and brought him to his Hand. Whereby his Father, perceiving his marvellous Capacity, and *divine* Inſight, cauſed him moſt carefully to be inſtructed by *Ariſtotle*; who at that Time was highly renowned above all the Philoſophers of *Greece*. After the ſame Manner, I tell you, that by this only Diſcourſe, which now I have here had before you with my Son *Gargan-*

(8) *Maſter* John *of* Scotland.] Many have taken this ſubtle Doctor, *John*, to be a *Scotſman*, and that *Duns* was the Name of his Family. *Leland*, from good Authorities, and after him *Piteus*, ſay it is a vulgar Error. *John*, according to them, was born at *Dynſta*, vulgarly *Dyns*, a Village about three *Engliſh* Miles from *Alnwick* in *Northumberland*. His Family Name was *Scot*, but his Country was *England*.

sua, I know that his Underſtanding doth participate of ſome *Divinity*; and that if he be well taught, and have that Education which is fitting, he will attain to a ſupreme Degree of Wiſdom. Therefore will I commit him to ſome learned Man, to have him indoctrinated according to his Capacity, and will ſpare no Coſt.

Preſently they appointed him a great Sophiſter-Doctor, called Maſter (1) *Tubal Holophernes*, who taught him his A B C ſo well, that he could ſay it by heart backwards; and about this he was five Years and three Months.

Then read he to him, (2) *Donat*; (3) *le Facet*, *Theodolet*, and *Alanus in Parabolis*: About this he was thirteen Years ſix Months and two Weeks. But you muſt remark, that in the mean Time he did learn to write in *Gothick* Characters, and that he wrote all his Books; for the Art of Printing was not then in Uſe.

And did ordinarily carry a great Pen and Ink-horn, weighing above ſeven thouſand Quintals, the Pen-caſe whereof was as big and as long as (4) the great Pillar of *Enay*; and the Horn was hanged to it in great Iron Chains, it being of the Wideneſs to hold a Ton of Merchandize.

(1) Tubal Holofernes.] Suppoſed by M. *Du Chat* to be a Sham-name of *Rabelais*'s own inventing.

(2) Donat.] *Ælii Donati de octo partibus Orationis Libellus.*

(3) Le Facet, &c.] Theſe three Treatiſes are Part of the *Auctores octo Morales* in *Latin* Verſe, printed with their Gloſſ. (alſo in *Latin*) at *Lyons*, (*Anno* 1490) by *John Fabri*. The Author of *Facetus* (or of the Book called Mr. *Merry-man* (if you will) was one *Reinerus Alemanni*, quoted by the Vocabuliſt *Hugutio*, who died about the Year 1212. See in *Du Chat* a further Account of theſe School-books, of which *Alanus in Parabolis* is the beſt. He died in 1189.

(4) *The great Pillar of* Enay.] It ſhould be great Pillars, for there are four of them. Some Editions have it indeed Pillar, but they are wrong. At *Lyons* there's an Abbey called *Enay*; or, as it ſhould be writ *Ainay*, built on the Ruins of the ancient *Athenæum*, or Temple of *Auguſtus*, at the Point and Mouth of the *Rhone* and *Soane*, famous for ſeveral Antiquities ſtill to be ſeen there; but there is nothing more remarkable than theſe Pillars, which, becauſe of their being ſpotted red and white, are reckoned by the People of *Lyons* to be an artificial made Stone.

After

After that was read unto him, the Book (5) *de Modis Significandi*, with the Commentaries of (6) *Hurtbiſe*, of *Faſquin*, of *Tropditeux*, of *Gaulhault*, of *John Calf*, of *Billonio*, of *Berlinguandus*, and a Rabble of others; and herein he ſpent more than eighteen Years and eleven Months, and was ſo well verſed therein, that to try Maſteries in School Diſputes with his Condiſciples, he would recite it by heart, backwards: And did ſometimes prove on his Fingers Ends to his Mother, that *de Modis Significandi non erat Scientia.* Then was read to him the *Compoſt*, on which he ſpent ſixteen Years and two Months. And at that very Time, which was in the Year 1420, his ſaid *Præceptor* died of the Pox.

Afterwards he got an old coughing Fellow to teach him, named, Maſter *Jobelin Bridé*, who read unto him, *Hugutio*, *Hebrard*, *Greciſm*, the *Doctrinal*, the *Pars*, the *Quid eſt*, the *Supplementum*, *Marmotretus*, *de Moribus in Menſa Servandis*, *Seneca de quatuor Virtutibus Cardinalibus*, (7) *Paſſaventus cum Commento*; and *Dormi Secure*

(5) De Modis Significandi.] One *John de Garlandia*, alias *Garlandria*, an *Engliſhman*, of the 11th Century, wrote this Book, which *Eraſmus* ſpeaks but contemptuouſly of in his Diſcourſe *de Colloquiorum utilitate*, printed after his Colloquies. See alſo *Babelin's Opuſcula*.

(6) Hurtbiſe, &c.] Some of theſe Names were forged by *Rabelais*, ſuch as *Hurtbiſe*, quaſi *Heurter la biſe*, *Beating the Air*, as if he was ſuch an impertinent Writer, that the reading him would be throwing away one's Time without any Advantage, &c. As for the reſt, I muſt refer the Reader to M. *Du Chat*; and if he is any Thing curious to know the Characters of thoſe Authors and Books, he will take Delight in reading what *D. Chat* ſays of them in his own Language, than which nothing is more eaſy to be underſtood, though the Text of *Rabelais* is difficult enough.

(7) Paſſaventus cum Commento.] *James Paſſavant*, a celebrated *Jacobin* of *Florence*, lived about the Cloſe of the 14th Century. He wrote the *Specchio di Penitenza*, ſo highly in Eſteem among the *Tuſcans* for the Purity of its Style. He had not the ſame Talent for *Latin*, witneſs the ſhort Notes which he added to the Commentaries of two other *Jacobins*, *Thomas Valois* and *Nicholas Trivet*, on St. *Auguſtin's City of God*. 'Tis notorious how *Vives* has rally'd them all three, eſpecially poor *James Paſſavant*. *At Thomæ Valois*, ſays he, *& Nicolao Trivet prodiit velut ſuccenturiatus Jacobus Paſſavantius, quem nomen ipſum indicat fuiſſe ſcurram aliquem feſtivum qui ſodalitium totum oblectabat, cui, ut credo, per jocum luſumque nomen* Paſſavant *eſt à reliquis fratribus inditum*. *Vives*, who underſtood *French* very well, thought there was ſomething comical in *Paſſavant*'s Name, and indeed

Securè (8) for the Holidays, and other ſuch like Stuff; by reading whereof, (9) he became as wiſe as any we ever ſince baked in an Oven.

CHAP. XV.

How Gargantua *was put under other School-maſters.*

AT the laſt his Father perceived, that indeed he ſtudied hard, and that although he ſpent all his Time therein, yet for all that did he profit nothing; but, which is worſe, grew thereby a Fool, a Sot, a Doult, and Blockhead; whereof making a heavy Complaint to *Don Philip* of *Marays*, Viceroy of (1) *Papeligoſſe*, he found that it were better for his Son to learn nothing at all than to be taught ſuch like Books, under ſuch School-maſters, becauſe their Knowledge was nothing but all Trifle, and their Wiſdom Foppery, ſerving only

it ſounds a little like *Trutavant*, &c. [*Trut*, an Interjection, importing Indignation; tuſh, tut, fy Man; *trut avant*, pſhaw, go along—a Fig's End, no ſuch Matter.] *Rabelais* by another *jeu de mots*, in ſaying *Paſſavantus* inſtead of *Paſſavantius*, alludes to *pas ſavant*, (ignorant) and has ludicrouſly added *cum commento*, a Way of ſpeaking uſually in thoſe Days employ'd, when they had a Mind to ſay, that a Thing was well conditioned, and nothing wanting.

(8) *And* Dormi Securè, &c.] The Sermons intituled *Dormi Securè*; or, *Sermones de Sanctis per Annum ſatis notabiles & utiles omnibus Sacerdotibus, Paſtoribus & Capellanis, qui* Dormi ſecurè; *or* Dormi ſine curâ *ſunt nuncupati, eò quod abſque magno ſtudio faciliter poſſint incorporari & populo prædicari*, were printed in 1486, at *Nuremberg*, by *Ant. Kobergers*; at *Paris*, in 1503, by *John Petit*; afterwards at *Lyons*, by *John Vincle*; and laſtly at *Cologne*, in 1612, and in 1615, by *John Crithius*, with Notes by *Rodolph Clutius*, a *Jacobin*. *Luke Wading*, *de Scriptoribus Ordinis Minor*, informs us that *Matthew Huſs*, a Cordelier, and a *German*, wrote the *Dormi Securè*.

(9) *He became as wiſe as any*, &c.] It means *Gargantua*, after threeſcore and odd Years Study, was no wiſer, *nor his Bread better bak'd* (to uſe *Rabelais*'s Metaphor) *than ours, who ſet-in but Yeſterday*. Sir *T. U.* is not quite right in his tranſlating of this Paſſage, as the Reader will eaſily perceive.

(1) Papeligoſſe.] An imaginary Country, call'd *Papeligoſſe*, from a Suppoſition the Inhabitants of it dwell there in perfect Liberty, even to the ridiculing the Pope *(ſe gauſer du Pape)* with Impunity.

to

to baſtardize good and noble Spirits, and to corrupt the whole Flower of Youth. That it is ſo, take (ſaid he) any young Boy of this Time, who hath only ſtudied two Years; if he have not a better Judgment, a better Diſcourſe, and that expreſſed in better Terms than your Son, with a compleater Carriage and Civility to all Manner of Perſons, account me for ever hereafter a very Clounch, and (2) Bacon-ſlicer of *Brene*. This pleaſed *Grangouſier* very well, and he commanded that it ſhould be done.

At Night at Supper, the ſaid *Don Philip* brought in a young Page of his, of (3) *Ville-gouges*, called *Eudemon*, ſo neat, ſo trim, ſo handſome in his Apparel, ſo ſpruce, with his Hair in ſo good Order, and ſo ſweet and comely in his Behaviour, that he had the Reſemblance of a little Angel more than of a humau Creature. Then he ſaid to *Grangouſier*, Do you ſee this young Boy? He is not as yet full twelve Years old; let us try (if it like you) what Difference there is betwixt the Knowledge of the Dunces (4) *Mateologian* of old Time, and the young Lads that are now. The Trial pleaſed *Grangouſier*, and he commanded the Page to begin. Then *Eudemon*, aſking Leave of the Viceroy his Maſter, ſo to do, with his Cap in his Hand, a clear and open Countenance, beautiful and ruddy Lips, his Eyes ſteady, and his Looks fixed upon *Gargantua*, with a youthful Modeſty; ſtanding up ſtrait on his Feet, began to commend him, firſt for his Virtue and good Manners; ſecondly for his Knowledge; thirdly, for his Nobility; fourthly, for his bodily Accompliſhments; and in the fifth Place, moſt ſweetly exhorted him to reverence his Father with

(2) *Bacon-ſlicer of* Brene.] *Taille-bacon de la Brene. Bacon-ſlicer* is as much as to ſay, a worthleſs Fellow, tho' ſtrictly a Braggadochio, a Vapourer, a Beater of a faſt-ty'd Cow, a Breaker-down of open Doors, ſuch as *trinc' amellos*, a Kernel-ſplitter, among the People of *Toulouſe*. [See *Diction. de la Lang. Toulouſaine, aux mots* Amello & Trinca.] Bacon is as common a Word, and means the ſame Thing, in the *Lyonnois, Dauphiny, Poitou*, and *Lorrain*, as in *England*. As for *la Brene*, mention'd above, it is a ſmall Territory of *Touraine*, where is *Mezieres*, otherwiſe St. *Michael*, in *Brene*.

(3) Ville-gougis.] A Pariſh of *Berri*, two Leagues from the River *Indre*.

(4) Mateologian.] A *Greek* Word for *vain Diſcourſings*.

all due Obſervancy, who was ſo careful to have him well brought up; in the End he prayed him, that he would vouchſafe to admit of him amongſt the leaſt of his Servants; for other Favour at that Time deſired he none of Heaven, but that he might do him ſome grateful and acceptable Service; all this was by him delivered with ſuch proper Geſtures, ſuch diſtinct Pronunciation, ſo pleaſant a Delivery, in ſuch exquiſite fine Terms, and ſo good *Latin*, that he ſeemed rather a *Gracchus*, a *Cicero*, an *Æmilius* of the Time paſt, than a Youth of this Age. But all the Countenance that *Gargantua* kept was, that he fell to crying like a Cow, and caſt down his Face, hiding it with his Cap, nor could they poſſibly draw one Word from him, no more than a Fart from a dead Aſs.

Whereat his Father was ſo grievouſly vexed, that he would have killed Maſter *Jobelin*, but the ſaid *Don Philip* with-held him from it by fair Perſuaſions, ſo that at length he pacified his Wrath. Then *Grangouſier* commanded he ſhould be paid his Wages, that they ſhould whittle him up ſoundly, (5) Sophiſter like, and then give him to all the Devils in Hell: At leaſt (ſaid he) to Day, ſhall it not coſt him much to his Hoſt, if by Chance he ſhould die as (6) drunk as an *Engliſhman*.

Maſter

(5) *Whittle him up ſoundly, Sophiſter-like.*] It is in the Original, *Chopiner Theologalement*, i. e. *Make him ply the Pot Theologally.* The Sottiſhneſs of the old Regents of the College (School-maſters) and of the *Sorboniſts* of paſt Ages, had given Occaſion to this Proverbial Expreſſion. *H. Stephens* explains this *Tippling Theologally*, by drinking abundantly, and that too of the very beſt Wine.

(6) *Drunk as an* Engliſhman.] *Rabelais* ſays, *Saoul comme ung Anglois.* The Word *Saoul* means as well glutted, cloy'd, over-charg'd with Eating as well as Drinking. *Saouler to ſatiate, give a Gorge full*, &c. The *Engliſh* Soldiers, and ordinary People, are the fonder of Wine, becauſe there's none grows in their Country, ſays M. *Du Chat.* That Nation is moreover very carnivorous, (adds he) great Fleſh-eaters, and they had for a long Space ravag'd *France.* At that Time, when the *French* Burghers could not, without extreme Heart-breaking, behold the *Engliſh* gorging themſelves with their Subſtance, it was cuſtomary (as in the Poet *Cretins*'s Epiſtle to K. *Francis* I.) to call a rough, harſh Creditor, an *Engliſhman*: ſometimes (as in *Marot*) an unrelenting, hard-hearted Bum-Baily, living at Diſcretion upon a poor Debtor, they would call *un Anglois* (an *Engliſhman.*) It is to thoſe

Times

Maſter *Jobelin* being gone out of the Houſe, *Grangouſier* conſulted with the *Viceroy* what School-maſter they ſhould chooſe for him, and it was betwixt them reſolv'd, that *Ponocrates*, the Tutor of *Eudemon*, ſhould have the Charge, and that they ſhould go all together to *Paris*, to know what was the Study of the young Men of *France* at that Time.

CHAP. XVI.

How Gargantua *was ſent to* Paris, *and of the huge great Mare that he rode on; How ſhe deſtroyed the Ox-flies of the* Beauce.

IN the ſame Seaſon (1) *Fayolles*, the fourth King of *Numidia*, ſent out of the Country of *Africk* to *Grangouſier*, the moſt hideouſly great Mare that ever was ſeen, and of the ſtrangeſt Form; for you know well enough how it is ſaid, that *Africk* always is productive of ſome new Thing. She was as big as ſix Elephants, and had her Feet cloven into Toes like *Julius Cæſar*'s Horſe, with ſlouch-hanging Ears, like the Goats in *Languedoc*, and a little Horn on her Buttock. She was of a burnt-ſorel Hue, with a little Mixture of dapple grey Spots; but above all, ſhe had a horrible Tail; for it was a little more or leſs, than every Whit as great as the Steeple of (2) St. *Mark* be-

Times we are to refer this proverbial Expreſſion, which Eraſmus had before taken Notice of in his Adagies, and which is alſo to be found in *Rondeletius*'s Phyſical Works, c. 18. *de Sudoris excretione.*

(1) Fayolles.] M. *Du Chat* declares he does not know, who this *Fayolles* is, unleſs he be of the Houſe of *Melet*, of which there was in 1587, one *Bertrand de Melet de Fayolles Sieur de Neuvy*. The 117th Epiſtle of *John Bouchet*, begins thus:

Va Lettre va pour moi porter parolle
A Monſeigneur Monſieur de la Fayolle, &c.

M. *D. Chat* ſays that *Rabelais* ſtiling him *Quart-Roy*, or *Tetrarch*, deſigns ſome Governor of a Province. S. *T. U.* tranſlates, *Fayolles, quart Roy de Numidia*; *Fayolles, the fourth King of* Numidia; as if he was the fourth of that Name. If *Rabelais* had meant ſo, he wou'd have ſaid, *Fayolles quatre*, or *quatrieme*, as *Henry quatre*; or *quatrieme*, not *quart*, which ſignifies the fourth Part of a Thing; a Quarter Part.

(2) St. Mark.] Wrong. Read St. *Mars*, in Latin, *Martius*, and ſometimes *Medardus*. See *Du Chat* further on this Head.

ſide *Langes*, and ſquared as that is, with Tuffs and Hair-pleats, wrought within one another, no otherwiſe than as the Beards are upon the Ears of Corn.

If you wonder at this, wonder rather at the Tails of the *Scythian* Rams, which weighed above thirty Pounds each, and of the *Surian* Sheep, who need (if (3) *Tenaud* ſays true) a little Cart at their Heels to bear up their Tails, they are ſo long and heavy. (4) You Country Wenches have no ſuch Tails. And ſhe was brought by Sea in three Carricks and a Brigantine unto the Harbour of *Olone* in *Thalmondois*. When *Grangouſier* ſaw her, here is (ſaid he) what is fit to carry my Son to *Paris*. So now, in the Name of God, all will be well; he will one Day be a Scholar; (5) were it not for *Dunces* we ſhould all be *Doctors*. The next Morning, (after they had drunk, you muſt underſtand) they took their Journey; *Gargantua*, his (6) Pedagogue, *Ponocrates*, and their Equipage, and with them *Eudemon*, the young Page; and becauſe the Weather was fair and temperate, his Father cauſed him to be made a Pair of dun colour'd

(3) *Tenaud.*] 'Tis ſaid that the Abbot *Guyet*, by *Tenaud*, underſtood the Geographer, *Stephanus*, in which he was miſtaken, *Stephanus*, or *Stephens* having related no ſuch Thing. It is *Herodotus*, l. 3. 4, 113. ſpeaking of the Sheep of *Arabia*; and after him *Ælian*, c. 4. l. 10. of Animals. *Ariſtotle* 8. *Animal* 28. ſpeaking of the Tails of the *Scythian* Sheep, ſays they are a Cubit wide, but that's all he ſays of 'em. Thus *Rabelais's Tenaud* is in all likelihood ſome modern, nam'd *Stephen* or *Stephens*. *Suria*, as *Rabelais* ſpeaks according to the Cuſtom of the Age he liv'd in, perhaps from the *Italian*, *Soria*, is the ancient *Syria*.

(4) *You Country Wenches.*] Thus it ſtands in both Editions: It ſhou'd be *You Country Wenchers*. *Vous autres paillards de plat pays*. *Paillard* (*ruſtique*) from their lying on Straw (*Paille.*)

(5) *Were it not for* Dunces *we ſhou'd all be* Doctors.] *Froiſſart*, in ch. 173. of the 2d Vol. of *Verard's* Edition, frankly ſays, *the temporal Lords would not tell how to live or behave, and would be no better than mere Beaſts, or Ideots, were it not for the Clergy*. But here *Rabelais*, to let us ſee what his Opinion was as to the Capacity of the Clergy of his Time, affects to miſtake *Froiſſart's* Words, as it were to make *Grangouſier* ſay, ſince he reſolv'd his Son ſhould be a Student, that after all, the World might do very well without ſuch a Clergy, whoſe Example was the Occaſion that nobody cared a Pin for Inſtruction, or concern'd themſelves about what might tend thereto.

(6) *His Pedagogue*, Ponocrates, *&c.*] Read his Preceptor *Ponocrates*, without a Comma between.

Boots;

Boots; *Babin* calls them Buſkins. Thus did they merrily paſs their Time in travelling on the High-way, always making good Chear, and were very pleaſant till they came a little above *Orleans*, in which Place there was a Foreſt of five and thirty Leagues long, and ſeventeen in Breadth, or thereabouts. This Foreſt was moſt horrible fertile and copious in Dorflies, Hornets, and Waſps, ſo that it was a very Purgatory for the poor Mares, Aſſes and Horſes: but *Gargantua*'s Mare did avenge herſelf handſomely, of all the Outrages therein committed upon Beaſts of her Quality, and that by a Trick whereof they had no Suſpicion. For as ſoon as ever they were enter'd into the ſaid Foreſt, and that the Waſps had given the Aſſault, ſhe drew out her Tail, and therewith ſkirmiſhing, did ſo ſweep them, that ſhe overthrew all the Wood along and athwart, here and there, this Way and that Way, longwiſe and ſidewiſe, over and under, and felled every where the Wood with as much Eaſe as a Mower doth the Graſs, in ſuch Sort that never ſince hath there been there (7) either Wood, or Waſp: For all the Country was hereby reduced to a plain champaign Field. Which *Gargantua* took great Pleaſure to behold, and ſaid to his Company no more but this, *Je trouve beau ce, I find this pretty*; whereupon that Country hath been ever ſince that Time called *Beauce*. But all the Breakfaſt the Mare got that Day, was but a little yawning and gaping, in Memory whereof, the Gentlemen of *Beauce* do as yet to this Day (8) break their Faſt with gaping, which they find to be very good, and

(7) *Neither Wood nor Waſp.*] The Foreſt of *Orleans* is however ſtill in being, but as it had been newly fell'd at the Time *Rabelais* ſpeaks of, they ſtill continue from Time to Time to make great Falls of Timber and Underwood, when 'tis too thick.

(8) *Break their Faſt with gaping.*] *Coquillart*, in the Monologue of Perriwigs, ſpeaking of certain People who dreſs out, and go very trim and *jantée*, tho' they want Neceſſaries,

——*Et desjeuner tous les Matins*
Comme les Eſcuïers de Beaulce.

——And every Morning break their Faſt
Like Gentlemen of *Beauce*.

That is to ſay, they *gape* and *ſpit*, as 'tis uſual in a Morning when one has broke one's Faſt.

do ſpit the better for it. At laſt they came to *Paris*, where *Gargantua* refreſh'd himſelf two or three Days, making very merry with his Folks, and enquiring what Men of Learning there were then in the City, and what Wine they drunk there.

CHAP. XVII.

How Gargantua *paid his Beverage to the* Pariſians, *and how he took away the great Bells of our Lady's Church.*

SOME few Days after that they had refreſh'd themſelves, he went to ſee this City, and was beheld of every Body there with great Admiration. For the People of *Paris* are ſuch Fools, ſuch Puppies and Naturals, that a Juggler, a Carrier of Indulgencies, a Sumpter-horſe, a Mule with his Bells, a *Blind Fidler* in the Middle of a croſs Lane, ſhall draw a greater Confluence of People together than an *Evangelical Preacher*. And they preſs'd ſo hard upon him, that he was conſtrained to reſt himſelf upon the Steeple of our *Lady*'s Church; at which Place ſeeing ſo many about him, he ſaid with a loud Voice, *I believe that theſe Buzzards will have me to pay them here my* Welcome *hither, and my* Beverage: *It is but good Reaſon. I will now* (1) *give them their Wine, but it ſhall be only a* Par ris, that is, *in Sport.* Then ſmiling, he untied his goodly Codpiece, and lugging out his Roger into the open Air, (2) he ſo bitterly

(1) Give them their Wine.] A Galliciſm. *Give them ſomething* to drink.

(2) *He ſo bitterly all-to-be-piſs'd them.*] King *Francis* I. if however it be true that *Rabelais* did deſign him by the Name of *Gargantua*, had ſo many amiable Qualities by Nature, that the *French* were tranſported with Joy at having him for their King; the *Pariſians*, in particular admired him. But ſoon after his Acceſſion to the Crown, that Prince, who was unprovided of the neceſſary Funds for the War he was going to make in *Italy*, having treated ſeveral new Impoſts, and eſtabliſhed the Venality of Abundance of Offices, all this together put a great Damp on the Hopes the *Pariſians* had conceived of the Eaſineſs and Mildneſs of his Reign; and in all probability, it is

terly all-to-be-piſs'd them, that he drowned two hundred and ſixty thouſand four hundred and eighteen, beſides the Women and little Children.

Some nevertheleſs of the Company eſcaped this Piſs-flood by mere Speed of Foot, who when they were at the higher End of the Univerſity, ſweating, coughing, ſpitting, and out of Breath, they began to ſwear and curſe, ſome in good hot Earneſt, and others *Par ris*, (3) *Carimari*, *Carimara*; *Golynoly*, *Golynolo* Ods-Bodikins, we are waſhed *Par ris*, from whence that City hath been ever ſince called *Paris*; whoſe Name formerly was *Leucotia* (as *Strabo* teſtifieth, *lib. quarto*) which in *Greek* is *Whiteneſs*, becauſe of the white Thighs of the Ladies of that Place. And foraſmuch as at this Impoſition of a new Name, all the People, that were there, ſwore every one by the *Sanctſ* of his Pariſh, the *Pariſians*, which are patch'd up of all Nations, and all Manner of Men, are by Nature good at *Swearing*, and not a little domineering; whereupon *Joanninus de Barrauco*, *libro de copioſitate reverentiarum*, thinks that they are called *Pariſians* from the *Greek*, as one would ſay, (4) *Bold Talkers*.

This done, he conſidered the great Bells which were in the ſaid Steeple, and made them ring very harmoniouſly; which whilſt he was doing, it came into his Mind, that they would ſerve very well for *tingling Tantans* to

is this that *Rabelais* means, in ſaying, he *ſo bitterly all-to-be-piſs'd them*, ſoon after his Arrival in their City; that is to ſay, he put ſuch Hardſhips and Affronts upon them, that they had much ado to digeſt them.

(3.) Carimari.] Confus'd ſenſeleſs Sounds.

(4.) Bold Talkers.] This Opinion, which is refuted by *Adrian de Valois*, is one of thoſe offered by *Andrew Du Cheſne*, in Ch. 1. of his Antiquities of *Paris*, where it appears that he whom *Rabelais* means by *Janninus de Barrauco*, or *Barranco*, as we read in *Dolet's* Edition, muſt needs be *William le Breton*, who, in Lib. 1. of his *Philippid*, thus ſpeaks of the *Pariſians*:

Finibus egreſſi Patriis, per Gallica rura
Sedem quærebant ponendis mœnibus aptam,
Et ſe Parrhiſios *dixerunt Nomine Græco,*
Quod ſonat expoſitum noſtris Audacia *Verbis,*
Erroris Cauſâ vitandi, Nomine ſolo
A quibus extiterant Francis diſſare volentes.

hang

hang about his Mare's Neck, when ſhe ſhould be ſent back to his Father (as he intended) loaded with *Brie* Cheeſe and freſh Herring; and indeed he forthwith carried them to his Lodging. In the mean while there came a Maſter Beggar of the Friars of St. *Anthony*, for ſome Hogs Purtenance; who, that he might be heard afar-off, and to make the Bacon ſhake in the very Chimnies, had a Mind to theſe Bells, and made account to filch them away privily. Nevertheleſs, he left them behind him very honeſtly, not for that they were too hot, but that they were ſomewhat too heavy for his Carriage. This was not he of *Bourg*, for he was too good a Friend of mine.

All the City was in an Uproar, they being (as you know upon any ſlight Occaſion) ſo ready to Uproars and Inſurrections, that foreign Nations wonder at the Patience of the Kings of *France*, who do not by good Juſtice reſtrain them from ſuch tumultuous Courſes, ſeeing the manifold Inconveniences which thence ariſe from Day to Day. Would to God I knew the Shop, wherein are forged theſe Diviſions, and factious Combinations, that I might bring them to Light in the Confraternities of my Pariſh. Believe for a Truth, that the Place wherein the People (gathered together) were thus ſulfur'd moiled and bepiſs'd, was called *Neſle*, where then was (but now is no more) the (5) Oracle of *Lucetia*. There was the Caſe propoſed and the Inconvenience ſhewed of carrying away the Bells.

After all their *ergoes* with their *pro* and *con*, it was concluded in *Baralipton*, that they ſhould ſend the oldeſt and moſt ſufficient of the Faculty unto *Gargantua*, to ſignify to him the great and horrible Prejudice

(5) *Oracle of* Leucetia.] The Goddeſs *Iſis* is reckoned to have been the tutelar Deity of the *Pariſians*, when they were in the State of Paganiſm. The Idol which they had conſecrated to her was ſtill ſubſiſting, and in good Condition, in the Abbey of St. *Germain des Prez*, at the Beginning of the 16th Century; but in 1514, it was taken away, by Order of *William Briconnet*, Biſhop of *Meaux*, and Abbot of *St. Germain*, who put up in the Room of it a red Croſs. As for this Idol, her Statue which was tall and erect, rough, and diſcolour'd with Age, was placed againſt the Wall, on the North Side, where the Crucifix of the Church ſtands, and it was naked, except ſome Drapery in a certain Place or two.

they

they ſuſtain'd by the Want of thoſe Bells: and notwithſtanding the good Reaſons given in by ſome of the Univerſity, why this Charge was fitter for an Orator than a Sophiſter, there was choſen for this Purpoſe our Maſter. (6) *Janotus de Bragmardo.*

CHAP. XVIII.

How Janotus de Bragmardo *was ſent to* Gargantua *to recover the great Bells.*

MAſter *Janotus*, with his Hair cut round as a Diſh, his *Liripoop* on his Head after the old Faſhion; and having ſufficiently *antidoted* his Stomach with Kitchen-Cordials, and holy Water of the Cellar, convey'd himſelf to the Lodging of *Gargantua*, driving before him three red muzzled *Beadles*, and dragging after him five or ſix (1) *Artleſs Maſters*, all thoroughly bedagled with the

(6) Janotus de Bragmardo.] *Vallambert d'Avalon*, Phyſician and Poet, is the Author of ſome *Latin* Epigrams, among which are ſome againſt one *Janotus*, a very tedious fatiguing Orator. The Sirname of *de Bragmardo* puts me in Mind of *John le Cornu*, to whom the Poet *Villon*, in his (little) Will and Teſtament, bequeaths his *Branc d' Acier*, (*Cutlaſs* I take it) a Word which *Marot*, in the Margin of his Edition, renders *Braquemard*, and which *Cotgrave* ſays, as I ſaid before, is a Sort of Wood-knife, Hanger, Whineyard, Cutteau.) The famous Mr. *Sarraſin*, who underſtood *Rabelais* (*qui ſavoit bien ſon* Rabelais, an Expreſſion become as proverbial in *France*, as with us, *to underſtand Trapp*; I don't mean Dr. *Trapp*) had his Eye to this Paſſage in his *Greedy Guts's Laſt Will and Teſtament* (a notorious Paraſite, *Peter de Montmaur*, whom *Saraſin* calls *Goulu.*)

Pour Janotus *mon viel Ami*
Sera mon gentil Braquemart:
Puis encor Theca Calami,
Qu' indoctes nomment Calemart.

My Friend, Janotus, *when I die*,
Shall have my fine Cutto.
Item, *my* Theca Calami,
(*Or* Pen-caſe, *you muſt know*,
For ſo by the Indoct 'tis call'd, &c.)

(1) Artleſs Maſters.] M. *Du Chat* has two or three very pretty Remarks on theſe *Artleſs Maſters* (*Maitres Inertes*, as Rabelais ludicrouſly

the Mire of the Streets. At their Entry *Ponocrates* met them, who was afraid, ſeeing them ſo diſguiſed, and thought they had been ſome *Maſkers* out of their Wits; which moved him to enquire of one of the ſaid *Artleſs Maſters* of the Company, what this Mummery meant? It was anſwer'd him, that they deſired to have their *Bells* reſtored to them. As ſoon as *Ponocrates* heard that, he ran in all haſte to carry the News unto *Gargantua*, that he might be ready to anſwer them, and ſpeedily reſolve what was to be done. *Gargantua*, being advertiſed hereof, called apart his Preceptor *Ponocrates*, *Philotimus* Steward of his Houſe, *Gymnaſtes* his Eſquire, and *Eudemon*, and very ſummarily conferred with them, both of what he ſhould do, and what Anſwer he ſhould give. They were all of Opinion, that they ſhould bring them to the Can-office, and there make them drink like Royſters, and line their Jackets ſoundly. And that this *Cougher* might not be puffed up with vain Glory, by thinking the Bells were reſtored at his Requeſt, they ſent (whilſt he was plying the Pot) for the Mayor of the Town, the Rector of the Faculty, and the Vicar of the Church, unto whom they reſolved to deliver the Bells before the *Sophiſter* had delivered his Commiſſion. After that, in their Hearing, he ſhould make his fine *Harangue*, which was done, and they (*Janotus* and the reſt) being come, the Sophiſter was brought into a full Hall, and began as followeth, in coughing.

dicrouſly calls them) but I have neither Room nor Time allowed me to get them into this Edition; ſo they muſt be kept, as well as ſeveral others no leſs curious, till another Occaſion offers. Operators for the Bookſellers are forced oftentimes to ſhrug up their Shoulders, and ſay to them, as the *Italian* Phraſe is, *Voi ſete Pacroni*, when they can't help themſelves, nor have Intereſt enough to get a Subſcription, as was my Caſe, who could get but thirty Subſcribers to my Tranſlation of the *Roman Hiſtory*, and one that came after me got Five Hundred to his. He has made his Fortune by a falſe Tranſlation, and I have loſt Scores of Pounds by a true one. But what was moſt provoking, tho' ridiculouſly partial at the ſame Time; ſome would not ſubſcribe to mine, becauſe I had dedicated it to Sir *R. W.* and others refuſed, becauſe I had wrote a Criticiſm to expoſe the Blunders of a Court Chaplain.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

The Harangue of Maſter Janotus de Bragmardo, *for the Recovery of the Bells.*

(1) HEM, hem, *Gudday* Sir, *Gudday & vobis*, my Maſters, it were but Reaſon that you ſhould reſtore to us our Bells: For we have great Need of them. *Hem, hem, aih fu haſh*, we have oftentimes heretofore refuſed good Money for them of thoſe of (2) *London* in *Cahors*, yea and of thoſe of *Bourdeaux* in *Brie*, who would have bought them for the *ſubſtantifick Quality of the elementary Complexion*, which is *intronificated* in the *terreſtreity* of their quidditive Nature, to extraneize the

(1) *Hem, hem,* Gudday *Sir,* Gudday.] In the Original it runs, Ehen, hen, hen, *Mnadies,* Monſieur, *Mnadies.* On which M. *du Chat* obſerves, That what made *Janches* cough thus, before he began his Speech, was neither the great Age of that Doctor, nor the great Quantity of Bread he had eaten at Home, or at *Gargantua*'s. It was a Piece of premeditated Affectation, to imitate the famous Preacher *Oliver Maillard*, who in his Time was wont to cough at the principal Paſſages of his Sermons. The Miniſter *Faucheur*, p. 81. of the Treatiſe of the Action of an Orator, miſtakingly aſcrib'd by many to M. *Gonrart*, ſays, *As for Coughing, there were heretofore Preachers of ſo odd a Fancy, as to cough in their Sermons without the leaſt Occaſion, but only becauſe they thought it gave a Grace and Weight to their Words*; *Witneſs* Oliver Maillard, *who, in a Sermon preached at* Bruges 1500, *mark'd the Places of his Sermon where he deſign'd to cough, by putting down Hem, hem, hem, as is ſtill to be ſeen in the printed Copies*: which gave Occaſion to the pretended *Vigneul Marville*, an inexact Copier of this Place, to ſay, that had it not been for this Example, People would perhaps never have dreamt of ſuch a Thing as a Coughing Eloquence. But to proceed, As for the *mna dies*, with which old *Janotus* begins his Oration, nothing can be better fancy'd, ſince ſuch an impertinent and ſenſeleſs Pronunciation of *bona Dies* equally ſhows the Faultering of a Drunkard, and the vitious and barbarous Way of Speaking which prevail'd in the Schools before the Reſtitution of polite Literature. Beſides, could any Thing be more ſottiſh, than for this Pedant to begin a Speech to his Prince with a *bona Dies? (Good-day to you.)* And laſtly, did it not argue great Want of Senſe, to revive the ridiculous Cuſtom of the *Menots* and *Maillards* to ſpeak ſometimes *French*, and ſometimes *Latin* in the ſame Diſcourſe?

(2) London *in* Cahors, *&c.*] *Londres en Cahors*, &c. a Wipe for thoſe who venture to ſpeak of Things beyond their Underſtanding: They make as many Blunders as they ſpeak Words.

blaſting

blasting Mists and Whirlwinds upon our Vines; indeed not ours but these round about us. For *if we lose the Liquor of the Grape, we lose all, both Sense and Law.* If you restore them to us at my Request, I shall gain by it six Baskets full of Sausages, and a fine Pair of Breeches, which will do my Legs a great deal of good, or else they will not keep their Promise to me. Ho by gob, *Domine*, a pair of Breeches is good, *& vir sapiens non abhorrebit eam.* Ha, ha, a Pair of Breeches is not so easily got, I have Experience of it myself. Consider, *Domine*, I have been these Eighteen Days in (3) *metagraboliſing* this brave Speech. *Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari: & quæ sunt Dei, Deo. Ibi jacet lepus.* By my Faith, *Domine*, if you will sup with me in (4) *Camera*, by Cox Body, *Charitatis nos faciemus* (5) *bonum Cherubinum*; *ego* (6) *occidit unum porcum* & (7) *ego*

(3) *Metagraboliſing.*] It should be *Matagraboliſing*, a Word forg'd at Pleasure, and signifies the studying or writing of vain Things. When *Rabelais* coin'd this Word, says M. *Du Chat*, he had in his Eye these three, μάταιος *ineptus*, γράφω *ſcribo*, & βάλλω *jacio*, from whence making ματαιολ ραφοβολίζειν *ineptas Scriptiones emittere*, he afterwards formed his *French matagraboliſer.*

(4) Camera, &c.] False Punctuation spoils the Sense: Read, *in Camera*, by Cock's Body, *Charitatis*, *nos faciemus*, &c. The *Camera Charitatis* is the Chamber where the Mendicans make good *Chear* with the Tid-bits given 'em out of *Charity.*

(5) Bonum Cherubinum.] *Bonum Cherubin* in the Original. We shall make good *Chear*, and by banging the Bottle about shall make our Faces *Cherubical.* So these Words really signified heretofore in the School of *Paris*; and for a Proof that this fine *Latin* was yet in Vogue amongst the Scholars at the Beginning of *Francis* the First's Reign, we have *Maturin Cordier (Corderius)* reproving and correcting this barbarous Locution, three Times or more, in his Dialogues, *De corrupti Sermonis Emendatione*, printed for the first Time in 1531.

(6) Occidit.] *Rabelais* writ *Occidi.*

(7) Ego habet bonum Vino.] These are indeed *Rabelais*'s Words, and it may be imagin'd by some, that he carried the Raillery too far, or at least had only a View to the Theologians, with Respect to that Maxim, *Non debent Verba cœlestis Oraculi subesse regulis Donati:* [St. *Gregory* towards the Close of the Preface of his Morality.] But there's no such Thing; and it is most certainly true, that Abundance of Doctors in all Faculties did maintain, that Pronouns of the first Person might, without Incongruity, be join'd with the third Person of a Verb. *Incredibile prope dictu est*, says *Freigius* in *Ramus*'s Life, *sed tamen verum, & editis libris proditum, in Parienſi Academiæ Doc-*

tores

ego habet bonum Vino: (8) But of good Wine we cannot make bad *Latin.* Well, *De parte Dei date nobis bellas noſtras.* Hold, I give you in the Name of the Faculty, (9) *a Sermones de Utino,* that *utinum* you would

tores extitiſſe, qui mordicus tuerentur ac defenderent, Ego amat, *tam commodam Orationem eſſe, quàm* Ego amo, *ad eamque Pertinaciam comprimendam conſilio publico Opus fuiſſe.* One would be at a Loſs to gueſs at the Grounds of theſe Doctors Opinion, which was however, at Length, ſolemnly condemned by the *Sorbonne,* and by the Divinity Faculty of *Oxford,* had not *Agrippa* inform'd us, that they built this extravagant Notion of theirs on the *Hebrew* Text of two Paſſages of the Old Teſtament, bringing in God ſpeaking of himſelf. [One in *Iſaiah,* ch. xxxviii. v. 5. *Ecce* Ego addet *ſuper Dies tuos,* &c. *Behold, I will add unto thy Days,* &c. For he does not ſay, *Addam,* but *Addet.* The other in *Malachi,* ch. i. v. 6. *If I be a Maſter, where is my Fear?* He does not ſay *Dominus ego,* but *Domini ego*] See more of this in *du Chat*'s Quotation out of *Agrippa, de Vanitate Scientiarum,* ch. 3. though by the Way, *Agrippa* did but paraphraſe what *Eraſmus* had before glanced at concerning this merry Conteſt, in his *Moriæ Encomium.*

(8) *But of good Wine we cannot make bad* Latin.] *De bon Vin, on ne peult faire maulvais Latin.* It is certain, bating the Falſeneſs of the Concord, whether we ſay *bonum Vino,* or *bonus Vina,* as in *Dolet*'s Edition, we underſtand that *good Wine* is what is meant, as eaſily as if we ſay *bonum Vinum.* Now, according to the Canoniſts, it ſufficeth if we be underſtood. Aſk them whether it is a Baptiſm to ſay *omine atris & illii,* &c. inſtead of *Nomine Patris & Filii,* &c. They'll tell ye *No,* and that ſuch a Diminution hinders it from being a Baptiſm: for, ſay they, the Senſe and Meaning is removed and chang'd, for *atris* does not ſignify Father, nor *illi* Son; *ergò,* ſuch Baptiſm is null. But if this Diminution be at the End of the Word, as if the *s* be taken from *Patris,* by ſaying *Patri,* or the like, ſuch Diminution does not hinder the Baptiſm: for one and the ſame Senſe remains in the Words, but then the Intention of ſaying them aright muſt go along with them. Of this we have an Example in a Decree, *de conſecr. diſt. 4. cap. retulerunt:* A Prieſt, ignorant in the *Latin* Tongue, baptizeth a Child thus, *in Nomina Patria & Filia Spitum ſancta, Amen.* In this Decree the Pope ſays, *The Child was baptiz'd*: conſidering the Prieſt was a very devout Man, and had an Intention to ſpeak aright, and only fail'd thro' Ignorance and Inſcience.

(9) *A* Sermones de Utino, *&c.*] Alluſion of the Word *Utinam* to the Name *Utinum* or *Udino,* the chief City of *Friuli,* and the Country of a *Dominican* Monk, who publiſh'd a huge Volume of Sermons under the Title of *Sermones aurei de Sanctis Fr. Leonardi de Utino,* printed firſt in 1473, at *Venice,* reprinted in 1496, again 1503 at *Lyons*; then again there, in 1517. In order to underſtand this Paſſage of *Janotus*'s Speech, we need but ſuppoſe, that as theſe Sermons were very much in Vogue, the Faculty, who thought to pleaſe the Prince's

would give us our Bells. *Vultis etiam pardonos?* (10) *Per Diem vos habebitis, & nihil payabitis.*

O, Sir *Domine*, (11) *Bellagivaminor nobis*; verily *eſt bonum urbis.* They are uſeful to every Body. If they fit your Mare well, ſo do they do our Faculty; *Quæ comparata eſt jumentis inſipientibus, & ſimilis facta eſt eis,* (12) *Pſalmo neſcio quo.* Yet did I quote it in my Note Book; & (13) *eſt unum bonum* Achilles, a good defending Argument, *Hem, hem, hem, haikhaſh*; for I prove unto you that you ſhould give me them. *Ego ſic argumentor. Omnis bella (clocha) bellabillis in Bellerio bellando, bellans bellativo, bellare facit, bellabiliter bellantes. Pariſius habet bellas*; (14) *ergo gluc.* Ha, ha, ha,

Prince's Taſte, being perſuaded that *Gargantua* might be prevail'd on to reſtore the Bells, if at the ſame Time that they beſought him ſo to do, they preſented him with a Copy of *Utino*'s Sermons: The Pedant *Janotus* thought he could not more properly tender his Preſent, than by accompanying, with an affectionate *Utinam*, the moſt humble Petition which he made to *Gargantua* to reſtore the Bells of the Church *Notre Dame.*

(10) *Per Diem.*] He ſwears *per Diem* (by Day) not daring to ſwear *per Deum*; and *Beza* is ſtill more facetious, when in ſwearing *per Diem* in his *Paſſavantius*, he adds, *ſicut dicit Dawid*, as if that would ſave his Oath, by Favour of the 6th Verſe of the 121ſt Pſalm: *The Sun ſhall not ſmite thee* BY DAY, *&c.*

(11) *Bellagivaminor.*] In the Original *Clochidonnaminor nobis*, [Let our Bells *(Cloches* in *French)* be given us.]

(12) *Pſalmo neſcio quo.*] A rare Textuary, this Maſter *Janotus!* Theſe Words are in Pſalm 49, & *Homo, cum in Honore eſſet, non intellexit: comparatus eſt jumentis inſipientibus & ſimilis factus eſt illis.* His applying this Paſſage to the Univerſity of *Paris*, is, becauſe having abuſed their too great Authority to the exciting ſeveral Mutinies in preceding Reigns, they were now ſomewhat curb'd in Compariſon of what they were in thoſe Times.

(13) *Eſt unum bonum* Achilles.] He means, that his Argument, taken from the Pſalm, was invincible, like a ſecond *Achilles. Vives*, in his Dialogue intituled, *Schola. Argumentum hic eſt planè* Achilles *invincibilis: jugulum petit, non poterit propugnatur ſe tueri, ſtatim dabit Manus.*

(14) *Ergo gluc.*] See in *M. Du Chat* ſome very merry Explanations of this Word *Glue*, too long to be inſerted here. He concludes with obſerving, that *Gluc* is likewiſe a Word uſed by the *Germans*, when they wiſh any one well, as, *that God would help them, &c.* [from whence, I ſuppoſe, we have our Word *Luck.*] In this Senſe it may be, that, after them, we have applied it to a timorous Logician, and ſeeing him in Convulſions at his *Ergo*, we ſay to him *gluck*, i. e. *Chear up, have a good Heart*, to encourage him to puſh home his Argument.

ha, this is ſpoken to ſome Purpoſe; it is *in Tertio Primæ*, in *Darii*, or elſewhere. By my Soul, I have ſeen the Time that I could play the Devil in arguing, but now I am much failed; and henceforward want nothing but *good Wine*, a *good Bed*, my *Back to the Fire*, my *Belly to the Table*, and a *good deep Diſh*.

Hei Domine, I beſeech you, *in Nomine Patris, Filii, & Spiritus ſancti, Amen*, to reſtore unto us our Bells; and (15) God keep you from Evil, and our Lady from Health; *Qui vivit & regnat per omina ſecula ſeculorum, Amen. Hem, haſhchehhawk ſaſh qzrchremhemhaſh*, [*Coughing.*] *Verum enim vero, quandoquidem, dubio procul, ædepol, quoniam, ità certè, meus Deus Filius*: A Town without Bells is like a blind Man without a Staff, an Aſs without a Crupper, and a Cow without Cymbals; therefore be aſſured, until you have reſtored them unto us, we will never leave crying after you, like a blind Man that hath loſt his Staff, braying like an Aſs without a Crupper, and making a Noiſe like a Cow without Cymbals. A certain *Latiniſator*, dwelling near the *Hoſpital*, ſaid once, producing the Authority of one *Taponus*, I lye, it was (16) *Pontanus* the Secular Poet, who wiſh'd

(15) *God keep you from Evil, and our Lady from Health.*] This old Dotard would have ſaid, *God, and our Lady of Health, keep you from Evil! Rabelais* ridicules the vicious and careleſs Ways of Speaking uſed by the old *French*, and too many of the Moderns too, eſpecially among the Vulgar.

(16) Pontanus *the ſecular Poet.*] This is the famous *John Jovian Pontanus*. *Janotus* calls him the *Secular Poet* by Way of Sneer; for, under the Notion of this Nick-name, the *Sorboniſts* generally comprehend all the good *Greek* and *Latin* Authors both ancient and modern, but particularly *Reuchlin*'s Friends, and others who then had renounced the empty Titles of the Schools, and the Barbariſms thereof, in order to bend their Minds to the Study of the Languages, Philoſophy, and the *Belles Lettres*. *John* of *Saliſbury*, *l.* 1. *Metalog. c.* 3. where he ſpeaks of the Barbariſm brought into Literature by the idle and vain Science of the School-Divines: *Sufficiebant ad victoriam verboſus clamor, & qui undecumque aliquid inferebat, ad propoſiti perveniebat metam: Poetæ, Hiſtoriographi, habebantur infames, & ſi quis incumbebat laboribus antiquorum, notabatur, & non modò aſello Arcadiæ tardior, ſed obtuſior plumbo omnibus erat in riſum.* The Hatred which theſe People bore towards every Thing that they call'd *Secularia Scripta* is no leſs ſeriouſly deſcribed by *Budæus*, Part I. of his Annot. on the Pandects, Page 469, &c. of the Edition of *Lyons* 1562, in 8vo. but where

wiſh'd thoſe (17) Bells had been made of Feathers, and the Clapper of (18) a Fox-tail, to the End they might have begot (19) a Chronicle in the Bowels of his Brain, when he was about the compoſing of his carmini-formal Lines: But (20) *Nac petetin petetac, tic, torche Lorgne, more the Deponent ſaith not.* He was declared an *Heretick.* (21) We make them as of Wax. (22) *Valete & plaudite,* (23) *Calepinus recenſuie.*

CHAP.

where it is deſcribed in the moſt facetious Terms, is in the ſeveral Paſſages of the Satire, which ſome of *Reuchlin*'s Friends publiſh'd under the Title of *Epiſt. Obſcur. Viror.* againſt his Adverſaries. Under the Pretence that *Tully, Virgil,* and ſuch Authors, had not taken their Doctor's Degree at *Paris* or *Cologne,* they were, in theſe Barbarian Theologues Account, ſo many paltry *Secular Poets,* out of whoſe Works a certain *German* of *Nuremberg* merrily named Doctor *Hafenmuſs (Potage de Marmite)* believ'd that it was dangerous for the Scholars to fetch the Principles of the *Latin* Tongue. *Et ſcribatis mihi,* thus they make him write to *Ortwinus,* his Friend and Oracle, *an eſt neceſſarium ad æternam ſalutem, quod Scholares diſcunt Grammaticam ex* Poetis Secularibus, *ſicut eſt* Virgilius, Tullius, Plinius, *& alii.*

(17) *Bells,* &c.] *Pontanus* did break a Jeſt or two on Bells in his Dialogue intituled *Charon:* Which was indeed prohibited to be read, not on that Account, but becauſe he made too free with Churchmen, but the Author was never declar'd a Heretick for either one or t'other.

(18) *A Fox-tail.*] This Thought, which is repeated in ch. 27. of l. 5. is to be met with in the Book intituled the Ship of Fools, in the Chapter, adviſing, *Not to mind every Body's ill-natur'd or idle Diſcourſe about us.* All the Calumnies that can be ſpread abroad againſt an honeſt Man, ſays that old Book, ought no more to move him than if they ſhook in his Ears a Bell with a Fox-tail in it for a Clapper.

(19) *A Chronicle.*] Wrong; *La Cronique* is not a *Chronicle* [or Hiſtory] but a *Chronical Diſorder,* i. e. *Vertigo* of the Brain, *&c.* Phyſicians diſtinguiſh between an acute Malady Πάθος ὀξὺ which does not continue long, either becauſe People die of it, or are cured of it in a ſhort Time; and a Chronical Malady Πάθος χρόνιον, ſo called from χρόνος *Tempus,* becauſe it returns from Time to Time, and is of a laſting Nature, off and on.

(20) Nac, &c.] *Janotus,* in his dull Way, rings the Bells with his Voice and two Arms, as if he was actually mocking poor *Pontanus* and his Bells.

(21) *We make 'em as of Wax.*] We make Hereticks as we pleaſe, to Perfection, as if we caſt 'em in a Mould.

(22) Valete & plaudite.] *Janotus* having exhibited a Comedy in his own Perſon, it was but juſt he ſhould finiſh it, as *Plautus* and *Terence* do moſt of theirs.

(23) Calepinus recenſui.] The Pedant concludes his Speech like the ancient Grammarians, who uſed to put their Names at the Bottom of

CHAP. XX.

How the Sophiſter carried away his Cloth, and how he had a Suit in Law againſt the other Maſters.

THE Sophiſter had no ſooner ended, but *Ponocrates* and *Eudemon* burſt out a laughing ſo heartily, that they had almoſt ſplit with it, and given up the Ghoſt, even juſt as *Craſſus* did, ſeeing a lubberly Aſs eat Thiſtles; and as (1) *Philemon*, who, ſeeing an Aſs eat thoſe Figs which were provided for his own Dinner, died with Force of Laughing. Together with them Maſter *Janotus* fell a laughing too as faſt as he could, in which Mood of laughing they continued ſo long that their Eyes did water by the vehement Concuſſion of the Subſtance of the Brain, by which theſe lachrymal Humidities, being preſs'd out, glided through the optick Nerves; and ſo to the full repreſented *Democritus Heraclitiſing* and *Heraclitus Democritiſing*.

When they had done laughing, *Gargantua* conſulted with the Prime of his Retinue, what ſhould be done. There *Ponocrates* was of Opinion, that they ſhould make this fair Orator drink again, and ſeeing he had ſhewed them more Paſtime, and made them laugh more than

of their Manuſcripts, which they had reviſed and corrected; after which, they were copied out. Thus we ſee, *Calliopius recenſui*, *Eutropius recenſui*; becauſe *Calliopius* had corrected the Manuſcript of *Terence*, and *Eutropius* that of *Vegetius*. In like Manner, *Julius Celſus recenſui*, *Symmachus recenſui*, becauſe the firſt of theſe two laſt mentioned Criticks had corrected the Manuſcript of *Cæſar's Commentaries*, and the other *Aurelius Victor*. *Verville* likewiſe had his Eye to this ancient Cuſtom, when at the Bottom of the Title of his *Moyen de Parvenir* he put *Recenſuit Sapiens ab A. ad Z.* In fine, *Rabelais* here gives to underſtand, that the Vocabuliſt *Calepin*, who died about 1510, had reviſed *Janotus*'s Speech, which this Ignoramus had compos'd in *Latin* yet worſe than we ſee it in.

(1) Philemon.] This is the ſame Perſon whom [in l. 4. c. 17.] *Rabelais* calls *Philomenes*, to ſhew he had alſo read *Valerius Maximus* in *Fol. Paris* 1517, where he is called ſo, l. 9. c. 12. This Story is to be found in *Lucian*, l. 2. in the Chapter treating of the Longevity of ſome Perſons.

(2) a natural Fool could have done, that they ſhould give him *ten Baſkets* full of *Sauſages*, mentioned in his jolly Harangue, with (3) a *Pair of Hoſe, three hundred great Billets for the Fire, five and twenty Hogſheads of Wine*, a good large *down Bed*, and a *deep capacious Diſh*, which he ſaid were neceſſary for his old Age.

All this was done as they did appoint; only *Gargantua* doubting that they could not quickly find out Breeches fit for his wearing, becauſe he knew not what Faſhion would beſt become the ſaid Orator, whether the (4) martingal Faſhion, wherein is a Spunge-hole with a draw Bridge, for the more eaſy caguing; or (5) the Faſhion of the Mariners, for the greater Solace and Comfort of his Kidnies; or that of the *Switzers*, which keeps warm the Belly-tabret; or round Breeches with ſtrait Cannions, having in the Seat a Piece (6) like a Cod's Tail; all which conſidered, for fear of over heating his Reins, he cauſed to be given him ſeven Ells of white Cloth for the Linings. The Wood was carried by

(2) *A natural Fool.*] *Songeereux* in *French*. Our Author ſtrikes at *Magiſter noſter Songecruſius*, whoſe Character you have in the Catalogue of St. *Victor*'s Library.

(3) A Pair of Hoſe.] *Une Paire des Chauſſes*, means *a Pair of Breeches*, not *Hoſe*.

(4) *Martingal Faſhion.*] *A la Martingale. Beza*, in his Letter under the Name of *Benedictus Paſſavantius*, to the Preſident *Liſet*, newly made Abbot of St. *Victor*, acquaints us, that the ſaid Preſident uſed to wear ſuch Breeches. *Quamvis*, ſays he to him, *non plus faciat ad propoſitum, quam ſi canendo Miſſam, tu faceres totum* [*tu bene me intelligis*] *in caligis tuis ad Martingalam.* Theſe Martingale Breeches, ſo called, as is ſaid elſewhere, from the *Martegaux*, People of *Provence*, were ſtill in Faſhion in 1579, among the Court Minions, who made them ſerve for a quite different Uſe than what they were at firſt invented for. See *H. Stephen*'s Dial. 1. *du Nouv. Lang. Fr. Ital. p.* 210.

(5) *The Faſhion of the Mariners.*] *A la Mariniere. Caligæ ſolicantes.* Theſe Breeches, different from thoſe ſince called *Chauſſes à la Matelotte*, were full of Pleats and Gathers both above and below, and hardly reached to the Knee.

(6) *Like a Cod's Tail.*] *Like a Cod's Tail*, after which read as follows, *for fear of over-heating his Reins. All which conſidered, he cauſed to be given him ſeven Ells of black Cloth, and three of white for the Lining.* See ſome very curious Remarks upon all this in *Du Chat*.

the

the Porters, the *Maſters of Arts* carried the Sauſages and the Diſhes, [*Diſh*] and Maſter *Janotus* himſelf would carry the Cloth. One of the ſaid Maſters (called *Jouſſe Bandouille*) ſhewed him that it was not ſeemly nor decent for one of his Degree and Quality to do ſo, and that therefore he ſhould deliver it to one of them. Ha, ſaid *Janotus*, Blockhead, Blockhead, thou doſt not conclude *in modo & figura*; for lo, to this End ſerve (7) the *Suppoſitions & Parva Logicalia. Pannus pro quo ſupponit? Confuſè* (ſaid *Bandouille*) *& diſtributivè*. I do not aſk thee (ſaid *Janotus*) Blockhead, *quomodo ſupponit*, but *pro quo?* It is Blockhead, *pro tibiis meis*, and therefore I will carry it, *Egomet, ſicut ſuppoſitum portat appoſitum*; ſo did he carry it away very cloſe, as (8) *Patelin* did his Cloth. The beſt was, that when this Cougher, in a full Aſſembly held at the *Mathurins*, had

(7) *The* Suppoſitions & Parva Logicalia.] *Agrippa*, in his Enumeration of the ridiculous and dangerous Subtilties of the Learning of the Sophiſts or Scholiaſticks of his Time, ſpeaks thus of the Book intituled *Parva Logicalia*, where this pernicious Doctrine was taught and treated to the Bottom. *Longè plura prodigia majoraque portenta addidit recentior Sophiſtarum Schola, de terminorum paſſionibus, de infinito, de comparativis, de ſuperlativis, de differt aliud ab alio, de incipit & deſinit, de formalitatibus, hæcceitatibus, inſtantibus, ampliationibus, reſtrictionibus, diſtributionibus, intentionibus,* ſuppoſitionibus, *appellationibus, obligationibus, conſequentibus, indiſſolubilibus, exponibilibus, reduplicativis, excluſivis, inſtantiis, caſibus, particulariſacionibus, ſuppoſitis, mediatis & immediatis, completis & incompletis, complexis, & incomplexis, & cæteris intolerandis vaniſque vocabulis, quæ traduntur in* Parva Logicalia, *quibus omnia quæcunque reipſa falſa ſunt & impoſſibilia, vera eſſe facilè convincent: & contrà quæcunque vera ſunt, velut ex equo Trojano erumpentes, iis machinis ſubito verborum incendit ac ruina vaſtabunt.* This falſe Dialectick, which was ſet up in the 12th Century, upon the crying down of the ſolid Dialectick, taught by *Ariſtotle*, was ſome Time after reduced into an Art by *Petrus Hiſpanus*, of *Liſbon*, who liv'd to be Pope under the Name of *John* XII. This Man was the Author of the *Parva Logicalia*, conſiſting of eight particular Treatiſes, to which were added two more in the Re-impreſſion which was made thereof in 8vo, with a large Commentary, at *Cologne*, by *H. Quintel*, in 1500: And it was out of this fine Work (highly valued by the old Pedants) that the Sophiſt *Janotus* had drawn the Science he thought to get ſo much Honour by with *Gargantua*, and thoſe about him.

(8) Patelin.] See in *Du Chat* an Account at large of this old *French* Farce, and of *Reuchlin*'s ſuppos'd Tranſlation of it into *Latin*, under the Name of *Alexander Cognibertus*, and intituled *Vetrator*, alias *Patelinus*, &c.

with

with great Confidence demanded his Breeches and Sauſages, and that they were flatly denied him, becauſe he had them of *Gargantua*, according to the Informations thereupon taken; he ſhewed them that this was *gratis*, and out of pure Liberality, by which they were not in any Sort quit of their Promiſes. Notwithſtanding this it was anſwered him, that he ſhould be content with Reaſon, without Expectation of any other *Bribe* [*Boon*] there. Reaſon? [ſaid *Janotus*] we uſe none of that here, unlucky Traytors, you are not worth the hanging; the Earth beareth not more arrant Villains than you are; I know it well enough; Halt not before Cripples; I have practiſed Wickedneſs with you: By God's Rattle I will inform the King of the enormous Abuſes that are forged here, and carried underhand by you, and let me be a Leper if he do not burn you alive like (9) *Bougres*, *Traytors*, *Hereticks*, and *Seducers*, Enemies to God and Virtue.

Upon

(9) Bougres.——Hereticks.] Anciently theſe two Words, *Bougres*, and *Hereticks*, were Terms convertible: two Words for the ſame Thing, being joined immediately together, and moſt commonly the ſecond explaining the firſt. *Froiſſard*, Vol. 1. chap. 227. *Et fut* (Don Pedro de Caſtille) *en pleine Conſiſtorie en Avignon, & en la Chambre des Excommuniez publicquement declaré & reputé pour Bougre & Incredule.* And in ch. 7. of Vol. 4. one *Betiſarch*, Treaſurer to the Duke of *Berri*, is burnt alive at *Beziers*, for having own'd, *that he was a Heretick, and held the Opinions of the* Bougres; that is, in the Language of that Country, *deny'd the Trinity and Incarnation.* He had been only charged with Extortion, but he pretended to hold Heretical Opinions, in Hopes, that being a Cleric, he ſhould be ſent to the Pope, but the Bailli of *Beziers* caus'd him to be executed on his own Word. In theſe two Paſſages, *Heretick* and *Bougre* are ſynonimous, and mean the ſame Thing; but here in *Rabelais*, the Caſe is ſomewhat different, and I am apt to think *Janotus* accuſes his Brethren of Sodomy, Treaſon, and Hereſy. Every Man of Reading knows the Proverb in the Confeſſion of *Sancy*, l. 1. c. 2. *In Francia los Grandes y los Pedantes.* Some Doctors of the Univerſity might at that Time be ſuſpected to be guilty of that vile unnatural Practice, as ſome of them have ſince been charged home with it. *Nicolas Maillard* was of this Number, on which, ſee *H. Steph.* ch. 13. of his Apology for *Herodotus*, and the Comedy of the *Sick Pope (Pope Malade)* where, after this Verſe,

C'eſt Magiſter noſter Maillard.

We

Upon theſe Words they framed Articles againſt him; he on the other Side cited them to appear. In ſum, the Proceſs was retained by the Court, and there it is yet depending. Hereupon the *Magiſters* made a Vow, never to rub off the Dirt from either Shoes or Clothes; and Maſter *Janotus*, with his Adherents, vowed never to blow their Noſes, until Judgment was given by a definitive Sentence.

By reaſon of thoſe Vows, both Parties continue (10) dirty and ſnotty to this Day; for the Court hath not yet fully look'd into all the Proceedings; ſo that the Judgment is not like to be declar'd till (11) *Latter Lammas*; that is to ſay, never. So you find that they do more than *Nature*, and contrary to their own *Articles*. The *Articles* of *Paris* maintain, that to God alone belongs Infinity; and Nature produceth nothing that is immortal, for ſhe putteth an End and Period to all Things by her engender'd, according to the Saying, (12) *Omnia orta cadunt, &c.* But theſe (13) *Thick-miſt Swallowers* make the Suits in Law, depending

We read theſe two,

Qui donc ? noſtre Maiſtre Paillard,
Ce venerable Sodomite.

This Piece was printed at *Roüen* (or rather *Geneva)* in 8*vo.* 1561; but in 1591, there was another Edition in 12*mo.* without any Place's Name.

(10) *Dirty and ſnotty.*] Dirt, Ordure, Filth and Vermin, were in a Manner inherent to the Perſons of *Meſſieurs* our Maſters, particularly in *Vive*'s Time; who, ſpeaking of the Gowns of the *Sorboniſts* of *Paris*, tells us they wore 'em, *craſſas, detritas, laceras, lutulentas, immundas, pediculoſas.* He compares them likewiſe to the ancient *Cynicks*, &c.

(11) *Till* Latter Lammas.] *Till the next* Greek *Calends.* The *Greeks* had no Calends, *i. e.* did not reckon by them.

(12) Omnia orta cadunt.] *Omniaque orta occidunt*, ſays *Saluſt*, in the Beginning of his *Bellum Jugurthinum.*

(13) Thick-miſt Swallowers.] *Avalleurs de frimarts:* See elſewhere why *Rabelais* calls the Lawyers by this Name, as *frimats* means a *thick Miſt*; but there is another Meaning in it, which is *frimart* for *fremart:* Now the Word *Ferme* (a Farm) us'd to be ſpelt *Freme*, or *Frime*, ſo then it will allude to their ſwallowing the *Farms* of the poor Widows and Orphans, and the ſtrong Houſes of the Gentry.

upon them, both infinite and immortal; in doing whereof, they have given Occaſion to, and verified the Saying of *Chilo* the *Lacedæmonian*, conſecrated at *Delphos*: That *Miſery goes along with Law-ſuits, and Suitors are miſerable*; for ſooner ſhall they attain to the *End of their Lives*, than to the *final Deciſion of their pretended Rights*.

CHAP. XXI.

The Study of Gargantua, *according to the Diſcipline of his School-maſters the Sophiſters.*

THE firſt Day being thus ſpent, and the Bells put up again in their own Place, the Citizens of *Paris*, in Acknowledgement of this Courteſy, offer'd to maintain and feed his Mare as long as he pleaſed, which *Gargantua* took in good Part, and they ſent her to graze in the (1) Foreſt of *Biere*. I think ſhe is not there now. This done, he with all his Heart ſubmitted his Study to the Diſcretion of *Ponocrates*; who firſt of all appointed that he ſhould do as he was accuſtom'd, to the End it might be underſtood by what Means, in ſo long Time, his old Maſters had made him ſuch a Sot and (2) Puppy. He diſpoſed therefore of his Time in ſuch Faſhion, that ordinarily he did awake betwixt eight or nine o'Clock, whether it was Day or not, (for ſo had his ancient Governors ordained) alledging that which *David* ſaith; (3) *Vanum eſt vobis ante lucem ſurgere.* Then did he tumble and toſs, wag his Legs, and wallow in the Bed ſome Time, the better to ſtir up and rouſe his vital Spirits, and apparell'd himſelf according to the Seaſon; but willingly he would wear a (4) great long Gown

(1) *Foreſt of* Biere.] So called in old Time. It is near the Village of *Bievre*, where riſes the little River of *Bievre*, better known by the Name of the *Gobelins Brook*.

(2) *Puppy.*] Read *Ninny*, *Niais*, (in *French*) from whence perhaps we have our Word *Nizy*.

(3) *Vanum, &c.*] Pſalm CXXVII. v. 2. It is in vain for you to riſe up *early*.

(4) *Great long Gown of thick Frieze.*] This was a Batchelor or Maſter of Arts Gown, which by Reaſon of its Length was always daggled.

Gown of thick Frieze, furred with Fox Skins. Afterwards he (5) combed his Head with a Comb *de al-main*, which is the four Fingers and the Thumb, for his Preceptors had ſaid, That *to comb himſelf otherways, to waſh and make himſelf neat, was to loſe Time in this World.* Then he dung'd, piſs'd, ſpued, belch'd, crack'd, yawn'd, ſpitted, coughed, hawk'd, ſneez'd, and (6) ſnotted himſelf like an Archdeacon: and, to fortify againſt the Fog and bad Air, went to Breakfaſt, having ſome good fried Tripes, fair Raſhers on the Coals, good Gammons of Bacon, Store of good minc'd Meat, and a great deal of Sippet-brewis, made up of the Fat of the Beef-pot, laid upon Bread, Cheeſe, and chopp'd Parſley ſtrew'd together.

Ponocrates ſhew'd him, that he ought not to eat ſo ſoon after riſing out of his Bed, unleſs he had performed ſome Exerciſe beforehand. *Gargantua* anſwer'd, What! have not I ſufficiently well exerciſed myſelf? I have

g'ed. It was of a coarſe thick Stuff, like all the Diſciples or Scholars Habits in the Univerſity, as we learn from *Vives*. From the Length and Width of theſe Gowns of thick Frieze *(groſſe Friſe)* the Wits us'd to call the Apartments or Quarters of theſe Gentry, *le Païs de Friſe, the Country of Freeze*, or *Freezeland*.

(5.) *Combed his Head with a Comb* de al-main.] *Se pygnoit du pygne de Almaing.* An *Almain* or *German* Comb does not here reflect on that Nation as Slovens, for nothing is more cleanly than they are, whether in thoroughly combing their Heads, or frequently waſhing their Hands and Faces; but what gave Occaſion to this Sort of proverbial Expreſſion was this: Of all the civilized Nations of *Europe*, they being perhaps the laſt that came into the Wear of Periwigs, the *French*, who are ſeldom ſeen without a Comb in one Hand, were apt to laugh when they ſaw a *German* ever and anon all the Day long uſing both his to keep the Hair on his Forehead parted in two Diviſions, as he had adjuſted it with his Comb in the Morning. In *Oudin*'s Dictionaries, *Fr. Sp. & Fr. Ital. la peigne* (or as it was ſpelled in old Time, *pygne*) *d'Aleman*, i. e. *a German's Comb* is explicated by *los dedos & le dita: the Fingers and Thumb*, undoubtedly for the Reaſon before given. [I take *dedos & dita* to mean Fingers and *Thumb* too, tho' *groſſo* is not added.

(6) *Snotted himſelf, &c.*] *Se morvait en Archidiacre.* He flung his Snot about like an Archdeacon. Becauſe an Archdeacon, having a much fatter Prebend and a greater Income than the ordinary and undignify'd Canons of his Chapter, has wherewithal to make better Chear, and ſo by faring better and being fuller fed, he muſt abound more with Humours than the others.

wallow'd and roll'd myſelf ſix or ſeven Turns in my Bed, before I roſe; is not that enough? (7) Pope *Alexander* did ſo, by the Advice of a *Jew* his Phyſician, and *lived till his dying Day in deſpite of his Enemies.* My firſt Maſters have uſed me to it, ſaying, That *to eat Breakfaſt made a good Memory*; and therefore they drank firſt. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Maſter *Tubal* (who was the firſt Licentiate at *Paris*) told me, That *it was not enough to run apace, but to ſet forth betimes.* So the total Welfare of our Humidity doth not depend upon drinking, ſwitter-ſwatter like Ducks, but in being at it early in the Morning; *Unde verſus,*

(8) *Lever matin ne'eſt point bonheur,*
Boire matin eſt le meilleur.

To riſe betimes is good for nothing,
To drink betimes is Meat and Cloathing.

After a good Breakfaſt he went to Church, and they carried to him in a great Baſket (9) a huge *Breviary*, weighing, what in Greaſe, Claſps, Parchment, and Cover, little more or leſs than eleven hundred and ſix

(7) *Pope* Alexander *did ſo.*] This muſt be meant of Pope *Alexander* V. a great Crammer, and as great a Guzler, ſays his Hiſtorian *Theodoric de Niem* (l. 2. c. 33.) I very well remember to have read ſomewhere, that this Pontiff being unable to ſit up, (he was grown ſo corpulent and heavy) *Marſilius* of *Parma*, his Phyſician, preſcribed him a Wench to friſk and gambol it together a-bed now and then by Way of Exerciſe, and in this Poſture the Holy Father was one Day ſurpriſed by Company, who unexpectedly came to ſee him.

(8) Lever, &c.] *Lever matin n'eſt point bonheur,*
Mais venir à point eſt meilleur.

To riſe *betimes is good for nothing:*
To come i' th' Nick *is Meat and Cloathing.*

That's the Proverb as we find it in *Peter Groſnet*'s Collection; but *Rabelais* here adapts it to his Purpoſe.

(9) *A huge* Breviary.] *Rabelais* gives this Breviary another Epithet beſides *huge*, which Sir *T. U.* has omitted, and it is *empantoufflé*; a huge *impantofled* Breviary, that is, a Breviary that came from *Rome*, and ſealed as it were with the Pope's *Slipper (Pontoſle.)* See more of this in l. 2. c. 7.

Pounds:

Pounds: There he heard ſix and twenty or thirty Maſſes: This while, to the ſame Place came his Mattin-mumbler, muffled up about the Chin, (10) round as a Hoop, and his Breath pretty well antidoted with the Vine-tree Sirrup: with him he mumbled all his *Kiriels*, which he ſo curiouſly thumbed and finger'd, that there fell not ſo much as one Bead of them to the Ground. As he went from the Church, they brought him, upon a Dray drawn with Oxen, a confuſed Heap of *Patinotres* of *Saint Claude*, every one of the Bigneſs of a Hat-block; and ſauntring along through the Cloiſters, Galleries, or Garden, he riddled over more of them than ſixteen Hermits would have done. Then did he ſtudy ſome paultry Half Hour with his Eyes fixed upon his Book; but (as the Comedy has it) *His Mind was in the Kitchen*. (11) Piſſing then a whole Pot full, he ſat down at Table; and becauſe he was naturally phlegmatick, he began his Meal with ſome Dozens of Gammons, dried Neats Tongues, *Botargos*, Sauſages, and ſuch other Fore-runners of Wine; in the mean while, four of his Folks did caſt into his Mouth, one after another continually, Muſtard by the whole Shovels full. Immediately after that, he drank a horrible Draught of White-Wine for the Comfort of his Kidnies. When that was done, he eat, according to the Seaſon, Meat agreeable to his Appetite; and then left off eating when his Belly was like to crack for Fullneſs. As for his drinking, he had in that neither End nor Rule; for he was

(10) *Round as a Hoop.*] It is in the Original, *like the Bird call'd a Duppe*, and by ſome a *Hupe*. *Cotgrave* ſays 'tis a *Whoop*, or *Whooper*, a Sort of Dunghill Cock (adds he) that loves to neſtle in a Man's Ordure, and hath a great Creſt or Tuft of Feathers on its Head. M. *Du Chat* (quoting *Belon* of Birds) ſays 'tis a ſilly Bird, almoſt without any Tongue, and, by its ill-articulated Voice, it reſembles that of Mattin Mumblers.

(11) *Piſſing then a whole Pot full.*] *Piſſant donc plein Official.* In all the Editions except that of 1535, and that of *Dolet*, it is *Urinal* inſtead of *Official*; which inclines M. *Du Chat* to think, that *Official*, in the Senſe of *Urinal*, is a Word peculiar to the People of *Lyons*, where thoſe two Editions were printed. In c. 9. *Rabelais* laughs at thoſe who call a *Chamber-pot* an *Official*; becauſe, in his Time, ſome People, thinking to ſpeak politely, would call that Implement an *Official*, under Colour that it did the *Office* of a *Ward-robe*, (*Garde-robe*) ſo the *French* call *a Houſe of Office*, or *Cloſe-ſtool-Cloſet*.

wont to ſay, *That the Limits and Bounds of Drinking were, that a Man might drink till the Cork of his Shoes ſwells up Half a Foot high.*

CHAP. XXII.

The Games of Gargantua.

THEN with a ſtarched Phiz mumbling over ſome Scraps of a Scurvy Grace, he waſh'd his Hands in freſh Wine, pick'd his Teeth with the Foot of a Hog, and talked merrily with the People; then the Carpet being ſpread, they brought Plenty of Cards, many Dice, with great Store and Abundance of Checkers and Cheſs-boards.

There he played,

At Fluſſe.
At Primero.
At the Beaſt.
At the Rifle.
At Trump.
At the Prick and Spare not.
At the Hundred.
At the Peenie.
At the Unfortunate Woman.
At the Fib.
At the Paſs Ten.
At One and Thirty.
At Poſt and Pair, or Even and Sequence.
At Three Hundred.
At the Unlucky Man.
At the Laſt Couple in Hell.
At the Hock.
At the Surly.
At the Lanſkenet.
At the Cuckow.
At Puff, or let him ſpeak that hath it.
At take nothing and throw out.
At the Marriage.
At the Frolick, or Jack-daw.
At the Opinion.
At who doth the one doth the other.
At the Sequences.
At the Ivory Bundles.
At the Tarots.
At loſing load him.
At he's gulled and *eſto*.
At the Torture.
At the Handruff.
At the Click.
At Honours.
At Love.

At

At the Chefs.
At Reynard the Fox.
At the Squares.
At the Cowes.
At the Lottery.
At the Chance or Mumchance.
At three Dice or manieſt Bleaks.
At the Tables,
At Nivinivinack.
At the Lurch.
At Doublets or Queen's Game.
At the Failie.
At the *French* Tictac.
At the Long Tables or Ferkeering.
At Felldown.
At Tods Body.
At Needs Muſt.
At the Dames or Draughts.
At Bob and Mow.
At Primus Secundus.
At Mark-knife,
At the Keys.
At Span-counter.
At Even and Odd.
At Croſs or Pile.
At Ball and Huckle-bone.
At Ivory Balls.
At the Billiards.
At Bob and Hit.
At the Owl.
At the Charming of the Hare.
At Pull yet a little.
At Trudge-pig.
At the Magatapies.
At the Horn.
At the Flower o'er Shrove-Tide Ox.
At the Madge-owlet.
At Pinch without Laughing.
At Prickle me Tickle me.
At the Unſhoing of the Aſs.
At the Cockſeſs.
At Hari hohi.
At I ſet me down.
At Earle Beardie.
At the old Mode.
At Draw the Spit.
At put out.
At Goſſip lend me your Sack.
At Ramcod Ball.
At Thruſt out the Harlot.
At Marfeil Figs.
At Nicknamrie.
At Stick and Hole.
At Boke or him, or ſlaying the Fox.
At the Branching it.
At Trill Madam, or grapple my Lady.
At the Cat ſelling.
At Blow the Coal.
At the Re-wedding.
At the quick and dead Judge.
At Unoven the Iron.
At the falſe Clown.
At the Flints, or at the nine Stones.
At to the Cruch Hulch-Back.
At the Sanct is found.
At Hinch, Pinch, and laugh not.
At the Leek.
At Bumdockdouſſe.

At the Looſegig.
At the Hoop.
At the Sow.
At Belly to Belly.
At the Dales or Straths.
At the Twigs.
At the Quoits.
At I'm for that.
At Tilt at Weekie.
At Nine Pins.
At the Cock *quintin*.
At Tip and Hurle.
At the flat Bowls.
At the Veere and Tourn.
At Rogue and Ruffian.
At Bumbatch Touch.
At the myſterious Trough.
At the ſhort Bowls.
At the dapple Gray.
At Cock and Crank it.
At Break Pot.
At my Deſire.
At Twirly Whirlytril.
At the ruſh Bundles.
At the ſhort Staff.
At the Whirling Gigge.
At Hide and Seek, or are you all hid?
At the Picket.
At the Blauk.
At the Care Sin.
At the Pilferers.
At Priſon Bars.
At Have at the Nuts.
At Cherry-pit.
At Rub and Rice.
At Whip Top.
At the Caſting Top.
At the Hobgobling.
At the O wonderful.
At the Soilile Smutchy.
At the Faſt and Looſe.
At Sutch-breech.
At the Broom-beeſom.
At St. *Coſme* I come to adore thee.
At the luſty Brown Boy.
At I take you napping.
At fair and ſoftly paſſeth Lent.
At the forked Oak.
At Truſs.
At the Wolf's Tail.
At Bum to Buſs or Noſe in Breech.
At *Goerdy* give me my Lance.
At Swagay, Waggy, or Shoggyſhou.
At Stook and Rook, Shear and Threave.
At the Birch.
At the Muſſe.
At the Dilly Dilly Darling.
At Ox Moudy.
At Purpoſe in Purpoſe.
At Nine leſs.
At Blind-man Buff.
At the Fallen Bridges.
At Bridle *Nick*.
At the White at Buts.
At Thwack Swinge him.
At Apple, Pear, Plum.
At Mumgi.
At the Toad.
At Cricket.
At the Pounding Stick.
At Jack and the Box.
At the Queens.
At the Trades.
At Heads and Points.
At the Vine-tree hug.
At Black be thy Fall.

At Ho the Diſtaff.
At Joane Tomſon.
At the Boulting Cloth.
At the Oats Seed.
At Greedy Glutton.
At the Mooriſh Dance.
At Feeby.
At the whole Friſk and Gambole.
At Battabum, or Riding of the wild Mare.
At Hind the Plowman.
At the good Mawkin.
At the dead Beaſt.
At Climb the Ladder *Billy*.
At the dying Hog.
At the Salt Doup.
At the pretty Pigeon.
At Barley Break.
At the Bavine.
At the Buſh Leap.
At Croſſing.
At the Hardit Arſepurſy.
At the Harrowers Neſt.
At Forward Hey.
At the Fig.
At Gunſhot Crack.
At Muſtard Peel.
At the Gome.
At the Relapſe.
At Jog Breech or prickle him forward.
At Knock-pate.
At the *Corniſh* Chough.
At the Crane-dance.
At Slaſh and Cut.
At Bobbing, or the Flirt on the Noſe.
At the Larks.
At Filipping.

After he had thus well play'd, ſhuffled, clogg'd, and thrown away his Time, it was thought fit to drink a little, and that was every Man eleven Bumpers; and afterwards make much of himſelf, and ſtretch upon a fair Bench, or a good large Bed, and there ſleep for two or three Hours together, without thinking or ſpeaking any Hurt: After he was awakened, he would ſhake his Ears a little, and then they brought him freſh Wine, and he drank better than ever. *Ponocrates* ſhewed him, that it was an ill Diet to drink after ſleeping. It is (anſwered *Gargantua*) (1) *the very Life of the Patriarchs and holy*

(1) The very Life of the Patriarchs and Holy Fathers.] There is no *Patriarchs* in the Original, only *Fathers*. This Thought of *Gargantua*'s alludes to the 42d Chapter of the Rule of St. *Benedict*, which directs the Monks of that Order *mox ut ſurrexerint à cœna* (from Dinner) *ſedeant omnes in unum, & legat unus Collationes, vel* vitas Patrum: *aut certè aliquid quod ædificet audientes*. It is founded upon this; After ſuch Reading, the Monks are uſed to go and drink a Cup in the Refectory. Now *Gargantua* thought himſelf privileged to drink like them at the Hour of Veſpers; becauſe, though indeed he

holy Fathers. (2) For naturally I ſleep: Salt and Sleep to me is ſo many Gammons.

Then began he to ſtudy a little, and out came the *Patenotres*; which the more formally to diſpatch, he got upon an old Mule, which had ſerved nine Kings; and ſo mumbling with his Mouth, nodding and doddling his Head, would go and ſee a Coney ferretted or caught in a Grinne. At his Return he went into the Kitchen, to know what roaſt Meat was on the Spit, and ſupped very well, upon my Conſcience; and commonly did invite ſome of his Neighbours that were good Drinkers, with whom, carouſing merrily, they told Stories of all Sorts, from the old to the new. Among others, he had for Domeſticks (3) the Lord of *Fouille*, of *Grouville*, of *Griviot*, and of *Marigny*. After Supper, were brought into the Room, the fair (4) wooden Goſpels, and the Books of the four Kings; that is to ſay, the Tables and Cards, with a deal of *Cock-alls*, *Mumblety-pegs*, and *Wheels* of Fortune; or elſe they went to ſee the Wenches thereabouts with their Wakes, their Junketings, and little Collations; then to ſleep without Controul till eight o'Clock the next Morning.

ſlept while thoſe Monks got thirſty by reading the *Lives of the Fathers* and the Collations and Conferrences of *Caſſian*, his Nature being, he ſaid, to *ſleep Salt*, he found himſelf at that Hour no leſs a-thirſt than they were.

(2) *For naturally I ſleep: Salt and Sleep to me is ſo many Gammons.*] Where is the Senſe of all this? It is, you'll ſay, falſe pointed, yet it runs ſo in both Editions, and indeed all the Errors of the one, except a very few, are common to the other. *Rabelais* ſays, *For by Nature I ſleep Salt: and Sleep has been to me as ſo many Gammons.*

(3) *Lord of* Fouille, *of* Grouville, &c.] Read *Fou*, *Gourville*. Theſe were worthy Gentlemen of *Poitou*. In the Neighbourhood of *Poitiers*, there is a Seat or Caſtle called *Du Fou*. See more in *Du Chat* upon this Head.

(4) *Wooden Goſpels, &c.*] Some pretty Remarks on all this in *Du Chat*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

How Gargantua *was inſtructed by* Ponocrates, *and in ſuch Sort diſciplinated, that he loſt not one Hour of the Day.*

WHEN *Ponocrates* knew *Gargantua*'s vicious Manner of living, he reſolv'd to bring him up in another-guiſe Way; but for a while bore with him, conſidering, *That Nature cannot endure a ſudden Change without great Violence.* Therefore to begin his Work the better, he requeſted a learned Phyſician of that Time, called (1) Maſter *Theodore*, ſeriouſly to perpend (if it were poſſible) how to bring *Gargantua* unto a better Courſe; the ſaid Phyſician purged him canonically with (2) *Anticyrian Hellebore*, by which Medicine he cleanſed all that Foulneſs and perverſe Habit of his Brain. By this Means alſo, *Ponocrates* made him forget all that he had learned under his antient *Preceptors*, (3) as *Timotheus* did to his Scholars, who had been inſtructed under other Muſicians: To do this the better, they brought him into the Company of learned Men, which ſtirred in him an Emulation and Deſire to whet his Wit and improve his Parts, and to bend his Study another Way; ſo as

(1) *Maſter* Theodore.] *Theodore*, i. e. *God's Gift.* By the *Greek* Name of this Phyſician, *Rabelais* would give us to underſtand, that it was through the eſpecial Favour and Gift of God, that *Gargantua* was at laſt put into the Hands of other-guiſe Maſters than thoſe who till then had been ſpoiling his Head and corrupting his Heart.

(2) Anticyrian Hellebore.] *Hellebore* was made uſe of to purge the Brain, in order to fit it the better for Study. *Pliny*, l. 25. c. 25. *Aulus Gellius*, l. 17. c. 15.

(3) *As* Timotheus *did to his Scholars.*] *Quintilian*, l. 2. c. 3. relates, that ſuch as had a Mind to learn Muſick of that excellent Maſter, were obliged to give him a double Salary, in Caſe they had before received any Tincture of that Art from other Hands; becauſe he was to take double the Pains with them: Firſt, to unteach them what they had been taught amiſs, and then to inſtruct them aright. All the old Editions have *Thimotus*, by following bad Editions of *Quintilian*, as hath been already noted in the Caſe of *Polycrates*, (ch. 10) by following an old Copy of *Aulus Gellius*, printed at *Paris*, 1508.

that the World might have a Value for him. And afterwards he put himſelf into ſuch a Road, that he loſt not any one Hour in the Day, but employed all his Time in Learning and honeſt Knowledge. *Gargantua* awaked about four o'Clock in the Morning. Whilſt they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him ſome Chapter of the *Holy Scripture* aloud and clearly, with a Pronunciation fit for the Matter; and hereunto was appointed a young Page, born in *Baſché*, named *Anagnoſtes*. According to the Purpoſe and Argument of that Leſſon, he oftentimes gave himſelf to worſhip, adore, pray, and ſend up his Supplications to that good God, whoſe Word did ſhew his Majeſty and marvellous Judgment. Then went he unto the ſecret Places to make Excretion of his natural Digeſtions; there his Maſter repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the moſt obſcure and difficult Points. In returning, they conſidered the Face of the Sky, if it was ſuch as they had obſerved it the Night before, and into what Signs the Sun was entering, as alſo the Moon for that Day. This done, he was apparelled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which Time, they repeated to him the Leſſons of the Day before; he himſelf ſaid them by heart, and upon them would ground ſome practical Caſes concerning the Eſtate of Man, which he would proſecute ſometimes two or three Hours, but ordinarily they ceaſed as ſoon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good Hours he had a Lecture read unto him: This done, they went forth, ſtill conferring on the Subſtance of the Lecture, either unto (4) a Field near the Univerſity call'd the *Brack*, or unto the Meadows, where they play'd at the Ball, Tennis, and at the (5) *Pelitrigone*, moſt gallantly exerciſing their Bodies, as before they had done their Minds: All their Play was but in

(4) *A Field, &c.*] Read *a Tennis-court (in the Suburb St.* Marcellus) at the Sign of the *Bracque* (a ſhort tail'd ſpotted Setting Dog.)

(5) Pelitrigone.] Read *A la pile trigone. Cotgrave* ſays *Pile trigone*, a triangular Piece of Iron to be thrown at a Ring, through which he who paſſes it wins the Game. *Du Chat* ſays, it is an ancient Game at Tennis, wherein three Perſons, placed at the Corners of a Triangle, ſtrike the Ball reciprocally from one to the other. *Martial*, Epig. 19. l. 4. *Seu lentum ceroma teris, tepidumve trigona.*

Liberty,

Liberty, for they left off when they pleas'd, and that was commonly when they did ſweat over all their Body, or were otherways weary. Then were they very well wip'd and rubb'd, ſhifted their Shirts, and walking ſoberly, went to ſee if Dinner was ready. Whilſt they ſtay'd for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce ſome Sentences that they had retain'd of the Lecture. In the mean Time *Maſter* Appetite came, and then very orderly ſat they down at Table. At the Beginning of the Meal, there was read ſome pleaſant Hiſtory of the warlike Actions of former Times, until he had taken a Glaſs of Wine. Then (if they thought good) they continued reading, or began to diſcourſe merrily together; ſpeaking firſt of the Virtue, Propriety, Efficacy, and Nature of all that was ſerved in at the Table: Of Bread, of Wine, of Water, of Salt, of Fleſhes, Fiſhes, Fruits, Herbs, Roots, and of their Dreſſing; by means whereof, he learned in a little Time all the Paſſages competent for this that were to be found in *Pliny*, *Athenæus*, *Dioſcorides*, *Julius Pollux*, *Galen*, *Porphyry*, *Oppian*, *Polybius*, *Heliodorus*, *Ariſtotle*, *Elian*, and others. Whilſt they talked of theſe Things many Times to be more certain, they cauſed the very Books to be brought to the Table. And ſo well and perfectly did he in his Memory retain the Things aboveſaid, that in thoſe Days there was not a Phyſician that knew half ſo much as he did. Afterwards, they conferred of the Leſſons read in the Morning, and ending their Repaſt with ſome Conſerve or Marmalade of Quinces, (6) he pick'd his Teeth with Maſtick Tooth-pickers; waſh'd his Hands and Eyes with fair freſh Water, and gave Thanks unto

(6) *He pick'd his Teeth with Maſtick Tooth-pickers.*] *S' eſcuroit les Dents avecques ung trou de lentiſce.* In the ancienteſt Editions we find *trou* inſtead of *tronc*, by changing the *n* into a *u*, as in *couvent* inſtead of *convent* [*Covent*-garden inſtead of *Convent*-garden] *Trou de lentiſque* therefore means the Stem or Stalk of the Lentiſk Tree; the Stalks of this Tree, from whence drops the Maſtick, were us'd by the *Romans* for Tooth-pickers, preferable to Quills, *Martial. Epig.* 22. *l.* 24.

Lentiſcum melius: ſed ſi tibi frondea Cuſpis
Defuerit, Dentes, Penna, levare potes.

God

God in ſome neat Hymn, made in the Praiſe of the Divine Bounty and Munificence. This done they brought in Cards, not to play, but to learn a thouſand pretty Tricks, and new Inventions, which were all grounded upon *Arithmetick*. By this Means he fell in love with that numerical Science, and every Day after Dinner and Supper he paſſed his Time in it as pleaſantly as he was wont to do at Cards and Dice; ſo that at laſt, he underſtood ſo well both the Theory and practical Part thereof that (7) *Tunſtal* the *Engliſhman*, who had written very largely to that Purpoſe, confeſſed, that verily in compariſon of him (8) he underſtood no more *High Dutch*.

And not only in that, but in the other *Mathematical* Sciences, as *Geometry*, *Aſtronomy*, and *Muſick*. For in waiting on the Concoction, and attending the Digeſtion of his Food, they made a thouſand pretty Inſtruments and *Geometrical* Figures, and did in ſome Meaſure practiſe the *Aſtronomical* Canons.

After this, they recreated themſelves with ſinging *muſically*, in four or five Parts, or upon a ſet Theme or Ground at random, as it beſt pleaſed them; in matter of *muſical* Inſtruments, he learned to play upon the Lute, the Virginals, the Harp, the All-man Flute with nine Holes, the Viol, and the Sackbut. This Hour thus ſpent, and Digeſtion finiſhed, he did purge his Body of natural Excrements; then betook himſelf to his principal Study for three Hours together, or more, as well to repeat his Morning Lectures, as to proceed in the Book he had in Hand, as alſo to write handſomely, to draw and form the *Antique* and *Roman* Letters. This being

(7) Tunſtal *the* Engliſhman.] *Cuthbert Tonſtal*, Biſhop of *Durham* in *England*: *M. du Chat* goes on: We ſee, in *Draudius's Bibliotheque*, the Title of ſeveral of his Theological Works, but the Treatiſe, hinted at here by *Rabelais*, was printed in 4to at *London* 1522; and reprinted in one Volume at *Paris*, by *Robert Stephens*, 1529, under the Title of *Cuthberti Tonſtalli de Arte ſupputandi, Libri quatuor*, with an Epiſtle Dedicatory of the Author, to Sir *Tho. More*. In 1531, *Nicolas Leonicus* dedicated to the ſame *Tonſtal* his three Books *de varia Hiſtoria*.

(8) *He underſtood*, &c.] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be, *he underſtood no more of the Matter than he did of* High Dutch; *Il n'y entendoit que le haut Alemant*.

done

done, they went abroad, and with them a young Gentleman of *Tourain*, named the Eſquire *Gymnaſt*, who taught him the Art of Riding. Changing then his Cloaths, he rode a *Naples* Courſer, a *Dutch* Rouſſin, a *Spaniſh* Gennet, a barded or trapped Steed, then a light fleet Horſe, unto whom he gave an hundred Carieres, made him go the high Saults, bounding in the Air, free the Ditch with a Skip, leap over a Style or Pail, turn ſhort in a Ring both to the right and left Hand. There he broke not his Lance; for it is the greateſt Foolery in the World to ſay, *I have broken ten Lances at Tilt*, or in Fight; a Carpenter can do even as much; but it is a glorious and praiſe-worthy Action, *with one Lance to break and overthrow ten Enemies*: Therefore, with a ſharp, ſtiff, ſtrong, and well-ſteeled Lance, would he uſually force up a Door, pierce a Harneſs, beat down a Tree, carry away the Ring, lift up a cuiraſier Saddle, with the Male-coat and Gauntlet; all this he did in compleat Armour from Head to Foot. As for the prancing Flouriſhes, and ſmacking Poppiſms, for the better cheriſhing of the Horſe, commonly uſed in riding, none did them better than he. The great Vaulter of *Ferrara* was but an Ape, compared to him. He was ſingularly ſkilful in leaping nimbly from one Horſe to another, without putting Foot to Ground, and theſe Horſes were called *Deſultories*; he could likewiſe from either Side, with a Lance in his Hand, leap on Horſeback without Stirrups, and rule the Horſe at his Pleaſure without a Bridle, for ſuch Things are uſeful in military Engagements. Another Day he exerciſed the Battle-ax, which he ſo dextrouſly wielded, both in the nimble, ſtrong, and ſmooth Management of that Weapon, and that in all the Feats practiſeable by it, that he paſs'd Knight of Arms in the Field, and at all Eſſays.

Then toſſed he the Pike, play'd with the two handed Sword, with the Back-ſword, with the *Spaniſh* Tuck, the Dagger, Poniard, armed or unarmed, with a Buckler, with a Cloak, with a Target.

Then would he hunt the Hart, the Roe-buck, the Bear, the fallow Deer, the wild Boar, the Hare, the Pheaſant, the Partridge, and the Buſtard. He play'd

at

at the Baloon, and made it bound in the Air, both with Fiſt and Foot.

He wreſtled, ran, jumped, not at three Steps and a Leap, nor at the *Hare's Leap*, nor yet at the *Almanes*; for (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) theſe Jumps are for the Wars altogether unprofitable, and of no Uſe; but at one Leap he would ſkip over a Ditch, ſpring over a Hedge, mount ſix Paces upon a Wall, ramp and grapple after this Faſhion up againſt a Window, of the full Height of a Lance. He did ſwim in deep Waters on his Belly, on his Back, Side-ways, with all his Body, with his Feet only, with one Hand in the Air, wherein he held a Book, croſſing thus the Breadth of the River of *Seine*, without wetting it, and dragged along his Cloak with his Teeth, as did *Julius Cæſar*; then with the Help of one Hand he entered forcibly into a Boat, from whence he caſt himſelf again headlong into the Water, ſounded the Depths, hollowed the Rocks, and plunged into the Pits and Gulphs. Then turned he the Boat about, governed it, led it ſwiftly or ſlowly with the Stream and againſt the Stream, ſtopped it in its Courſe, guided it with one Hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great Oar, hoiſted the Sail, hied up along the Maſt by the Shrouds, ran upon the Edge of the Decks, ſet the Compaſs in order, tackled the Bowlines, and ſteer'd the Helm. Coming out of the Water, he ran furiouſly up againſt a Hill, and with the ſame Alacrity and Swiftneſs ran down again; he climbed up Trees like a Cat; and leaped from one to the other like a Squirrel; he did pull down the great Boughs and Branches like another *Milo*; then with two ſharp well-ſteel'd Daggers, and two try'd Bodkins, would he run up by the Wall to the very Top of a Houſe like a (9) Cat; then ſuddenly came down from the Top to the Bottom, with ſuch an even Compoſition of Members, that by the Fall he would catch no Harm.

He did caſt the Dart, throw the Bar, put the Stone, practiſe the Javelin, the Boar-ſpear or Partiſan, and the Halberd; he broke the ſtrongeſt Bows in drawing, bended againſt his Breaſt the greateſt Croſs-bows of Steel, took

(9) *Cat.*] Read *Rat.*

his

his Aim by the Eye with the Hand-gun, and ſhot well, traverſed and planted the Cannon, ſhot at But-marks, at the Paggay from below upwards, from above downwards, then before him, ſideways, and behind him, like the *Parthians*.

They ty'd a Cable-rope to the Top of a high Tower, by one End whereof hanging near the Ground, he wrought himſelf with his Hands to the very Top; then upon the ſame Track came down ſo ſturdily and firm, that they could not, on a plain Meadow, have run with more Aſſurance. They ſet up a great Pole fixed upon two Trees, there would he hang by his Hands, and with them alone, his Feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforeſaid Rope with ſo great Swiftneſs, that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then, to exerciſe his Breaſt and Lungs, he would ſhout like all the Devils in Hell: I heard him once call *Eudemon*, from St. *Victor*'s Gate to *Monmertre*; *Stentor* had never ſuch a Voice at the Siege of *Troy*.

Then, for the ſtrengthening of his Nerves or Sinews, they made him two great (10) Sows of Lead, each of them weighing eight Thouſand and ſeven Hundred Kintals, which they call'd (11) *Alteres*; thoſe he took up from the Ground in each Hand one, then lifted them up over his Head, and held them without ſtirring, three Quarters of an Hour and more, which was an inimitable Force.

He fought at Barriers with the ſtouteſt and moſt vigorous Champions; and, when it came to the Cope, he ſtood ſo ſturdily on his Feet, that he abandoned himſelf to the ſtrongeſt, in Caſe they could remove him from

(10) *Sows of Lead.*] So we *Engliſh* call 'em. The *French* call 'em *Salmons* (not *Sows*) of Lead, becauſe of their reſembling that Fiſh both in Shape and Size. The Reader will forgive the Digreſſion I'm going to make: In *Derbyſhire*, there's a Living worth 5 or 600l. a Year in *Tythe-Pigs*. It is *Workſworth*. [*Pigs of Lead.*]

(11) Alteres.] A Poiſe of Iron, Stone, but chiefly Lead, which Tumblers and Dancers on Ropes hold in their Hands for a Counterpoiſe (alſo a Piece of Lead, *&c.* to lift up with both Hands for Exerciſe.) In *Latin*, or rather *Greek*, *Halter, eris*, ἁλτὴρ, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἅλλεσθαι, *a ſaliendo*. *Martial. Epigr.* 49. *l.* 14.

Quid pereunt ſtulto fortes haltare *lacerti?*

his

his Place, as *Milo* was wont to do of old; in whoſe Imitation likewiſe, he held a Pomegranate in his Hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The Time being thus beſtowed, and himſelf rubbed, cleanſed, wiped, and refreſhed with other Cloaths, he returned fair and ſoftly, and paſſing through certain Meadows, or other graſſy Places, beheld the Trees and Plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the Books of the Ancients, ſuch as *Theophraſt*, *Dioſcorides*, (12) *Marinus*, *Pliny*, *Nicander*, *Macer*, and *Galen*, and carried home to the Houſe great Handsful of them, whereof a young Page called *Rhizotomos* had Charge; together with little Mattocks, Pickaxes, Grubbing-hooks, Cabbies, Pruning-knives, and other Inſtruments requiſite for Gardening. Being come to their Lodging, whilſt Supper was making ready, they repeated certain Paſſages of that which had been read, and then ſet down at Table. Here remark, that his Dinner was ſober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the Gnawings of his Stomach, but his Supper was copious and large; for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nouriſh him; which indeed is the true Diet preſcribed by the Art of good and ſound *Phyſick*; although a Rabble of loggerheaded Phyſicians, nuzzeled in the brabbling Shop of (13) *Sophiſters*, counſel the contrary. During that Repaſt, was continued the Leſſon read at Dinner, as long as they thought good; the reſt was ſpent in good Diſcourſe, learned and profitable. After they had given Thanks, he ſet himſelf to ſing vocally, and play upon harmonious Inſtruments, or otherwiſe paſſed his Time at ſome pretty Sports, made with Cards or Dice, or in practiſing the Feats of *Legerdemain*, with Cups and Balls. There they ſtay'd ſome Nights in frolicking thus, and making themſelves merry till it was

(12) *Marinus.*] *Galen* ſpeaks often of him. See more in *D. C.*

(13) Sophiſters.] By theſe Sophiſters, or *Arabians*, as *Dolet*'s Edition has it, *Rabelais* means *Avicenna* and his Followers; and by thoſe of the good and ſound Opinion, *Galen* and his Diſciples. It is certain, the *Goths* firſt brought in the Cuſtom of Set-Dinners and Suppers, that is, of eating two full Meals a Day; whereas the Ancients uſed to make a light Dinner, but at Supper they would eat their Fill.

Time

Time to go to Bed; and, on other Nights, they would go make Viſits unto learned Men, or to ſuch as had been Travellers in ſtrange and remote Countries. When it was full Night before they retired themſelves, they went unto the moſt open Place of the Houſe to ſee the Face of the Sky, and there beheld the *Comets*, if any were, as likewiſe the *Figures*, *Situations*, *Aſpects*, *Oppoſition*, and *Conjunctions* of both fixed Stars and Planets.

Then with his Maſter did he briefly recapitulate after the Manner of the *Pythagoreans*, that which he had read, ſeen, learned, done, and underſtood in the whole Courſe of that Day.

Then prayed they unto *God* the Creator, in falling down before him, and ſtrengthening their Faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundleſs Bounty; and giving Thanks to him for the Time that was paſt, they recommended themſelves to his Divine Clemency for the future, which being done, they went to Bed, and betook themſelves to their Repoſe.

CHAP. XXIV.

How Gargantua *ſpent his Time in rainy Weather.*

IF it happened that the Weather was any Thing cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the Forenoon was employ'd as before ſpecified, according to Cuſtom, with this Difference only, that they had a good clear Fire lighted, to correct the Diſtempers of the Air; but after Dinner, inſtead of their wonted Exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of (1) *Apotherapie*, did

(1) Apotherapie.] The new Editions have it *Apotherapic*, with a *c*, which is no Word at all. The *Dutch* Editor ſays, ἀποθεραπεία means, *the Iſſue and End of Exerciſe*. I like *Robertſon*'s Definition better, *Cura poſt Remedia vehementiora*, vel, *Curatio poſt Exercitationem exhibita*. Anglicè, *a Healer after hard-drinking*, as one may ſay in Mirth, from ἀπὸ & θεραπεύω.

recreate

recreate themſelves in bottling of Hay, in cleaving and ſawing of Wood, and in threſhing Sheaves of Corn at the Barn. Then they ſtudied the Art of Painting or Carving, or brought into Uſe the antique (ancient) *Play of* (2) *Tables*, as *Leonicus* has written of it; and as our good Friend *Laſcaris* playeth at it. In playing, they examined the Paſſages of ancient Authors, wherein the ſaid Play is mentioned, or any Metaphor drawn from it. They went likewiſe to ſee the Drawing of Metals, or the Caſting of great Ordnance; how the Lapidaries did work, as alſo, the Goldſmiths and Cutters of precious Stones: Nor did they omit to viſit the Alchymiſts, Money-coiners, Upholſterers, Weavers, Velvet-workers, Watch-makers, Looking-glaſs-framers, Printers, Organiſts, Dyers, and other ſuch Kind of Artificers, and every where giving them ſomewhat to drink, did learn and conſider the Induſtry and Invention of the Trade.

They went alſo to hear the publick *Lectures*, the ſolemn *Commencements*, the *Repetitions*, the *Acclamations*, the *Pleadings* of the *Lawyers*, and *Sermons* of evangelical *Preachers*.

(2) Tables.] Read inſtead of *Tables*, *Talus*, or *Tali*. *Talus* is a Bone to play with like a Die. Q. Whether *Ankle or Huckel? Ludus Talarius*, in *Latin*. All the Editions, except this of *Du Chat*, have it *Tables*, but it ſhould be *Tales*, i. e. *Tali*, as above, and as in *l.* 4. *ch.* 7. *Leonicus*, who is mentioned by *Rabelais*, in the ſame Breath, wrote a Treatiſe by way of Dialogue, *de Ludo Talario*, intituled *Sannutus* (not *Samnutus*, as in *Gryphus*'s Edition, both in Title and Text. *Sannutus* is the *Latin* Termination of *Sannuto*, which ſignifies *long-tuſk'd, full-tuſk'd, as an old full-grown Boar.)* This *Leonicus*, whoſe Chriſtian Name was *Nicholas*, was a Native of *Venice*, and a learned Profeſſor at *Padua*, where he died (not 75 Years old, nor in 1533, as *Bucholcer* writes in his Ceron. of that Year, but two Years younger, or if you will, leſs old, that is) *An.* 1531, in the Month of *March*. *Bembo* (or, *The Bembo*, to ſpeak like the *Italians*) *l.* 8. of the ſecond Part of his *Italian* Letters, in one to *Vettor Soranzo* of the 28th of *March* 1531; *Il noſtro buon Meſſer Leonico l'altro di finì la ſua Vita. Our old Friend* Leonicus *finiſhed his Career of Life t'other Day*. But to wind up this Article; the Game of the *Tali* (Τῶν ἀςραγάλων) is certainly of great Antiquity, eſpecially if it be true that the *Lydians* uſed it even before the *Trojan* War; nor did it ceaſe to be in Vogue in *Italy*, under the Name of *Parrelles*, till about 1484; ſince which, the Wars of that Country have occaſioned the People to turn their Thoughts to more ſerious Things.

He

He went thro' the Halls and Places appointed for Fencing, and there played againſt the Maſters themſelves at all Weapons, and ſhewed them by Experience, that he knew as much in it as (yea more than) they: And inſtead of Simpling, they viſited the Shops of Druggiſts, Herbaliſts, and Apothecaries, and diligently conſidered the Fruits, Roots, Leaves, Gums, Seeds, the (3) Greaſe and Ointments of ſome foreign Parts, as alſo how they did (4) adulterate them [*i. e.* all the ſaid Drugs.] He went to ſee the Jugglers, Tumblers, Mountebanks, and Quackſalvers; and conſidered their Cunning, their Shifts, their Summer Saults, and ſmooth Tongue, eſpecially of thoſe of *Chauny* in *Picardy*, who are naturally great Praters, and will banter and lye as faſt as a Dog can trot.

Being returned home they did eat at Supper more ſoberly than at other Times; and Meats more *deſiccative* and *extenuating*; to the End, *that the intemperate Moiſture of the Air, communicated to the Body by a neceſſary Conſinity, might by this Means be corrected*; and that they might not receive any Prejudice for Want of their ordinary bodily Exerciſe.

Thus was *Gargantua* governed, and kept on in this Courſe of Education from Day to Day profiting, as you underſtand ſuch a young Man (5) of his Age and good Senſe

(3) *Greaſe and Ointments of ſome foreign Parts.*] *Axunges peregrines. Axunge* ſignifies Greaſe, properly of Swine, ſays *Cotg.* alſo Ointment made thereof. *Du Chat* ſays, the ſofteſt and moſt humid Fat or Greaſe of Beaſts. *Boyer* ſays, *Axonge*, Man's Greaſe, prepared with Herbs, and good againſt cold Humours. The Authors of *Camb. Dict. Axungia ab* ungendo *plauſtri axe, facilorem circumactum rotarum.* Greaſe or *Unguent* for an *Axle*-tree (whence its Name *Axungia)* Swine's Greaſe; alſo the Fat, Froth, or Cream of any other Thing.

(4) *Adulterate them.*] It is indeed *Adulterer* in *French*; but here it means to *compound, make up, mingle together*, as you'll find *Adultero* (in the *Camb. Dict.)* ſometimes to ſignify. *Du Chat* confirms me in this Opinion: *Adulterer, la maniere dont on faiſoit des Remedes compoſez de toutes ces Drogues.* In this Senſe it is an Apothecary's Buſineſs to *adulterate*, and not any Objection to him for doing ſo.

(5) *Of his Age.*] It appears before (in ch. 14) that *Gargantua* in 1420 had ſpent in Study fifty-three Years, ten Months, and two Weeks.

Senſe, ſo kept to his Exerciſe, may well do; which, altho' at the Beginning ſeemed difficult, became a little after ſo ſweet, ſo eaſy, and ſo delightful, that it ſeemed rather the Recreation of a King, than the Study of a Scholar. Nevertheleſs, *Ponocrates*, to divert him from this vehement Intenſion of the Spirits, thought fit, once in a Month, upon ſome fair and clear Day, to go out in the City betimes in the Morning, either towards *Gentilly* or *Boulogne*, or to *Montrouge*, or *Charenton-bridge*, or to *Vanves*, or St. *Clou*, and there ſpend all the Day long in making the greateſt Chear that could be deviſed, ſporting, making merry, drinking Healths, playing, ſinging, dancing, tumbling in ſome fair Meadow, unneſtling of Sparrows, taking of Quails, and fiſhing for Frogs and Crabs.

But altho' that Day was paſs'd without Books or Lecture, yet was it not ſpent without Profit; for, in the ſaid Meadows they uſually repeated certain pleaſant Verſes of *Virgil*'s Agriculture of *Heſiod*, and of *Politian*'s Huſbandry, would ſet a broach ſome witty *Latin* Epigrams, then immediately turned them into Roundelays and Songs in the *French* Language. In their Feaſting, they would ſometimes ſeparate the Water from the Wine that was therewith mixed, as *Cato* teached *de re ruſtica*, and *Pliny*, (6) with an Ivy Cup would waſh the Wine in a Baſon full of Water, then take it out again with a Funnel as pure as ever. They made the Water go from one Glaſs to another, and contrived a thouſand little (7) *automatory* Engines, that is to ſay, moving of themſelves.

Weeks. He was at leaſt five Years old when Maſter *Thubal* gave him his firſt Leſſon; but let's reckon no more than fifty-eight Years. He is made to read, ſince 1420, the *Supplementum Chronicum*, which came out ſixty-five Years after, *viz.* in 1485. Add theſe ſixty-five to the other fifty-eight, and you'll find that this young Man *Gargantua* was at leaſt a hundred twenty-three Years old even before he put himſelf under the Diſcipline of *Ponocrates*. But this is, becauſe *Gargantua*'s Adoleſcency ought to be in proportion to the Duration of his Life: Now his Life was of a very great Length, ſince *l.* 2. *c.* 2. he was 534 Years old when he begot *Pantagruel*.

(6) *With an Ivy Cup.*] *Pliny*, *l.* 16. *c.* 35. after *Cato*, *c.* 3. *de re ruſt.*

(7) *Automatory* Engines.] The Reader may, upon this, ſatisfy himſelf further by having Recourſe to *Leonicus*, *l.* 1. *c.* 7. of his *de varia Hiſtoria*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

How there was great Strife and Debate raiſed betwixt the Cake-bakers of Lerné, *and thoſe of* Gargantua's *Country: Whereupon were waged great Wars.*

AT that Time, which was the Seaſon of Vintage, in the Beginning of (1) Harveſt, when the Country Shepherds were ſet to keep the Vines, and hinder the Starlings from eating up the Grapes; as ſome Cake-bakers of (2) *Lerné* happened to paſs along the broad High Way, driving unto the City ten or twelve Horſes loaded with Cakes, the ſaid Shepherds courteouſly intreated them to give them ſome for their Money, as the Price then ruled in the Market. For here it is to be remarked, *That it is a celeſtial Food to eat for Breakfaſt hot freſh Cakes with Grapes*, eſpecially the frail Cluſters, the great red Grapes, Muſcadine, the Verjuice Grape, and the Luſkard, for thoſe that are coſtive in their Bel-

(1) *Harveſt.*] Autumn, *Rabelais* ſays.

(2) Lerné,] *Lerné* or *Lernay*, as *Bernier* ſpells it, is a Pariſh in *Poitou*, where they make a Kind of *Galette* (Wreath'd Cake, ſays *Cotgrave*: a broad thin Cake, ſays *Boyer*, with whom I concur). Be that as 'twill, 'twas a large Sort of brown Cake, or a Bun, haſtily baked on a hot *Hearth* (*Focus* in *Latin*, from whence I ſuppoſe the People of *Perigord*, *Languedoc*, &c. call it *Fouace*) with hot Embers laid on it, and burning Coals over it. *Buſbequius* relates, that in travelling from *Vienna* to *Conſtantinople*, throughout *Bulgaria*, he met with hardly any other Bread than a Sort of *Fouace*, which was not ſo much as leaven'd. *Poſt hæc*, ſays he, *pluribus diebus fecimus iter per amœnas & non infrugiferas Bulgarorum convalles; quo ferè tempore pane uſi ſumus ſubcinericio*; fugacias *vocant. Eum puellæ mulieresque vendunt: neque enim ſunt in ea regione piſtores. Illæ, ubi hoſpites adveniſſe ſentiunt, unde lucelli quid ſperent, calidis cineribus ſubjiciunt, atque ita ferventes etiamnum à loco panes parvo pretio venales circumferent*, (Let. 1. of his Embaſſy into *Turkey*.) In *France*, theſe are the People that make and ſell the *Fouace* Cake, and whom *Rabelais* calls *Foüaciers: Cake-bakers or Cake-venders of* Lerné.

ly;

ly; becauſe it will make them guſh out, and ſquirt the Length of a Hunter's Staff, like the very Tap of a Barrel; and oftentimes *thinking* to let a Squib, they did all-to-beſquatter and conſhite themſelves, whereupon they are commonly called the (3) *Vintage Thinkers.*

The Cake-bakers were in nothing inclinable to their Requeſt; but (which was worſe) did injure them moſt outrageouſly, calling them *prating Gablers, lickorous Gluttons, freckled Bittors, mangy Raſcals, Shite-a-bed Scoundrels, drunken Royſters, ſly Knaves, drowſy Loiterers, ſlapſauce Fellows, ſlabberdegullion Druggels, lubbardly Louts, couſening Foxes, ruffian Rogues, paultry Cuſtomers, ſycophant Varlets, drawlatch Hoydons, flouting Milk-ſops, jeering Companions, ſtaring Clowns, forlorn Snakes, ninny Lobcocks, ſcurvy Sneakſbies, fondling Fips, baſe Loons, ſaucy Coxcombs, idle Luſks, ſcoffing Braggards, noddy Meacocks, blockiſh Grutnols, Doddipol Joltheads, jo-*

(3) Vintage-Thinkers.] An *Engliſhman* will be apt to ſtare at this Word, and imagine it ſhould be *Vintage-Drinkers*: But, no: it is rightly tranſlated; *Cuidurs de Vendanges* are *Rabelais*'s Words; and ſince, as the *French* Proverb ſays, *A filthy Tale ſeldom wants filthy Auditors (à cul de foirard toujours abonde merde)* I'll e'en explain theſe Words. There is you muſt know an ancient home-ſpun *French* Saying, *Je cuidois ſeulement peter & je me ſuis embrene. I thought* (mind that Word, for it explains *Thinkers*) *I thought to have only farted, and have all beſhit myſelf.* This Piece of *looſe* Wit is grounded on the laxative Quality of the White Grape, call'd for that very Reaſon *Foirard* (Squitterer): Of which when a Man, and the ſame with a Woman, I ſuppoſe, has eaten too freely, and thinks to eaſe him (or her) ſelf by Farting, they are very apt to do ſomething more. Thence came the Saying, above, *I thought only to have let a Fart, and have all beſhit myſelf.* Thus when *Rabelais*, ch. 9. of his *Pantagrulian* Prognoſtication, ſays, that in Autumn the *Cuidez will be in Seaſon*, he means that in Time of Vintage People will often have Occaſion to ſay, *Je cuidois*, &c. *I thought*, &c. I have been the fuller in explaining this, becauſe when the Reader comes to that ninth Chapter of the *Pantagrulian* Prognoſtication, he may know what *Rabelais* means by *Tel cuidera veſſir, qui baudement fiantera*, which M. *Motteux* very elegantly tranſlates, *Many a one* (in Autumn) *will think only to burſt at the Broad-ſide* (or rather Broad-end) *by the way of Fizzlecum-funk, and will foully give their Breeches a Clyſter with a fecal Decoction. Rabelais* is not ſo polite here, tho' no body knew better than he how to be ſo upon a proper Occaſion. He ſays, *Many a one will let a Brewer's Fizzle*, i. e. *Grains and all.*

bernol

bernol Gooſecaps, fooliſh Loggerheads, ſlutch Calf-lollies, grout-head Gnatſnappers, Lob-dotterels, gaping Changelings, Codſhead Loobies, Woodcock Slangams, Ninny-hammer Flycatchers, Noddipeak Simpletons, turgy Gut, ſhitten Shepherds, and other ſuch defamatory Epithets, ſaying further, that it was not for them to eat of theſe dainty Cakes, but might very well content themſelves with the (4) coarſe unraunged Bread, or to eat of the great brown houſhold Loaf. To which provoking Words, one amongſt them, called *Forgier* (an honeſt Fellow of his Perſon, and a notable Springall) made Anſwer very calmly thus: How long is it ſince you have got Horns, that you are become ſo proud? Indeed, formerly you were wont to give us ſome freely, and you will not now let us have ſome for our Money? This is not the Part of good Neighbours, neither do we ſerve you thus when you come hither to buy our good Corn, whereof you make your Cakes and Buns: Beſides that, we ſhould

(4) *Coarſe unraung'd Bread,* &c.] *Gros Pain Ballé, & de Tourte. Bale* is the Chaff or Coat that holds the Grains of Wheat or other Corn. So *Pain Ballé* is *Chaff-Bread.* This Bread, coarſe with a Witneſs, which in *Poitou* is given only to Country Servants, conſiſts of ſeveral Sorts of Corn, as Oats, Barley, and the great and ſmall *Plâtre* (a Sort of Rye, if I do not miſtake M. *Du Chat's petit blé*) the Ear of which is very long, and the Grain placed two and two in a Huſk, which is flat and very hard. Now as no great Care is taken at the Mill to ſeparate this Huſk nor even the *Chaff* (*Balle* abovementioned) from the Meal, this makes the Chaff Bread (*Pain Ballé*) ſo deſpicable. As for the other Word *Rabelais* uſes, *viz. Tourte, Cotgrave,* from whom Sir *T. U.* takes it, ſays, It is a Loaf of Houſhold (or Brown) Bread, called ſo in *Lionnois* and *Dauphiné.* But M. *Du Chat* being more particular, I ſhall tranſlate what he ſays of this ſame *Tourte.* It is Bread made of Rye, peculiar to the Peaſants of certain Provinces, chiefly to the poor Inhabitants of the Mountains of the Country of *Foretz,* the *Lyonnois, Savoy, Auvergne,* and the *Bourbonnois.* This Bread, which is made into Loaves almoſt as big as a *Parmeſan* Cheeſe, and muchwhat of the ſame Form, will keep ſeveral Months; nay, it is ſaid, that *Tourte* is more ſavoury for being ſtale, and that Age gives it a yellow Colour, like that of Wax, if due Care be taken to pile theſe huge Loaves one upon another as ſoon as they come out of the Oven, and ſome very heavy Weight be ſet upon them. Upon the whole, this Sort of Bread is very undigeſtive, and agrees with none but Plowmen, Porters, Quarry-men, Maſons, Bricklayers, and Black-ſmiths. See *Jerom Mercurialis,* Var. Lect. l. 2. c. 5. *Bruyerin. de re Cibaria, l.* 1. c. 9.

have given you to the Bargain ſome of our Grapes, but, *by his Zounds*, you may chance to repent it, and poſſibly have need of us another Time, when we ſhall uſe you after the like Manner, and therefore remember it.

Then *Marquet*, a prime Man in the Confraternity of the Cake-bakers, ſaid unto him, yea, Sir, thou art pretty well Creſt-riſen this Morning, thou didſt eat Yeſternight too much Millet and (5) Bolymong, come hither, *Sirrah*, come hither, I will give thee ſome Cakes: Whereupon *Forgier*, dreading no Harm, in all Simplicity went towards him, and drew a Six-pence out of his Leather Satchel, thinking that *Marquet* would have ſold him ſome of his Cakes; but inſtead of Cakes, he gave him with his Whip ſuch a rude Laſh overthwart his Legs, that the Marks remained; then would have fled away, but *Forgier* cried out as loud as he could, O! Murder, Murder, Help, Help, Help, Help; and in the mean Time threw a great Cudgel after him, which he carried under his Arm, wherewith he hit him in the *Coronal* Joint of his Head, upon the *Crotophick* Artery, of the right Side thereof, ſo forcibly, that *Marquet* fell down from his Mare, more like a dead than a living Man.

Mean while, the Farmers and Country Swains that were watching their Wallnuts near to that Place, came running with their great Poles and long Staves, and laid ſuch Load on theſe Cake-bakers, as if they had been to thraſh upon green Rye. The other Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, hearing the lamentable Shout of *Forgier*, came with their Slings and (6) Slackies following them, and throwing great Stones at them, as thick as Hail. At laſt, theſe overtook them, and took from them about four or five Dozen of their Cakes: Nevertheleſs, they paid for them the ordinary Price, and gave

(5) *Bolymong.*] Mingled Corn. This is not in the Original; it ſays only *Millet*, which if you feed a Cock with over Night, he will be the ſtouter and bolder for't the next Day.

(6) *Slackies.*] I know not what *Slacky* means; I ſuppoſe it may be a *Scotch* Word for ſomething like a Sling; for that's what *Rabelais* means by the Word *Braſſier*. *Cotgrave.*

them

them over and above (7) one hundred Eggs, and three Baſkets full of (8) Mulberries. Then did the Cake-bakers help to get *Marquet* mounted upon his Mare again, who was moſt ſhrewdly wounded; and forthwith they returned to *Lerné*, changing the Reſolution they had to go to *Pareille*, threatning very ſharp and boiſterouſly the Cowherds, Shepherds, and Farmers of *Sevile* and *Sinays*. This done, the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes made merry with theſe Cakes and fine Grapes, and ſported themſelves together at the Sound of the pretty ſmall Pipe, ſcoffing and laughing at thoſe vain-glorious Cake-bakers, who had that Day met with Miſchief for want of croſſing themſelves with a good Hand in the Morning. Nor did they forget to apply to *Forgier*'s Leg ſome fair (9) great, red, and medicinal Grapes, and ſo handſomely dreſs'd it and bound it up, and it was quickly cured.

CHAP. XXVI.

How the Inhabitants of Lerné, *by the Commandment of* Picrochole, *their King, aſſaulted the Shepherds of* Gargantua, *unexpectedly and on a ſudden.*

THE Cake-bakers, being returned to *Lerné*, went preſently, before they either did eat or drink, to the (1) *Capitol*, and there, before their King, call'd (2) *Picro-*

(7) *One hundred Eggs.*] *Rabelais* does not ſay *Eggs*, but *Shaled Nuts*, for that's the Meaning of *Quecas*, *Cotgrave* ſays, and *M. Du Chat* too. *Un cent de Noix*, &c. ſays *D. C.* A hundred Wallnuts which *Grangouſier*'s Tenants had juſt been ſhelling for themſelves.

(8) *Mulberries.*] *Francis Aubiers* means, according to *M. Du Chat*, a Sort of White Grapes, the Pulp whereof is very firm. The Word comes from *Albus*, *white*.

(9) *Great red and medicinal Grapes.*] *Gros Raiſins chenins*; a Kind of great red Grapes, fitter for Medicines than for Meat. *Cotgrave*.

(1) Capitol.] *Capitoly* in *French*. In ſome Provinces of *France* they call the Seſſion-houſe and Court of Judicature, the *Capitol*, and at *Thoulouſe* the *Echevins* (Magiſtrates not unlike the *Engliſh* Sheriffs)

(2) *Picrochole*, the (3) third of that Name, made their Complaint, ſhewing their *Paniers broken*, their *Caps all crumpled*, their *Coats torn*, *their Cakes taken away*; but above all, *Marquet* moſt enormouſly *wounded*, ſaying, that all that Miſchief was done by the Shepherds and Herdſmen of *Grangouſier*, near the broad High-way beyond *Sevilé*.

Picrochole incontinent grew angry and furious; and, without aſking any farther, what, how, why or wherefore, commanded the *Ban* and *Arrier Ban* to be ſounded throughout all his Country, that all his Vaſſals of what Condition ſoever, ſhould, upon Pain of the (4) Halter, come in the beſt Arms they could unto the *great Place* before the Caſtle, (5) at the Hour of Noon; and, the better to expedite his Deſign, he cauſed the Drum to beat about the Town. Whilſt his Dinner was making ready, he went himſelf to ſee his Artillery mounted upon the Carriages, to diſplay his Colours, and ſet up the great Royal Standard, and loaded Wains with Store of Ammunition both for the Field and for the Belly, Arms and Victuals. At Dinner he diſpatch'd his Commiſſions, and by his ex-

riffs) are call'd *Capitouls*. 'Tis in this Senſe we are to underſtand the Country Gibberidge *Capitolly*, ſince 'tis ſaid the Cake-bakers went thither to carry their Complaints, and ſupplicate their King for Juſtice, who according to ancient Cuſtom, diſpens'd it to his Subjects perſonally and inſtantly.

(2) Picrochole.] *Greek* for a Cholerick Man; yellow and bitter Bile.

(3) *The third of that Name.*] *M. du Chat* takes this to mean, that he was ſtill more cholerick than his two Predeceſſors of the ſame Name. To call one Simpleton the *Third*, Codſhead the *Third*, is the ſame as to call him a complete Simpleton, a finiſhed Fool, a Codſhead in the ſuperlative Degree. In this Senſe it is that ch. 27. *l.* 5. our Author ſpeaking of King *Benius*, Founder of the Order of *Semiquaver* Friars, ſays he was the Third of the Name of *Benius*, as much as to ſay he was a greater *Tony* (*Beneſt* in *French*) than his Predeceſſors, who had impoveriſh'd themſelves to enrich other Orders which they had likewiſe founded. See ch. 6. & 27. *Rabelais*, l. 5.

(4) *Halter.*] *Sur peine de la Hart*: *Hart* properly means a *green* Withy, with which in old Time Malefactors were hanged, and ſtill are, ſays *Cotgrave*, in ſome barbarous Countries.

(5) *At the Hour of Noon.*] *Rabelais* could not have pitch'd upon a properer Hour for this cholerick Prince to do a *hot-headed* Thing than at High Noon.

preſs

preſs Edict my Lord (6) *Shagrag* was appointed to command the Van Guard, wherein were number'd ſixteen thouſand and fourteen Harquebuſiers, together with thirty thouſand eleven Volunteers. The great *Touquedillion*, Maſter of the Horſe, had the Charge of the Ordnance, wherein were reckon'd nine hundred and fourteen of Braſs, in *Cannons*, *Double-Cannons*, *Baſiliſks*, *Serpentines*, *Culverins*, *Bombards*, *Falcons*, *Paſſevolans*, *Spiroles*, and other Sort of great Guns. The Rear Guard was committed to the Duke of *Scrapegood*. In the main Battle was the King and the Princes of his Kingdom. Thus being haſtily equipp'd, before they would ſet forward, they ſent three hundred light Horſemen under the Conduct of Captain *Swillwind*, to diſcover the Country, clear the Avenues, and ſee whether there was any Ambuſh laid for them. But after they had made diligent Search, they found all the Land round about in Peace and Quiet, without any Meeting or Convention at all; which *Picrochole* underſtanding, commanded that every one ſhould march ſpeedily under his Colours. Then in all Diſorder, without keeping either Rank or File, they took the Fields, one amongſt another, waſting, ſpoiling, deſtroying, and making Havock of all whereever they went, not ſparing Poor nor Rich, privileged nor unprivileged Places, Church or Laity; drove away Oxen and Cows, Bulls, Calves, Heifers, Wethers, Ewes, Lambs, Goats, Kids, Hens, Capons, Chickens, Geeſe, Ganders, Goſlings, Hogs, Swine, Pigs, and the like. Beating down the Wallnuts, plucking the Grapes, tearing the Hedges, ſhaking the Fruit-trees, and committing ſuch incomparable Abuſes, that the like Abomination was never heard of. Nevertheleſs, they met with none to reſiſt them; for every one ſubmitted to their Mercy; beſeeching them, that they might be dealt with courteouſly; in regard that they had always carried themſelves as became good and loving Neighbours; and that they had never been guilty of any Wrong or Outrage done upon them, to be thus ſuddenly ſurpriſed, troubled, and diſquieted, and that, if they would not deſiſt, God would puniſh them very ſhortly. To which Expoſtulations and

(6) Shagrag.] *Trepelu. Piloſiſſimus* in *Latin.*

Remonſtrances no other Anſwer was made, but *that they would learn them to eat Cakes.*

CHAP. XXVII.

How a Monk of Sevilé *ſaved the* Cloſe *of the Abbey from being ravaged by the Enemy.*

SO much they did, and ſo far they went pillaging and ſtealing, that at laſt they came to *Sevilé*, where they robb'd both Men and Women, and took all they could catch: Nothing was either too hot or too heavy for them. Although the Plague was there in the moſt Part of all the Houſes, they nevertheleſs enter'd every where; then plundered and carried away all that was within, and yet, for all this, not one of them took any Hurt, which is a moſt wonderful Caſe. For the Curates, Vicars, Preachers, Phyſicians, Chirurgeons, and Apothecaries, who went to viſit, to dreſs, to cure, to heal, to preach unto, and admoniſh thoſe that were ſick, were *all dead of the Infection*; *and theſe deviliſh Robbers and Murderers caught never any Harm at all.* Whence comes this to paſs, (my Maſters) I beſeech you think upon it?

The Town being thus pillaged, they went unto the Abbey with a horrible Noiſe and Tumult, but they found it ſhut and made faſt againſt them; whereupon, the Body of the Army marched forward towards a Ford, called *Sue* [*Gue*] *de Vede*, except ſeven Companies of Foot, and two hundred Lanciers, who, ſtaying there, broke down the Walls of the *Cloſe* to waſte, ſpoil and make Havock of all the Vines and Vintage within that Place. The Monks (poor Devils) knew not in that Extremity, to which of all their Sancts they ſhould vow themſelves; nevertheleſs, at all Adventures they rang the Bells (1) *ad capitulum capitulantes.* There it was

(1) Ad capitulum capitulantes.] All ſuch as had a Vote in the Chapter. This is done by ringing a certain little Bell. Neither the Novices nor Converts are at all concern'd to meet at this Call.

decreed,

decreed, that they ſhould make a fair Proceſſion, ſtuffed with good Lectures, Prayers, and Litanies, *contra hoſtium inſidias*, and jolly (2) Reſponſes *pro pace*.

There was then in the Abbey a clauſtral Monk, called (3) *Friar John de Entoumeures*, young, gallant, friſk, luſty, nimble, quick, active, bold, adventurous, reſolute, tall, lean, wide-mouthed, long-noſed, a rare Mumbler of *Mattins*, Unbridler of *Maſſes*, and Runner over of *Vigils*: And to conclude ſummarily, in a Word, a *right Monk*, if ever there were any, ſince the *Monking* World *monked a Monkery*. For the reſt a (4) Clerk, even to the Teeth, in Matter of *Breviary*. This *Monk*, hearing the Noiſe that the Enemy made within the Incloſure of the Vineyard, went out to ſee what they were doing, and perceiving that they were cutting and gathering the Grapes, whereon was grounded the Foundation of all their next Year's Wine, returned unto the Choir of the Church where the other Monks were, all amazed and aſtoniſhed like ſo many Bellmelters, whom, when he heard ſing, (5) *im, nim, pe, ne, ne, ne, ne, nede, tum, ne, num, num, ini, i, mi, co, o, no, o, o, neno, ne, no, no, no, rum, nenum, num*: This is (ſaid he) *Bien chié chanté, Well ſhit, well ſung*. By the Virtue of God; why do you not ſing *Paniers farewell, Vintage is done*. The Devil ſnatch me if they be not already within the Middle of our *Cloſe*, and cut ſo well both Vines and Grapes, that *by Cods Body*, there

(2) *Reſponſes*, &c.] Prayers of the Gradual. Part of the Maſs invented by Pope *Celeſtine*, A. 430.

(3) Friar John, &c.] Here M. *du Chat* obſerves, that M. *Menage* has made a Diſcovery, that this is the Character of one *Burnard*, a Monk of *Sermaiſe*, and that *Rabelais* meant him by Friar *John de l'Entanmeure* (for ſo *Rabelais* writ it, and means Friar *John* of the *Chopping-Knives*, as I have elſewhere ſaid, not *of the Funnels*.) See *Du Chat* at large.

(3) *Clerk ev'n to the Teeth*.] A proverbial Expreſſion, uſed in ſpeaking of a debauch'd Prieſt or Monk, who has as it were, devour'd his Maſs-book; Well read in his Porridge-pot; an excellent Clerk in a Cook's Shop.

(5) Im, &c.] Read it thus, for ſo *Rabelais* writ it, *Im, im, pe, e, e, e, e, tum, um, in, i, ni, i, mi, co, o, o, o, o, o, rum, um*, Theſe Syllables belong to an *Anthem*, or ſome *Reſponſe*, and they form the Words, *impetum inimicorum*, of which they repreſent the plain Song.

will not be found for these four Years to come so much as a Gleaning in it. *By the Belly of Sanct James*, what shall we *(poor Devils)* drink the while? Lord God! *da mihi potum*. Then said the Prior of the Convent, What should this drunken Fellow do here, let him be carried to Prison for troubling the *Divine Service?* Nay, said the Monk, the *Wine Service?* let us behave ourselves so that it be not troubled; for you yourself, *my Lord Prior*, love to drink of the best, and *so doth every honest Man. Never yet did a Man of Worth dislike good Wine*; it is a monastical Apophthegm: But these *Responses* that you chant here, by G——, are not in Season. Wherefore is it, that our *Devotions* were instituted to be short in the Time of *Harvest* and *Vintage*, and long in the *Advent* and all the *Winter?*

The late Friar *Messepelosse*, of good Memory, a true zealous Man (or the Devil take me) of our Religion, told me, and I remember it well, how the Reason was, *That in this Season we might press and make the Wine, and in the Winter whiff it up.* Hark you, my Masters, you that love the Wine, *Cops Body*, follow me, for *Sanct Anthony* burn me as freely as a Fagot, if they taste one Drop of the Liquor, that will not now come and fight in Defence of the Vine. *Hog's Belly*, the *Goods* of the *Church!* Ha, no, no: (6) What the Devil would have *Sanct Thomas* of *England* died for them; if I die, shall not I be a *Sanct* likewise? Yet will not I die for all this, but send others a packing.

As he spake this, he threw off his great Monks Habit, and laid hold upon the Staff of the Cross, which was made of the Heart of a Sorb-apple-tree, it being of the Length of a Lance, round, of a full Gripe, and a little powder'd with (7) *Flower de Luces*, almost all defaced

(6) *What the Devil*, &c.] Read, *Oons*, *St* Thomas *of* England *wou'd gladly have laid down his Life for them.* He means *Thomas à Becket.*

(7) Flower de Luces (Lys's) *almost all defaced.*] Many will have the moral Sense of these Words, and of this Action of Friar *John* to be, that the Kings of *France* having thought fit to give, in their Kingdom, a very great Authority to Ecclesiasticks, these latter have often made use of it to oppress their Enemies, without taking any, or very

defaced and worn out. Thus went he out in a fair long-ſkirted Jacket, putting his Frock Scarfways athwart his Breaſt, and with his Staff of the Croſs laid on ſo luſtily on his Enemies, who without any Order, or Enſign, or Trumpet, or Drum, were buſied in gathering the Grapes of the Vineyard; for the Cornets, Guidons, and Enſign-bearers had lain down their Standards, Banners, and Colours by the Wall-ſides: The Drummers had knock'd out the Heads of their Drums on one End, to fill them with Grapes: The Trumpeters were loaded with great Bundles of Bunches, and huge Knots of Cluſters: In ſum, every one of them was out of Array, and all in Diſorder. He hurried therefore upon them ſo rudely, without crying *gare*, or beware, that he overthrew them like Hogs, tumbled them over like Swine, ſtriking athwart and alongſt, and by one Means or other laid ſo about him, after the old Faſhion of Fencing, that to ſome he beat out their Brains, to others he cruſh'd their Arms, batter'd their Legs, and bethwack'd their Sides till their Ribs crack'd with it; to others again, he unjointed the *Spondyles* of the Neck, disfigured their Chaps, gaſh'd their Faces, made their Cheeks hang flapping over their Chin, and ſo ſwinged and belamed them, that they fell down before him like Hay before a Mower: to ſome others he ſpoil'd the Frame of their Kidnies, marr'd their Backs, broke their Thigh-bones, puſh'd in their Noſes, poach'd out their Eyes, cleft their *Mandibules*, tore their Jaws, daſh'd their Teeth into their Throat, ſhook aſunder their *Omoplates* or Shoulder-blade, *ſphacelated* their Shins, mortify'd their Shanks, inflamed their Ancles, (8) heaved off of the Hinges their Iſhies, their *Sciati-*

ca

very little Notice of the Power and Sovereignty of their Benefactors. But might there not be ſome other Myſtery in what *Rabelais* adds, that Friar *John*'s Staff was of the Sorb-Apple-Tree, the hardeſt of all Woods?

(1) *Heav'd off the Hinges their Iſhies, their* Sciatica *or Hipgout.*] It is *deſgoudoit les Iſchies*, heav'd off the Hinges the Huckle bones; for, I take *Iſchies* to be *Iſchia*, the Plural of *Iſchium*, the Huckle-bone, the Hip. Sir *T. U.* finding in *Cotgrave* that *Rabelais*'s Word *Iſchie* meant the *Sciatica* or Hipgout, ſets it down ſo, without conſidering the Abſurdity of ſuch a Conſtruction, or the Erroneouſneſs of

ca or Hip-gout, diſlocated the Joints of their Knees, ſquatter'd into Pieces the Boughs or Peſtles of their Thighs, and ſo thump'd, mawl'd, and belaboured them every where, that never was Corn ſo thick and three-fold threſh'd upon by Plowmens Flails, as were the pitifully disjointed Members of their mangled Bodies, under the mercileſs Baton of the Croſs.

If any offered to hide himſelf amongſt the thickeſt of the Vines, he laid him ſquat as a Flounder, bruiſed the Ridge of his Back, and daſh'd his Reins like a Dog. If any thought by his Flight to eſcape, he made his Head to fly in Pieces by the *Lambdoidal Commiſſure*. If any one did ſcramble up into a Tree, thinking there to be ſafe, he rent up his Perinee, and impailed him in at the Fundament. If any one of his old Acquaintance happened to cry out, Ha, *Friar John*, my Friend; *Friar John*, Quarter, Quarter, I yield myſelf to you; to you I render myſelf: So thou ſhalt (ſaid he) *per* Force, and thy Soul to all the Devils in Hell, then ſuddenly gave him (9) *Dronos*. If any was ſo raſh and full of Temerity as to reſiſt him to his Face, then was it he did ſhew the Strength of his Muſcles; for without more ado he did tranſpierce him, by running him at the Breaſt thro' the *Mediateſtine* and the Heart. Others again he ſo quaſh'd and bebump'd, that with a ſound Bounce under the Hollow of their ſhort Ribs, he overturned their Stomachs, ſo that they died immediately. To ſome, with a ſmart Souſe on the *Epigaſter*, he would make their Midriff ſwag; then redoubling the Blow, gave them ſuch a home Puſh on the Navel, that he made their Puddings guſh out. To others, thro' their Ballocks he pierced their Bumgut, and left not Bowel, Tripe, nor Intrail in their Body, that had not felt the Impetuoſity, Fierceneſs, and Fury of his Violence. Believe, that it was the moſt horrible Spectacle that ever one ſaw: Some cried unto *Sanct Barbe*, others to St. *George*; O, the holy *Lady Nytouch*, ſaid one, the good

Cotgrave in that Reſpect. *Iſchias adis* is indeed the Hip-Gout, but not *Iſchium*.

(9) Dronos.] Knocks, Thumps, Raps, Thwacks. See it explained at large in *Du Cbat*.

Sanctes;

Sanctess; O, *our Lady of Succours*, said another, help, help: Others cried, our Lady of (10) *Cunaut*, of *Loretta*, of (11) *good Tidings*, (12) on the other Side of the Water St. *Mary-over:* Some vowed a Pilgrimage to St. *James*, and others to the holy *Handkerchief* at *Chamberry*, which three Months after that burnt so well in the Fire, that they could not get one Thread of it saved: (13) Others sent up their Vows to St. *Cadouin*, others to St. *John d' Angelie*, and to St. *Eutropius* of *Xantes:* Others again invoked St. *Mesmes* of *Chinon*, St. *Martin* of *Candes*, St. *Cloud* of *Sinays*, the holy Relicks of *Laurezay*, with a Thousand other jolly little Sancts and Santrels. Some died without speaking, others spoke without dying; some died in speaking, others spoke in dying. Others shouted aloud, *Confession, Confession, Confetor, miserere, in manus.* So great was the Cry of the wounded, that the *Prior* of the Abbey with all his *Monks* came forth; who, when they saw these poor Wretches so slain amongst the Vines, and wounded to death, confessed some of them. But whilst the Priests were busy in confessing them, the little *Monkies* ran all to the Place where *Friar John* was, and asked him, where he would be pleased to require their Assistance.

To which he answered, that they should cut the Throats of those he had thrown down upon the Ground. They, presently leaving their outer Habits and Cowls upon the Rails, began to throttle and make an End of those whom he had already crushed. Can you tell with what Instruments they did it? With fair (14) *Gullicks*, which are little hulch'd-back'd Demi-knives, wherewith the little Boys in our Country cut ripe Walnuts in two.

(10) Cunaut.] A fat Priory in *Anjou*.

(11) Good Tidings.] A Royal Abbey near *Orleans*.

(12) *On the other Side of the Water St.* Mary over.] Read, By our Lady *Lenou*, of *Rivjere*. The first whereof is a Parish of *Touraine*, between *Chinon* and *Richelieu*. The other not far from it.

(13) *Others sent up their Vows to St.* Cadouin.] See all these explained at large in M. *Du Chat*'s Notes.

(14) Gullicks.] *Gouets*, a little Cut-purse-knife. See more in *Du Chat*.

In

In the mean Time, *Friar John*, with his formidable Baton [Staff] of the Croſs, got to the Breach which the Enemies had made, and there ſtood to ſnatch up thoſe that endeavoured to eſcape. Some of the *Monkitos* carried the Standards, Banners, Enſigns, Guidons, and Colours into their Cells and Chambers, to make Garters of them, but when thoſe that had been ſhriven would have gone out at the Gap of the ſaid Breach, the ſturdy Monk quaſh'd and fell'd them down with Blows, ſaying, Theſe Men have had Confeſſion and are penitent Souls, they have got their Abſolution, and gained the Pardons: They go into Paradiſe as ſtrait as a Sickle, or as (15) the Way is to *Faye (like Crooked Lane at Eaſtcheap.)*

Thus by his Proweſs and Valour were diſcomfited all thoſe of the Army that entered into the *Cloſe* of the Abbey, unto the Number of thirteen thouſand ſix hundred twenty and two, beſides the Women and little Children, which are always to be underſtood. Never did *Maugis* the Hermit bear himſelf more valiantly with his *Pilgrim*'s Staff againſt the *Saracens*, of whom it is written in the Acts of the four Sons of *Haymon*, than did this *Monk* againſt his *Enemies with the Staff of the Croſs*.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How Picrochole *ſtormed and took by Aſſault the Rock* Clermond, *and of* Grangouſier's *Unwillingneſs and Averſion from the Undertaking of War.*

WHilſt the Monk did thus ſkirmiſh, as we have ſaid, againſt thoſe which were entered within the *Cloſe*, *Picrochole* in great Haſte paſſed the Ford *Vede* with all his Soldiery, and ſet upon the Rock *Clermond*, where there was made him no Reſiſtance at all: And

15.) *The Way to* Faye.] *Faie-la-vineuſe*, a little Village ſituated on ſo ſteep an Eminence, that there's no getting at it but by winding round the Mountain.

becauſe

becauſe it was already Night, he reſolved to quarter himſelf and his Army in that Town, and to refreſh himſelf of his (1) *pugnative Choler*. In the Morning, he ſtormed and took the Bulwarks and Caſtle, which afterwards he fortify'd with Rampiers, and furniſhed with all Ammunition requiſite, intending to make his Retreat there, if he ſhould happen to be otherwiſe worſted; for it was a ſtrong Place both by Art and Nature, in regard of the Situation of it. But let us leave them there, and return to our good *Gargantua*, who is at *Paris*, very aſſiduous and earneſt at the Study of good Letters, and athletical Exercitations; and to the good old Man *Grangouſier* his Father, who, after Supper, warmeth his Ballocks by a good, clear, great Fire, and, whilſt his Cheſnuts are a roaſting, is very ſerious in drawing Scratches on the Hearth with a Stick burn'd at one End, wherewith they did ſtir up the Fire, telling to his Wife and the reſt of the Family pleaſant old Stories and Tales of former Times.

Whilſt he was thus employ'd, one of the Shepherds which did keep the Vines, (named *Pillot*) came towards him, and to the full related the enormous Abuſes which were committed, and the exceſſive Spoil that was made by *Picrochole*, King of *Lerné*, upon his Lands and Territories, and how he had pillaged, waſted, and ravaged all the Country, except the Encloſure at *Sevilé*, which Friar *John des Entoumeures*, to his great Honour, had preſerved; and that at the ſame preſent Time, the ſaid King was in the Rock *Clermond*; and there, with great Induſtry and Circumſpection, was ſtrengthening himſelf and his whole Army. *Halas, halas, alas* (ſaid *Grangouſier*) what is this, good People? Do I dream, or is it true that they tell me? *Picrochole*, my ancient Friend of old Time, of my own Kindred and Alliance, comes he to invade me? What moves him? What provokes him? What ſets him on? What drives him to it? Who hath given him this Counſel? *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho*, my God, my Saviour, help me, inſpire me,

(1) Pugnative Choler.] It ſhould be *pungitive*, as being not only ſo in the beſt Editions of *Rabelais*, but a Word often uſed by the Phyſicians of the lower Ages in the Senſe of *pungendi vim habens*.

and

and adviſe me what I ſhall do. I proteſt, I ſwear before thee, ſo be thou favourable to me, if ever I did him or his Subjects any Damage or Diſpleaſure, or committed any the leaſt Robbery in his Country; but, on the contrary, I have ſuccoured and ſupplied him with Men, Money, Friendſhip, and Counſel upon any Occaſion, wherein I could be ſteadable for his Good; that he hath therefore at this Nick of Time ſo outraged and wronged me; it cannot be but by the malevolent and wicked Spirit. Good God, thou knoweſt my Courage, for nothing can be hidden from thee. If perhaps he be grown mad, and that thou haſt ſent him hither to me for the better Recovery and Re-eſtabliſhment of his Brain, grant me Power and Wiſdom to bring him to the Yoke of thy holy Will by good Diſcipline. *Ho, ho, ho, ho,* my good People, my Friends, and my faithful Servants, muſt I hinder you from helping me? Alas! my old Age required henceforward nothing elſe but Reſt, (2) and all the Days of my Life I have laboured for nothing ſo much as Peace: But now I muſt (I ſee it well) load with Arms my poor, weary, and feebled Shoulders, and take in my trembling Hand the Lance and Horſeman's Mace, to ſuccour and protect my honeſt Subjects. Reaſon will have it ſo; for by their Labour am I maintained, and with their Sweat am I nouriſhed, I, my Children, and my Family. This notwithſtanding, I will not undertake War, until I have firſt tried all the Ways and Means of Peace; that I reſolve upon.

Then aſſembled he his Counſel, and propoſed the Matter, as it was indeed, whereupon it was concluded, that they ſhould ſend ſome diſcreet Man unto *Picrochole*, to know wherefore he had thus ſuddenly broken the Peace, and invaded thoſe Lands, unto which he had no Right nor Title. Furthermore, that they ſhould ſend for *Gar-*

(2) *And all the Days of my Life I have laboured for nothing ſo much as Peace.*] A true Picture of the good King *Louis* XII. of whom *Mezeray* ſays, That he had ſo great an Averſion to War, leſt his Subjects ſhould ſuffer by it, that he rather choſe to loſe his Dutchy of *Milan*, than ſeek to recover it by a War, which he could not carry on without loading his Subjects with new Taxes.

gantua,

gantua, and thoſe under his Command, for the Preſervation of the Country, and Defence thereof, now at need. All this pleaſed *Grangouſier* very well, and he commanded that ſo it ſhould be done. Preſently therefore he ſent *Baſque*, his Lackey, to fetch *Gargantua* with all Diligence, and wrote to him as followeth.

CHAP. XXIX.

The Tenor of the Letter which Grangouſier *wrote to his Son* Gargantua.

THE Fervency of thy Studies did require, that I ſhould not in a long Time recall thee from that philoſophical Reſt thou now enjoyeſt, if the Confidence, repoſed in our Friends and ancient Confederates, *had not at this preſent diſappointed the Aſſurances of my old Age. But ſeeing ſuch is my fatal Deſtiny, that I ſhould be now diſquieted by thoſe in whom I truſted moſt: I am forced to call thee back to defend the* People *and* Goods, *which by the Right of Nature belong unto thee.* For even as Arms are weak abroad if there be not Counſel at home; ſo is that Study vain, and Counſel unprofitable, which in a due and convenient Time is not by Virtue executed and put in Effect. *My Intention is not to provoke, but appeaſe; not to aſſault, but to defend; not to conquer, but to preſerve my faithful Subjects and hereditary Dominions; into which* Picrochole *is entered in a hoſtile Manner, without any Ground or Cauſe, and from Day to Day purſueth his furious Enterprize with great Height of Inſolence, that is intolerable to free-born Spirits.*

I have endeavoured to moderate his tyrannical Choler, *offering him all that which I thought might give him Satisfaction: And oftentimes have I ſent lovingly unto him, to underſtand wherein, by whom, and how he found himſelf to be wrong'd; but of him could I obtain no other Anſwer, but a mere Defiance;* (1) *and that in my Lands he*

(1) And that in my Lands he did pretend only to the Right of a civil Correſpondency and good Behaviour.] Inſtead of all which, read, *And*

he did pretend only to the Right of a civil Correſpondency and good Behaviour. Whereby I knew that the Eternal God hath given him over to the Diſpoſure of his own free Will and ſenſual Appetite; which cannot chuſe but be wicked, if by divine Grace it be not continually guided: *And to contain him within his Duty, and bring him to know himſelf, hath ſent him hither to me by a grievous Token. Therefore,* my beloved Son, *as ſoon as thou canſt, upon Sight of theſe Letters, repair hither with all Diligence, to ſuccour, not me ſo much (which nevertheleſs by natural Piety thou oughteſt to do) as* thine own People, *which by Reaſon thou oughteſt to ſave and preſerve. The Exploit ſhall be done with as little* Effuſion of Blood *as may be; and, if poſſible, by* Means more expedient, *by* Policy *and* Stratagems *of War, we will ſave all the Souls, and ſend them home merry unto their own Houſes.* My deareſt Son, *the Peace of* Jeſus Chriſt *our Redeemer be with thee: Salute from me* Ponocrates, Gymnaſtes, *and* Eudemon.

The 20th of September, Thy Father,

Grangousier.

CHAP. XXX.

How Ulrich Gallet *was ſent unto* Picrochole.

THE Letter being dictated, ſigned, and ſealed, *Grangouſier* ordained, that (1) *Ulrich Gallet,* (Maſter

And that my Lands lay fit for him, for that is the Meaning of the Word *bienſcante.* Old *Louis* XIV. uſed that very Word in one of his Declarations of War againſt the *Dutch, That* Flanders, &c. *ſtood convenient for him,* and aſſigned no other Reaſon for attacking them.

(1) Ulrich Gallet.] *Menage,* under the Word *Gallet,* ſays, it is not long ſince there was at *Chinon,* a Family of that Name. *Gallet,* the

(Maſter of the *Requeſts*) a very wiſe and diſcreet Man, of whoſe Prudence and ſound Judgment he had made Trial in ſeveral difficult and debateful Matters, to go unto *Picrochole*, to ſhew what had been reſolved amongſt them. At the ſame Hour departed the good Man *Gallet*, and, having paſſed the *Ford*, aſked the Miller, in what Condition *Picrochole* was? who anſwered, That *his Soldiers had left neither Cock nor Hen*; that they were (2) retir'd and ſhut up into the Rock *Clermond*, and that he would not adviſe him to go any further for fear of the Scouts, becauſe they were enormouſly furious; which he eaſily believed, and therefore lodged that Night with the Miller.

The next Morning he went with a Trumpeter to the Gate of the Caſtle, and required of the Guards he might be admitted to ſpeak with the King, of ſomewhat that concerned him. Theſe Words being told unto the King, he would by no Means conſent that they ſhould open the Gate; but, getting upon the Top of the Bulwark, ſaid unto the Ambaſſador, *What is the News? What have you to ſay?* Then the Ambaſſador began to ſpeak as followeth.

CHAP. XXXI.

The Speech made by GALLET to PICROCHOLE.

THERE cannot ariſe amongſt Men a juſter Cauſe of Grief, than when they receive Hurt and Damage, where they may juſtly expect for Favour and good Will; and not without Cauſe (though without Reaſon) have many, after they had fallen into ſuch a calamitous Accident, eſteemed this Indignity leſs ſupportable than the

the Gameſter, who built at *Paris* the *Hotel de Sulli*, was of this Family, and *Ulrich*, or *Hurly Gallet*, Maſter of Requeſts to *Grangouſier*, was ſo too, as we are informed by *Menage*, who had it from *Gallet*, the Gameſter's own Mouth.

(2) *Retir'd, &c.*] Read, They had taken up their Quarters in *la Roche-Clermauld.* [It is a Pariſh within the Territory of *Chinon.*]

Loſs

Loſs of their own Lives; in ſuch Sort, that if they could not by Force of Arms or otherwiſe correct it, they have deprived themſelves of this Light.

It is therefore no Wonder if King Grangouſier *my Maſter be full of high Diſpleaſure, and much diſquieted in Mind upon thy outrageous and hoſtile Coming, but truly it would be a Marvel, if he were not ſenſible of, and moved with the incomparable Abuſes and Injuries perpetrated by thee and thine upon thoſe of his Country, towards whom there hath been no Example of Inhumanity omitted. Which in itſelf is to him ſo grievous for the cordial Affection wherewith he hath always cheriſhed his Subjects, that more it cannot be to any mortal Man; yet in this (above human Apprehenſion) is it to him the more grievous, that theſe Wrongs and ſad Offences have been committed by* thee and thine, *who Time out of Mind, from all Antiquity,* thou and thy Predeceſſors, *have been in a continual* League *and* Amity *with* him, *and all his* Anceſtors, *which, even until this Time, you have as ſacred together inviolably preſerved, kept and maintained ſo well, that not he and his only, but the very barbarous Nations, the* Poictevins, Bretons, Manceaux, *and thoſe that dwell beyond the Iſles of the* Canaries, *and that of* Iſabella, *have thought it as eaſy to pull down the Firmament, and to ſet up Depths above the Clouds, as to make a Breach in your* Alliance; *and have been ſo afraid of it in their Enterpriſes, that they have never dared to provoke, incenſe, or indamage the one for Fear of the other. Nay, which is more, this* ſacred League *hath ſo filled the World, that there are few Nations at this Day inhabiting throughout all the* Continent *and Iſles of the* Ocean, *who have not ambitiouſly aſpired to be received into it, upon your own Covenants and Conditions, holding your* joint Confederacy *in as high Eſteem as their own Territories and Dominions; in ſuch Sort, that, from the Memory of Man, there hath not been either* Prince *or* League *ſo wild and proud, that durſt have offered to invade, I ſay, not your* Countries, *but not ſo much as thoſe of your* Confederates. *And if by raſh and heady Counſel they have attempted any new Deſign againſt them, as ſoon as they heard the Name and Title of your* Alliance, *they have ſuddenly deſiſted from their Enterpriſes.*

terprises. What Rage and Madness therefore doth now incite thee, all old Alliance infringed, all Amity trod under Foot, and all Right violated, thus in a hostile Manner to invade his Country, without having been by him or his in any Thing prejudiced, wronged, or provoked? Where is Faith? Where is Law? Where is Reason? Where is Humanity? Where is the Fear of God? Dost thou think that these atrocious Abuses are hidden from the eternal Spirits, and the Supreme God, who is the just Rewarder of all our Undertakings? If thou so think, thou deceivest thyself, for all Things shall come to pass, as in his incomprehensible Judgment he hath appointed.

Is it thy fatal Destiny, or Influence of the Stars, that would put an End to thy so long enjoy'd Ease and Rest? For all Things have their End and Period, so as that, when they are come to the superlative Point of their greatest Height, they are in a Trice tumbled down again, as not being able long to abide in that State. This is the Conclusion and End of those, who cannot, by Reason and Temperance, moderate their Fortunes and Prosperities. But, if it be predestinated that thy Happiness and Ease must now come to an End, must it needs be by wronging my King? Him, by whom thou wert established? If thy House must come to Ruin, should it therefore in its Fall crush the Heels of him that set it up? The Matter is so unreasonable, and so dissonant from common Sense, that hardly can it be conceived by human Understanding, and altogether incredible unto Strangers, till by the certain and undoubted Effects thereof it be made apparent, that nothing is either sacred or holy to those, who, having emancipated themselves from God and Reason, do merely follow the perverse Affections of their own depraved Nature.

If any Wrong had been done by us to thy Subjects and Dominions; if we had favoured thy Ill-willers; if we had not assisted thee in thy Need; if thy Name and Reputation had been wounded by us; or (to speak more truly) if the calumniating Spirit, tempting to induce thee to Evil, had by false Illusions and deceitful Fantasies put into thy Conceit the Impression of a Thought, that we had done unto thee any Thing unworthy of our ancient

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Correſpondence and Friendſhip, thou oughteſt firſt to have enquired out the Truth, and afterwards by a ſeaſonable Warning to admoniſh us thereof; and we ſhould have ſo ſatisfied thee, according to thine own Heart's Deſire, that thou ſhould'ſt have had Occaſion to be contented. But (O, Eternal God) what is thy Enterpriſe? Would'ſt thou, like a perfidious Tyrant, thus ſpoil and lay waſte my Maſter's Kingdom? Haſt thou found him ſo ſilly and blockiſh, that he would not; or ſo deſtitute of Men and Money, of Counſel and Skill in military Diſcipline, that he cannot withſtand thy unjuſt Invaſion? March hence preſently, and To-morrow, ſome Time of the Day, retreat unto thine own Country, without doing any Kind of Violence or diſorderly Act by the Way; (1) *and pay withal a thouſand* Beſans of Gold, *for Reparations of Damages thou haſt done in his Country: Half thou ſhalt pay To-morrow, and the other Half at the* Ides *of* May *next coming, leaving with us in the mean Time for Hoſtages, the Dukes of* Turnebank, Lowbuttock, *and* Smalltraſh: *together with the* (2) *Prince of* Itches, [Scrubbado.] *and Viſcount of* Snatchbit.

CHAP. XXXII.

How Grangouſier, *to buy Peace, cauſed the Cakes to be reſtored.*

WITH that the good Man *Gallet* held his Peace; but *Picrochole* to all his Diſcourſe anſwered

(1) And pay withal a thouſand *Beſans of Gold.*] *Ulrich Gallet* maintains his Maſter's Dignity by impoſing this Sum on *Picrochole*, at the ſame Time as he offers him Peace. The *Bezant* was an ancient Piece of Money, coined at *Conſtantinople* (Byzantium.) *Cotgrave* ſays it was of Gold. [See further in him.] M. *Du Chat* goes on. *Baldricus*, Biſhop of *Del*, l. 1. of his Hiſt. of *Jeruſalem*, *Direxerunt itaque legationem Conſtantinopolim quæ vocabulo antiquiori Byzantium dicta fuit, unde & adhuc monetam civitatis illius* Byzanteos *vocamus*. On which it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that, under the ſecond Race of the Kings of *France*, the Coins of the *Levant* were current and common throughout the Kingdom, nay, and ſo continued to be long after, but the *Bezant* often varied in Weight and Value.

(2) Prince of *Scrubbado* and Viſcount *Snatchbit.*] Names fitted to

ſwered nothing, but *Come and fetch them, come and fetch them*; (1) *they have Ballocks fair and ſoft, they will knead ſome Cakes for you.* Then returned he to *Grangouſier*, whom he found upon his Knees, bare-headed, crouching in a little Corner of his Cabinet, and humbly praying unto God, that he would vouchſafe to aſſwage the Choler of *Picrochole*, and bring him to the Rule of Reaſon without proceeding by Force. When the good Man came back, he aſked him, Ha, my Friend, my Friend, what News do you bring me? There is neither Hope nor Remedy, (ſaid *Gallet*) the Man is quite out of his Wits, and forſaken of God. Yea, but (ſaid *Grangouſier*) my Friend, what Cauſe doth he pretend for his Outrages? He did not ſhew me any Cauſe at all (ſaid *Gallet*) only that in a great Anger he ſpoke ſome Words of *Cakes*. I cannot tell if they have done any Wrong to his *Cake-bakers*. I will know (ſaid *Grangouſier*) the Matter throughly, before I reſolve any more upon what is to be done. Then ſent he to learn concerning that Buſineſs, and found by true Information, that ſome of his Men had taken violently ſome *Cakes* from *Picrochole*'s People, and that *Marquet* had his Head broken: That nevertheleſs, all was well paid, and that the ſaid *Marquet* had firſt hurt *Forgier* with a Stroke of his Whip athwart the Legs, and it ſeemed good to his whole Counſel, that he ſhould defend himſelf with all his Might. Notwithſtanding all this (ſaid *Grangouſier*) ſeeing the Queſtion is but about a few *Cakes*, I will labour to content him; for I am very unwilling to wage War againſt him. He enquired then what Quantity of *Cakes* they had taken away, and, underſtanding that it was but ſome four or *five Dozen*, he commanded *five Cart-loads* of them to be baked that ſame Night, and that there ſhould be one full of *Cakes* made with fine Butter, fine Yolks of Eggs, fine Saffron, and fine Spice, to be beſtow'd upon *Marquet*;

to the uneaſy troubleſome Humour of thoſe two Men, whom *Ulrich Gallet* inſiſts upon having for Hoſtages, that he might put them out of a Condition to influence their Maſter to diſturb the Repoſe of his Neighbours.

(1) They have, &c.] A *Poitevin* Expreſſion for, *You will ſee whether they are Cullions* (Cowards in one Senſe) *or no.*

unto

unto whom likewiſe he directed to be given ſeven hundred thouſand and three (2) *Philips* for Reparation of his Loſſes, and for Satisfaction of the Chirurgeon that had dreſſed his Wound; and furthermore ſettled upon *him* and *his*, for ever in *Free-hold*, the (3) Apple-Orchard called *La Pomardiere*; for the Conveyance and Paſſing of all which was ſent *Gallet*, who, by the Way as they went, made them gather near the Willow-trees great Store of Boughs, Canes, and Reeds, wherewith all the Carriers were enjoined to garniſh and deck their Carts, and each of them to carry one in his Hand, as himſelf likewiſe did, thereby to give all Men to underſtand, *that they demanded but Peace, and that they came to buy it.*

Being come to the Gate, they requir'd to ſpeak with *Picrochole* from *Grangouſier*. *Picrochole* would not ſo much as let them in, nor go to ſpeak with them, but ſent them Word, that he was buſy, and that they ſhould deliver their Mind to Captain *Touquedillon*, who was then planting a Piece of Ordnance upon the Wall. Then ſaid the good Man unto him, *My Lord*, to eaſe you of all this Labour, and to take away all Excuſes why you may not return unto our former *Allianee*, we do here preſently reſtore unto you the *Cakes* upon which the Quarrel aroſe. Five Dozen did our People take away; they were well paid for; we love Peace ſo well, that we reſtore unto you five Cart-loads, of which this Cart ſhall be for *Marquet*, who doth moſt complain. Beſides, to content him entirely, here are ſeven hundred thouſand and three *Philips*, which I deliver to him; and for the Loſſes he may pretend to have ſuſtained, I reſign for ever the Farm of the *Pomardiere*, to be poſſeſſed in Fee Simple by him and his for ever, without the Payment of any Duty, or Acknowledgment of Homage, Fealty, Fine, or Service whatſoever; and here is the

(2) Philips.] A Coin, ſo called from King *Philip* of *Valois*.

(3) Apple Orchard, &c.] *La Meſtairie*, &c. *The Farm de la Pomardiere:* The Apple Farm, if you will. *Du Chat* thinks it was ſomewhere in *Normandy* [a great Apple Country] but that *Rabelais* had in his Head ſome Pun about *Pomardiere* and *Pomatum*, and that *Grangouſier* gave him the *Pomardiere* to reimburſe *Marquet* the Charges he had been at for *Pomatum* and ſuch like Ointments to heal his broken Pate.

Deed

Deed of Conveyance, and for God's Sake let us live henceforward in Peace? and go you home merrily into your own Country from this Place, unto which you have no Right at all, as yourſelves muſt needs confeſs, and let us be good Friends as before. *Touquedillon* related all this to *Picrochole*, and more and more exaſperated his Courage, ſaying to him: Theſe Clowns are afraid to ſome Purpoſe. By Cocks, *Grangouſier* conſhites himſelf for Fear; the poor *Drinker* he is not ſkilled in Warfare, nor hath he any Stomach for it; he knows better how to empty the *Flaggons*, that is his Art. I am of Opinion, that it is fit (4) we ſend back the Carts and the Money; and for the reſt, that very ſpeedily we fortify ourſelves here, then proſecute our Fortune. But what, do they think they have to do with a *Ninenwhoop*, to feed you thus with *Cakes?* You may ſee what it is, the good Uſage and great Familiarity, which you have had with them heretofore, hath made you contemptible in their Eyes; (5) *ungenton purget purgentom ruſtius unget.*

Sa, ſa, ſa (ſaid *Picrochole*) by St. *James*, you have given a true Character of them. One Thing I will adviſe you (ſaid *Touquedillon*) we are here but badly victualled and very ſlenderly provided with Stores for the Mouth: If *Grangouſier* ſhould come to beſiege us, I

(4) *We ſend back.*] No, it ſhould be *retain*, and not *ſend back the Carts and Money*; *retenons*, not *retournons*. And indeed it appears preſently, they kept the Carts and Money.

(5) Ungenton, &c.] *Rabelais*'s Words are only *Oignez vilain, il vous poindra. Poignez vilain, il vous oindra.*

In plain *Engliſh*.

A baſe, unthankful, clowniſh Brood
Return bad Offices for good:
But uſe them ill, they're the Reverſe,
And would be glad to kiſs your A-ſe.

As for the *Ungenton purget purgentom ruſtius unget*, Sir *T. U.* ſpells it wrong on purpoſe, to ridicule the Speaker.. The true Reading ſhould be,

Ungentem pungit, pungentem ruſticus ungit.

would

would go preſently and pluck out of all your Soldiers Heads and mine own all the Teeth, except three to each of us, and with them alone we ſhould make an End of our Proviſion but too ſoon.

We ſhall have (ſaid *Picrochole*) but too much Suſtenance and feeding Stuff. Came we hither to eat or to fight? To fight indeed (ſaid *Touquedillon*) yet *from the Paunch comes the Dance*, and *where Famine rules Force is exil'd*. Leave off your Prating (ſaid *Picrochole*) and forthwith ſeize upon what they have brought. Then took he the Money and Cakes, Oxen and Carts, and ſent away the Meſſengers, without ſpeaking a Word, only that they would come no more ſo near, for a Reaſon that would be told them the Morrow after. Thus, without doing any Thing, returned they to *Grangouſier*, and related the whole Matter unto him, ſubjoining that there was *no Hope left to draw them to Peace, but by ſharp and fierce Wars*.

CHAP. XXXIII.

How ſome Miniſters *of* Picrochole *by Hairbrained Counſel, put him in extreme Danger.*

THE Carts being unloaded, and the Money and Cakes ſecured, there came before *Picrochole*, the Duke of *Small-traſh*, the Earl *Swaſhbuckler*, and Captain *Durtaille*, who ſaid unto him, (1) Sir, this Day we make you the happieſt, the moſt warlike and chivalrous Prince that ever was ſince the Death of *Alexander* of *Macedonia*. Be covered, be covered, (ſaid *Picrochole*) Cry you Mercy (ſaid they) we do but our Duty. The Matter is thus, you ſhall leave ſome Captain here to have the Charge of this Garriſon, with a Party competent for keeping of the Place, which, beſides its natural Strength, is made ſtronger by the Rampiers and Fortreſſes of your deviſing. Your Army you are to di-

(1) Sir.] *Rabelais* has it *Cyre*, becauſe he derives it from Κύριος Dominus. *Sire* comes from *Seniore*.

vide

vide into two Parts, as you know very well how to do; one Part thereof ſhall fall upon *Grangouſier* and his Forces; by it ſhall he be eaſily at the very firſt Shock routed, and then ſhall you get Money by Heaps; for the *Clown* had Store of ready Coin. *Clown* we call him, becauſe (2) *A noble and generous Prince had never a Penny*, and that *to hoard up Treaſure is the Part of a Clown*. The other Part of the Army, in the mean Time ſhall draw towards *Onys*, *Xaintonge*, *Angoumois*, and *Gaſcony*; then march to *Perigourt*, (3) *Medos*, and *Elanes*, taking wherever you come, without Reſiſtance, Towns, Caſtles, and Forts. Afterwards to *Bayonne*, St. *John de Luz*, to *Fuentarabia*, where you ſhall ſeize upon all the Ships, and coaſting along *Gallicia* and *Portugal*, ſhall pillage all the maritime Places, even unto *Liſbon*, where you ſhall be ſupplied with all Neceſſaries befitting a Conqueror. By Copſodi, *Spain* will yield, for they are but a Race of *Loobies*. Then are you to paſs by the Straits of *Gibraltar*, where you ſhall erect two Pillars more ſtately than thoſe of *Hercules*, to the perpetual Memory of your Name; and the narrow Entrance there ſhall be call'd the *Picrochonical* Sea.

(2) *A noble and generous Prince had never a Penny.*] Read, *never hath a Penny: n'ha jamais ung Soul.* There's an old *French* Proverb;

Un noble Prince, un gentil Roy,
N'a jamais ne Pile, ne Croix.

A gallant Monarch never rich is,
Nor Croſs, nor Pile, has in his Breeches.

Yet there's a Remedy for this, tho' there's none againſt Death nor Taxes. The *French* ſay, *Que je ſois Officier moins d'un Moulin. Let me be an Officer, tho' it but of a Mill.* MAKE THE KING AN OFFICER, (a Place-man,) AND HE WILL SOON GROW RICH: (quoth an old Preacher in our *Edward* the VIth's Time.)

Before I diſmiſs this Article, I would know why in a Piece of Money, the oppoſite Side to the *Croſs* is called the *Pile* Side. *Cotgrave* ſays the Under-iron of the Stamp, wherein Money is ſtamped, is called *Pile*. If ſo, I'm ſatisfy'd: if not, I muſt go farther afield.

(2) Medos *and* Elanes] Read *Medoc* and *les Landes*. See farther in *Du Chat*.

Having paſt the *Picrochonical* Sea, behold, *Barbaroſſa* yields himſelf your Slave, I will (ſaid *Picrochole*) give him *fair Quarter*. Yea (ſaid they) (4) ſo that he be *content to be chriſtened*. And you ſhall conquer the Kingdoms of *Tunés*, of (5) *Hippos Argier* [*Algiers*] (6) *Bomine*, (7) *Corode*, yea all *Barbary*. Farthermore, you ſhall take into your Hands, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, *Sardinia*, *Corſica*, with the other Iſlands of the *Liguſtick* and *Balcarian* Seas. [Balearian] Going along on the left Hand, you ſhall ſubdue all *Gallia Narbonenſis*, *Provence*, the *Allobrogians*, *Genoa*, *Florence*, *Lucca*, and then *God by Rome*, our poor Monſieur the Pope dies now for Fear. By my Faith (ſaid *Picrochole*) I will not *Then kiſs his Pantoffle*.

Italy being thus taken, behold, *Naples*, *Calabria*, *Aputia* [*Apulia*] and *Sicily*, all ranſacked, and *Malta* too. I wiſh thoſe jovial *quondam* Knights of *Rhodes* would but come to reſiſt you, that we might ſee their Urine. I would (ſaid *Picrochole*) very willingly go to *Loretta*. No, no, (ſaid they) that ſhall be at our return. From thence we will ſail Eaſtwards and take *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, and the *Cyclade Iſland*, and ſet upon the *Morea*. It is ours by (8) St. *Trenian*, the Lord preſerve *Jeruſalem*; for the great *Soldan* is not comparable to you in Power. I will then, ſaid he, cauſe

(4) *So that he be content to be chriſten'd.*] Imitation of the Worthies and Champions of old Time, who are repreſented in the Romances as never giving Quarter to a Saracen, before he promis'd to be baptiz'd.

(5) Hippes.] Read *Hippo* or *Hippon*. It is the *Hippo-Diarrythus* of the Ancients, now *Biſerta*.

(6) Bomine.] Read *Bona*: It is the *Hippo-Regius* of the Ancients (whence Sil. *delectus Regibus Hippon*) here St. *Auſtin* was born: a ſtrong city under the Government of *Algiers*. This and the preceding are both on the Sea-coaſt. Both the *Hippos* are here called Kingdoms, becauſe *Strabo*, l. 17, ſpeaking of 'm, ſays ἄμφω βασίλεια.

(7) Corode.] Read *Corone*: It is the ancient *Cyrene*: Its modern Name is *Corene*. *Rabelais* has preferr'd *Corone*, a Name of the ſame Signification, and moreover peculiar to our old Romances.

(8) St. Trenian.] He is call'd by *Bede*, *Ninias*, by the ſucceeding Writers, *Ninianus*, from whence corruptly *Trignan* and *Trenian*. He was the firſt Preacher of Chriſtianity in *Scotland*, where he was Biſhop of *Whith-hern*, in *Latin Candida Caſa*, which many call by the Saint's Name. He died there 16 *Sept.* 432.

Solomon's Temple to be built. No, (ſaid they) not yet, have a little Patience, ſtay a while, *be never too ſudden in your Enterpriſes.*

Can you tell what *Octavian Auguſtus* ſaid, *Feſtina lentè.* It is requiſite that you firſt have the Leſſer *Aſia, Carra, Lycia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Lydia, Phrygia, Myſia,* (9) *Bithynia, Cara, Zia, Satalia, Samagaria, Caſtamena, Luga, Sanaſta,* even unto *Euphrates,* Shall we ſee (ſaid *Picrochole*) *Babylon* and Mount *Sinai?* There is no Need (ſaid they) at this Time. Have we not hurried up and down; travelled and toiled enough, in having transfretted and paſt over the *Hircanian* Sea, marched along the two *Armenias*, and the three *Arabias?* By my Faith (ſaid he) we have played the Fools, and are undone. Ha, poor Souls! What's the Matter, ſaid they? What ſhall we have (ſaid he) to drink in theſe Deſarts? For *Julian Auguſtus*, with his whole Army, died there for Thirſt, as they ſay. We have already (ſaid they) given Order for that: In the *Syriac* Sea, you have nine thouſand and fourteen great Ships, laden with the beſt Wines in the World; they arrived at *Port-Joppa*; there you ſhall find two and twenty thouſand Camels, and ſixteen hundred Elephants, which you ſhall find at one Hunting about *Sigelmes*, when you enter into *Lybia*: and beſides this, you will have all the *Mecca Caravan.* Will not they furniſh you ſufficiently with Wine? Yes, but (ſaid he) we ſhall not drink it freſh. That (ſaid they) is for a little Fiſh, but a *mighty Man, a Pretender, one that aſpires to the Monarchy of the World, cannot always have his Eaſe.* God be thanked, that you and your Men are

(9) Bithynia, &c.] *Rabelais* has the following Line or two thus: *Betune, Charaxia, Satalia, Samageria, Caſtamena, Luga, Savaſta,* even unto *Euphrates.* On this *M. Du Chat* ſays, that *Rabelais*, to render *Picrochole*'s Miniſters more ridiculous, deſignedly makes 'em ſpeak like Ignoramuſes in Geography, who take the different Names of one and the ſame Place for ſo many different Places. For if *Charaſia* is *Lydia*, nam'd juſt before, it is a Tautology: If it is *Alexandria Troadis*, otherwiſe *Troas* and *Troja*, it is another Tautology, *Aſia Minor* being mentioned before. *Satalia* is another Tautology, it being in *Pamphylia. Savaſta*, on the Frontier of *Cilicia*, in the Archbiſhoprick of *Tarſus.* It is the ancient *Sebaſta.*

come ſafe and ſound unto the Banks of the River *Tigris*.

But (ſaid he) what doth that Part of our Army in the mean Time, which overthrows that worthy Swill-pot, *Grangouſier?* They are not idle (ſaid they) we ſhall meet with them by and by. They ſhall have won you *Brittany*, *Normandy*, *Flanders*, *Hainault*, *Brabant*, *Artois*, *Holland*, *Zealand*; they have paſt the *Rhine*, over the Bellies of the *Switzers* and *Lanſkennets*, and a Party of them hath ſubdued *Luxemburg*, *Lorrain*, *Champaign*, and *Savoy*, even to *Lyons*, in which Place they have met with your Forces, returning from the naval Conqueſts of the *Mediterranean* Sea; and have rallied again in *Bohemia*, after they had plundered and ſacked *Suevia*, *Wittemberg*, *Bavaria*, *Auſtria*, *Moravia*, and *Styria*. Then they ſet fiercely together upon *Lubeck*, *Norway*, *Swedeland*, (10) *Rie*, (11) *Denmark*, (12) *Guitland*, *Greenland*, the (13) *Sterlins*, even unto the Frozen Sea. This done, they conquered the Iſles of *Orkney*, and ſubdued *Scotland*, *England*, and *Ireland*. From thence ſailing through the *Sandy* Sea, and by the *Sarmates*, they have vanquiſhed and overcome *Pruſſia*, *Poland*, *Lithuania*, *Ruſſia*, *Wallachia*, *Tranſylvania*, *Hungaria*, *Bulgaria*, *Turquieland*, and are now at *Conſtantinople*. Come (ſaid *Picrochole*) let us go join them quickly, for I will be Emperor of *Trebezonde* alſo. Shall we not kill all theſe Dog *Turks* and *Mahometans?* What a Devil ſhould we do elſe, ſaid they; *and you ſhall give their Goods and Lands to ſuch as ſhall have ſerved you honeſtly*. Reaſon (ſaid he) will have it ſo; that is but juſt; I give unto you *Caramania*, *Suria*, and all *Paleſtine*. Ah, Sir (ſaid they) *it is your Goodneſs:* Grammercy, God grant you may always proſper. There was preſent at the Time an old Gentleman, well experienced in the Wars, a ſtern Soldier, and who had been in many great Hazards, named *Echephron*, who, hearing this Diſcourſe, ſaid, I do heartily doubt that

(10) Rie.] *Rich* in *Rabelais:* It means either *Riga* in *Livonia*, or the Iſle of *Rugen*.

(11) Denmark.] *Dacia* in *Rabelais*. It means *Denmark*.

(12) Guitland.] *Gothia* in *Rabelais*.

(13) Sterlins.] *Eſtrelins* in *Rabelais*.

all

all this Enterprise will be like the Tale of the *Pitcher full of Milk*, wherewith a Shoemaker made himself rich in Conceit; but, when the Pitcher was broken, he had not whereupon to dine. What do you pretend by these large Conquests? What shall be the End of so many Labours and Crosses? Thus it shall be (said *Picrochole*) that when we return, we shall sit down, rest, and be merry. But (said *Echephron*) if by Chance you should never come back, for the Voyage is long and dangerous, were it not better for us to take our Rest now, than unnecessarily to expose ourselves to so many Dangers? O, (said *Swashbuckler*) by G— here is a good *Dotard*; come, let us go hide ourselves in the Corner of a Chimney, and there spend the whole Time of our Life amongst Ladies, in threading of Pearls, or spinning like *Sardanapalus*. He, *that nothing ventures, hath neither Horse nor Mule* (said *Solomon.*) He who *adventureth too much* (said *Echephron*) *loseth both Horse and Mule*, as *Malchon* answered. Enough (said *Picrochole*) go forward; I fear nothing, but that these *devilish* Legions of *Grangousier*, whilst we are in *Mesopotamia*, will come on our Backs and charge upon our Rear; What Remedy then? A very good one (said *Durtaille*) send a pretty round Commission to the *Muscovites*, and they will bring instantly into the Field for you *Four hundred and fifty thousand choice fighting Men.* O, that you would but make me your Lieutenant-general, how I should truss up the Rogues with Discipline? I fret, I charge, I strike, I take, I kill, I slay, I play the Devil. On, on (said *Picrochole*) he that loves me, follow me.

CHAP. XXXIV.

How Gargantua *left the City of* Paris, *to succour his Country, and how* Gymnast *encountered with the Enemy.*

IN this same very Hour, *Gargantua* (who was gone out of *Paris*, as soon as he had read his Father's

Letters) coming upon his great Mare, had already paſſed the (1) Nunnery-bridge: *Ponocrates*, *Gymnaſt*, and *Eudemon*, to go follow him, took Poſt-horſes; the reſt of his Train came after him by even Journies, bringing with them all his Books and philoſophical Inſtruments. As ſoon as he had alighted at *Parillé*, he was informed by a Farmer of *Gouget*, how *Picrochole* had fortify'd himſelf (2) within the Rock *Clermond*; and had ſent (3) Captain *Tripet* with a great Army to ſet upon the Wood of *Vede* and *Vaugaudry*; and that they had already plundered the whole Country, not leaving Cock nor Hen, even as far as to the Wine-preſs of *Billard*; and that it was a ſtrange Thing, and hardly to be credited, what Ravage they had committed over all the Land; which ſo affrighted *Gargantua*, that he knew not what to ſay, nor what to do. But *Ponocrates* counſelled him to go unto the (4) Lord of *Vauguyon*, who at all Times had been their Friend and *Confederate*; and that by him they ſhould be better adviſed in their Buſineſs; which they did incontinently, and found him very willing to aſſiſt them; and he was of Opinion, that they ſhould ſend ſome one of his Company to ſcout along and diſcover the Country; to learn in what Condition and Poſture the Enemy was, that they might take Counſél, and proceed according to the preſent Occaſion. *Gymnaſt* offered himſelf to go; whereupon, it was concluded that for his Safety, and the better Expedition, he ſhould have with him ſome one that knew the Ways, Avenues, Turnings, Windings, and Rivers, thereabout. Then away went he and *Prelingot*, Gentleman of *Vauguyon*'s Horſe, who ſcouted and eſpied on all Quarters without any Fear. In the mean Time *Gargantua* took a little Refreſhment, ate ſomewhat himſelf, the like did thoſe that were with him, and cauſed

(1) *Nunnery-bridge.*] Read *Nun's Bridge*: So they call the large Stone-bridges about *Chinon*. They are half a League long, ſtand upon irregular Arches, and have abundance of Croſſes on them.

(2) *Within the Rock* Clermond;] Read, *At la Roche Clermaud.*

(3) *Captain* Tripet] Captain *Paunch*, Captain *Tripe-all.*

(4) *Lord of* Vauguyon.] See *Du Chat*'s Conjecture who this might be.

to

to give to his Mare a *Picotine* of Oats, that is, three-ſcore and fourteen Quarters and three Buſhels. *Gymnaſt*, and his Comrade rode ſo long, that at laſt they met with the Enemy's Forces, all ſcattered and out of Order, plundering, ſtealing, robbing, and pillaging all they could lay their Hands on; and, as far off as they could perceive him, they ran thronging upon the Back of one another in all Haſte towards him, to unload him of his Money, and untruſs his Portmantles. Then cried he out unto them, My Maſters, *I am a poor Devil*, I deſire you to ſpare me, I have yet one (5) Crown left, come, we muſt drink it, for it is *aurum potabile*, and this Horſe here ſhall be ſold to pay *my Welcome*; afterwards take me for one of your own, for never yet was there any Man that knew better how to take, lard, roaſt, and dreſs, yea, by G—, to tear aſunder and devour a Hen, than I that am here; and for my *Beverage*, I drink to all good Fellows. With that he unſcrued his leathern Bottle, and, without putting in his Noſe, drank very handſomely; the *Rogues* looked upon him, and opening their Throats a Foot wide, and putting out their Tongues like Greyhounds, in hopes to drink after him; but Captain *Tripet*, in the very Nick, came running to him to ſee who it was. To him *Gymnaſt* offered his Bottle, ſaying, Hold, Captain, drink boldly and ſpare not: I have been thy Taſter, it is Wine of (6) *La Fay Monjau*. What (ſays *Tripet*) this Fellow gibes and flouts us; who art thou? (ſaid *Tripet*) I am (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) a poor Devil *(pauvre Diable.)* Ha (ſaid *Tripet*) ſeeing thou art a poor Devil, it is Reaſon that thou ſhould'ſt be permitted to go whitherſoever thou wilt, for all *poor Devils* paſs every where without Toll or Tax; but it is not the Cuſtom of *poor Devils* to be ſo well mounted, therefore, Sir *Devil*, come down and let me have your

(5) *Crown.*] In thoſe Days when they ſpoke of Crowns, they meant Crowns of Gold.

(6) La Fay Monjau.] Read *La Faïe Moniau:* It is a Pariſh in the Juriſdiction of *Niort*. It produces excellent good Wine, call'd by *Ch. Stephens*, in his *Prædium Ruſticum*, *Vina Faymongiana:* but this very Thing proves he was ignorant of the Origin of the Name of theſe Wines, ſince the Priory of the Place is call'd *Faya-monachalis*. *Baudrand* has it *Moniau*, and ſo it ought to be.

Horſe, and if he do not carry me well, (7) you, Maſter *Devil*, muſt do it; for (8) I love a Life that ſuch a *Devil* as you ſhould carry me away.

CHAP. XXXV.

How Gymnaſt *very nimbly killed Captain* Tripet, *and others of* Picrochole's *Men.*

WHEN they heard theſe Words, ſome amongſt them began to be afraid, and *bleſs'd* themſelves with *both Hands*, thinking indeed that he had been a *Devil* diſguiſed; inſomuch, that one of them, named *Good John*, Captain of the trained Bands, took his *Pſalter* out of his Codpiece, and cried out aloud, (1) *Hagios ho Theos.* If thou be of God, ſpeak; if thou be of the other Spirit, avoid hence, and get thee going. Yet he went not away; which Words being heard by all the Soldiers that were there, divers of them being a little inwardly terrify'd, departed from the Place: All

(7) *You, Maſter*, Devil, *muſt do it*;] *Is, qualis ſit equus, me vehet, aut ego illum*, ſays, proverbially, in *Vives* a young Fellow who was jeer'd about the Weakneſs of his Horſe.

(8) *I love a Life*] I ſuppoſe Sir *T. U.* means, *I love as my Life.* It is the ſame in both Editions of the *Engliſh*, and ſo are all the other *Unintelligibles* already taken Notice of.

(1) Hagios ho Theos.] The firſt Words of the *Triſagion* of the *Greeks*, Ἅγιος ὁ Θεὸς, ἅγιος ἰσχυρὸς, ἅγιο; ἀθανατος, ἐλέησον ἡμας. *O Holy God, O Mighty Holy One, Immortal Holy One, have Mercy on us.* Theſe Words are ſung both in *Greek* and *Latin* in the *Roman* Church, at Maſs, on *Good Friday.* Now as ſuch Words which are leaſt underſtood are thought to have moſt Efficacy, this of *Hagios*, eſpecially thrice repeated, has made People believe it to have a great Virtue in Invocations. *Marot* in his Epiſtle to the Ladies of *Chauteaudun:*

Fait neuf Grands Tours, entre les Dents barbote
*Tout à part luyd d'*Agios *une bote.*

After nine Turns, betwixt his Teeth he mutters
Hagios, *which to himſelf alone he utters.*

Thence too comes this Way of ſpeaking, *Que d'Agios!* What Ceremonies! So likewiſe the endleſs Head-ornaments of Women are call'd *Agios.*

this

this did *Gymnaſt* very well remark and conſider, and therefore making as if he would have alighted from off his Horſe, as he was poiſing himſelf on the mounting Side, he moſt nimbly (with his ſhort Sword by his Thigh) ſhifting his Feet in the Stirrup, performed the Stirrup-leather Feat, whereby, after the inclining of his Body downwards, he forthwith launched himſelf aloft in the Air, and placed both his Feet together on the Saddle, ſtanding upright, with his Back turned towards the Horſe's Head; *Now* (ſaid he) *my Caſe goes backward.* Then ſuddenly, in the very ſame Poſture wherein he was, he fetched a Gambol upon one Foot, and, turning to the left Hand, failed not to carry his Body perfectly round, juſt into his former Stance, [Poſition] without miſſing one Jot. Ha (ſaid *Tripet*) I will not do that at this Time, and not without Cauſe. Well, [*ſaid Gymnaſt*] I have failed, I will undo this Leap; then, with a marvellous Strength and Agility, turning towards the right Hand, he fetch'd another friſking Gambol as before; which done, he ſet his Right-hand Thumb upon the hind Bow of the Saddle, raiſed him up, and ſprung in the Air, poiſing and upholding his whole Body upon the Muſcle and Nerve of the ſaid Thumb, and ſo turned and whirled himſelf about three Times. At the fourth, reverſing his Body, and overturning it upſide down, and foreſide back, without touching any Thing, he brought himſelf betwixt the Horſe's two Ears, ſpringing with all his Body into the Air, upon the Thumb of his left Hand, and in that Poſture, turning like a Windmill, did moſt actively do that Trick which is called the *Miller's Paſs.* After this, clapping his right Hand flat upon the Middle of the Saddle, he gave himſelf ſuch a jerking Swing, that he thereby ſeated himſelf upon the Crupper, after the Manner of Gentlewomen.

This done, he eaſily paſs'd his right Leg over the Saddle, and plac'd himſelf like one that rides in *Croup*: But (ſaid he) it were better for me to get into the Saddle; then putting the Thumbs of both Hands upon the Crupper before him, and thereupon leaning himſelf, as upon the only Supporters of his Body, he incontinently turned Heels over Head in the Air, and ſtraight found himſelf betwixt the Bow of the Saddle, in a good Seat:

Then, with a *Summer-ſault*, ſpringing into the Air again, he fell to ſtand with both his Feet cloſe together upon the Saddle, and there made above an hundred Friſks, Turns, and Demi-pommads, with his Arms held out a-croſs, and, in ſo doing, cried out aloud, *I rage, I rage, Devils, I am ſtark mad; Devils I am mad, hold me, Devils, hold me; hold, Devils hold, hold.*

Whilſt he was thus vaulting, the Rogues in great Aſtoniſhment ſaid to one another, By Cocks Death, he is a *Goblin* or a *Devil* thus diſguiſed; *Ab hoſte maligno libera nos, Domine*, and ran away as in a total Rout, looking now and then behind them like a Dog that had ſtolen (2) a Pudding.

Then *Gymnaſt*, ſpying his Advantage, alighted from his Horſe, drew his Sword, and laid on great Blows upon the thickeſt and higheſt-creſted amongſt them, and overthrew them in great Heaps, hurt, wounded, and bruiſed, being reſiſted by nobody, they thinking he had been a *ſtarved Devil*, as well in regard of his wonderful Feats in Vaulting, which they had ſeen, as for the Talk *Tripet* had with him, calling him *poor Devil*. Only *Tripet* would have traiterouſly cleft his Head with his Fauchion; but he was well armed, and felt nothing of the Blow, but the Weight of the Stroke; whereupon, turning ſudenly about, he gave *Tripet* a home Thruſt, and upon the Back of that, whilſt he was about towards his Head from a Slaſh, he ran him in at the Breaſt with a Hit, which at once cut his *Stomach*, the *Colon*, and the half of his *Liver*, wherewith he fell to the Ground; and, in falling, guſhed forth above four Pottles of Pottage, and his Soul mingled with the Pottage.

This done, *Gymnaſt* withdrew himſelf, very wiſely conſidering that a Caſe of great Adventure and Hazard ſhould not be purſued unto its utmoſt Period, and that it *becomes all Cavaliers modeſtly to uſe their good Fortune, without troubling or ſtretching it too far.* Wherefore, getting to Horſe, he gave him the Spur, taking the right Way unto *Vauguyon*, and *Prelingot* with him.

(2) *A Pudding.*] *Ung Plumail.* A Fowl.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

How Gargantua *demoliſhed the Caſtle at the Ford of* Vede, *and how they paſt the Ford.*

AS ſoon as he came thither, he related the Eſtate and Condition wherein they had found the Enemy, and the Stratagem which he alone had uſed againſt all their Multitude; affirming that they were but raſcally Rogues, Plunderers, Thieves, and Robbers, ignorant of all military Diſcipline; and that they might boldly ſet forward unto the Field, it being an eaſy Matter to fell and ſtrike them down like Beaſts. Then *Gargantua* mounted his great Mare, accompanied, as we have ſaid before, and finding in his Way a high and great Tree, (which commonly was called St. *Martin*'s Tree, becauſe heretofore St. *Martin* planted a Pilgrim's Staff there; which grew to that Height and Greatneſs) ſaid, *This is that which I lacked; this Tree ſhall ſerve me both for a Staff and Lance:* With that he pulled it up eaſily, plucked off the Boughs, and trimmed it at his Pleaſure. In the mean Time his Mare piſſed to eaſe her Belly, but it was in ſuch Abundance, that it did overflow the Country ſeven Leagues, and all the Flood ran glib away towards the Ford of *Vede*, wherewith the Water was ſo ſwollen, that all the forces, the Enemy had there, were with great horror drowned, except ſome who had taken the Way on the Left-hand towards the Hills. *Gargantua*, being come to the *Wood* of *Vede*, was informed by *Ludemon*, that there was ſome Remainder of the Enemy within the Caſtle; which to know, *Gargantua* cried out as loud as he was able, *Are you there, or are you not there? If you be there, be there no more; and if you be not there, I have no more to ſay.* But a ruffian Gunner, at the Portcullis, let fly a Cannon-ball at him, and hit him with that Shot moſt furiouſly on the right Temple of his Head, yet did him no more hurt, than if he had but caſt a Grape-ſtone at him: What is this (ſaid *Gargantua*) do you throw at us Grape-ſtones here?

The Vintage ſhall coſt you dear, thinking indeed that the Bullet had been the Stone of a Grape.

Thoſe who were within the Caſtle being till then buſy at the Pillage, when they heard this Noiſe, ran to the Towers and Fortreſſes, from whence they ſhot at him above nine thouſand and five and twenty Falcon-ſhot and Harbuſcades, aiming all at his Head; and ſo thick did they ſhoot at him that he cried out, *Ponocrates*, my Friend, *Theſe Flies are like to put out mine Eyes*; give me a Branch of thoſe Willow-trees to drive them away, thinking that the (1) Bullets and Stones, ſhot out of the great Ordnance, had been but *Dun-flies*. *Ponocrates* looked and ſaw there were no other *Flies*, but great Shot which they had ſhot from the Caſtle. Then was it that he ruſhed with his great Tree againſt the Caſtle, and with mighty Blows overthrew both Towers and Fortreſſes, and laid all level with the Ground, by which Means all that were within were ſlain and broken in Pieces.

Going from thence, they came to the Bridge at the *Mill*, where they found all the *Ford* covered with dead Bodies, ſo thick, that they had choaked up the *Mill*, and ſtopped the Current of its Water; and theſe were thoſe that were deſtroyed in the Urinal Deluge of the Mare. There they were at a Stand, conſulting how they might paſs without Hindrance by theſe dead Carcaſſes. But *Gymnaſt* ſaid, If the *Devils* have paſt there I will paſs well enough. The *Devils* have paſt there (ſaid *Eudemon*) to carry away the damned Souls. By (2) St. *Rhenian* (ſaid *Ponocrates*) then by neceſſary Conſequence

(1) *Bullets and Stones.*] *Plumbées & Pierees d'Artilleries: Plombée, Leaden Balls or Pellets, glans plumbata*, ſays *Nicot*. In old Time *Plumbée* was a Club ſtudded with Lead to make it give the heavier Blow. The *Stones of the great Ordnance*, or *Artillery Stones*, to which Iron Shot ſucceeded, were huge Stones, rounded, with which certain heavy Cannon were charg'd, and theſe Cannon were called *Pedereroes* (from *Pierre* or rather *Piedra* a Stone.) The *French* were the firſt that left off the Uſe of theſe *Pedereroes* and Stone Bullets, and when in the Reign of *Cha.* VIII. they carried the War into *Italy*, it was amazing to ſee the Havock made by their numerous and well-ſerv'd Train of Artillery of large Braſs Ordnance drawn by ſtout Horſes.

(2.) *St.* Rhenian] Read St. *Treignan*. An Account of this *Scotch* Saint ſee a little before.

he

he ſhall paſs there. Yes, yes, [ſaid *Gymnaſtes*] or I ſhall ſtick in the Way. Then, ſetting Spurs to his Horſe, he paſt through freely, his Horſe not fearing, nor being any Ways affrighted at the Sight of the dead Bodies; for he had accuſtomed him (according to the Doctrine of *Ælian*) not to fear Armour, nor the Carcaſſes of dead Men; and that not by killing Men, as *Diomedes* did the *Thracians*, or as *Ulyſſes* did in throwing the Corpſe of his Enemies at his Horſes Feet, as *Homer* ſaith; but by putting a *Jack-a-lent* amongſt his Hay, and making him go over it ordinarily, when he gave him his Oats.

The other three followed him very cloſe except *Eudemon* only, whoſe Horſe's far Fore-foot ſunk up to the Knee in the Paunch of a great fat Chuff, who lay there upon his Back drowned, and could not get it out. There was he peſtered, until *Gargantua*, with the End of his Staff, thruſt down the Reſt of the Villain's Tripes into the Water, whilſt the Horſe pulled out his Foot; and (which is a wonderful Thing in *Hippiatry*) the ſaid Horſe was thoroughly cured of a *Ringbone* which he had in that Foot, by this Touch of the burſt Guts of that great *Looby*.

CHAP. XXXVII.

How Gargantua, *in combing his Head, made great Cannon-balls fall out of his Hair*

HAVING got over the River of *Vede*, they came very ſhortly after to *Grangouſier*'s Caſtle, who waited for them with great Longing; at their Coming there was ſuch Hugging and Embracing, never was ſeen a more joyful Company; for *Supplementum ſupplementi Chronicorum* ſaith, that *Gargamelle* died there with Joy. For my Part, truly I cannot tell, neither do I care very much for her, nor for any body elſe. The Truth was, that *Gargantua* in ſhifting his Clothes, and combing his Head with a Comb nine hundred Feet long, and the Teeth all Tuſks of Elephants, whole and entire, he made fall at every Rake above ſeven Balls that ſtuck in his Hair,

Hair, at the razing the Caſtle at the Wood of *Vede*; which his Father *Grangouſier* ſeeing, thought they had been Lice, and ſaid unto him, What, my dear Son, haſt thou brought us thus far ſome ſhort-winged Hawks of the College of *Montague*? I did not mean that thou ſhould'ſt reſide there. Then anſwered *Ponocrates*, My Sovereign Lord, think not that I have placed him in that (1) lowſy College, which they call *Montague*; I had rather have put him amongſt the Grave-diggers of *Sanct Innocent*, ſo enormous is the Cruelty and Villainy that I have known there; for the Galley-ſlaves are far better uſed amongſt the *Moors* and *Tartars*, the Murtherers in the criminal Dungeons, yea, the very Dogs in your Houſe, than are poor wretched Students in the aforeſaid College. And were I King of *Paris*, the Devil take me if I would not ſet it on Fire, and burn both *Principal* and *Regents*, for ſuffering this Inhumanity to be exerciſed before their Eyes. Then, taking up one of theſe Bullets, he ſaid, theſe are Cannon-ſhot, which your Son *Gargantua* hath lately received by the Treachery of your Enemies, as he was paſſing before the Wood of *Vede*.

But they have been ſo rewarded, that they are all deſtroyed in the Ruin of the Caſtle, as were the *Philiſtians* by the Policy of *Sampſon*, and thoſe whom the Tower of (2) *Silohim* ſlew, as it is written *Luke* 13. My Opinion is, that we purſue them whilſt the Luck is on our Side, for Occaſion hath all her Hair on her Forehead; when ſhe is paſt you may not recall her; ſhe is bald in the hind Part of her Head, and never returneth again. Truly *(ſaid Grangouſier) it ſhall not be at this Time, for I will make you a Feaſt this Night, and bid you welcome.*

This ſaid, they made ready Supper, and, of extraordinary beſides his daily Fare, were roaſted ſixteen *Oxen*, three *Heifers*, two and thirty *Calves*, threeſcore and three *fat Kids*, fourſcore and fifteen *Wethers*, three hundred *Barrow Pigs* ſouced in ſweet Wine, eleven ſcore *Partridges*, ſeven hundred *Snipes* and *Wood-*

(1) *Lowſy College*] *Eraſmus* fell ſick there by being lodged in an unwholeſome Room, where they gave him nothing to eat but rotten Eggs.

(2) *Silohim*] Read *Siloam*.

cocks,

cocks, four hundred *Loudon* and (3) *Cornwal Capons*, ſix thouſand *Pullets*, and as many *Pigeons*, ſix hundred *crammed Hens*, fourteen hundred *Leverets*, three hundred and three *Buzzards*, and one thouſand and ſeven hundred *Cockerels*. For *Veniſon*, they could not ſo ſuddenly come by it, only eleven *wild Boars*, which the Abbot of (4) *Turpenay* ſent, and eighteen *fallow Deer* which the Lord of *Grammont* beſtow'd; together with ſeven ſcore *Pheſants*, which were ſent by the Lord of *Eſſars*, and ſome Dozens of *Queſts*, *Cuſhots*, *Ring-doves*. and *Woodculvers*; River-fowl, *Teals* and *Awteals*, *Bitterns*, *Courtes*, *Plovers*, *Francolins*, *Briganders*, *Tyraſons*, *young Lapwings*, *tame Ducks*, *Shovelers*, *Woodlanders*, *Herons*, *Moor-hens*, *Criels*, *Storks*, *Canepetiers*, *Oranges*, *Flamans* which are *Phœnicopters*, *Terrigoles*, *Turkies*, *Arbens*, *Coots*, *Solingeeſe*, *Curlews*, *Termagants*, and *Water-wagtails*, with a great deal of *Cream*, *Curds*, and *freſh Cheeſe* and Store of *Soup*, *Pottages*, and *Brewis* with Variety. Without Doubt there was Meat enough, and it was handſomely dreſſed by *Snap-ſauce*, *Hotch-pot*, and *Braverjuice*, *Grangouſier*'s Cooks. *Jenken*, *Trudgeapace*, and *Clean-glaſs* were very careful to fill them Drink.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

How Gargantua *did eat up ſix Pilgrims in a Sallet.*

THE Story requireth, that we relate what happened unto ſix Pilgrims, who came from (1) *Sebaſtian* near to *Nantes*; and who for Shelter that Night, being afraid of the Enemy, had hid themſelves in the Garden upon the chicheling Peaſe, among the

(3) *Cornwal*] Not *Cornwall* in *England*, but *Cornoüalle* in *France*.

(4) *Turpenay*] The Abbey of *Tourpenay* (*Turpiniacum*) and the Manor of *Grammont* are adjoining to the Foreſt of *Chinon*. So 'twas no hard Matter for the Abbot of *Turpenay* and the Lord of *Grammont* to procure Veniſon.

(1) Read St. *Sebaſtian*.

Cabbages

Cabbages and Lettices. *Gargantua*, finding himſelf ſomewhat dry, aſked whether they could get any Lettice to make him a Sallet; and hearing that there were the greateſt and faireſt in the Country (for they were as great as Plum-trees, or as Walnut-trees) he would go thither himſelf, and brought thence in his Hand what he thought good, and withal carried away the ſix Pilgrims, who were in ſo great Fear, they did not dare to ſpeak nor cough.

Waſhing them therefore firſt at the Fountain, the Pilgrims ſaid one to another ſoftly, *What ſhall we do? We are almoſt drowned here amongſt theſe Lettices, ſhall we ſpeak? But if we ſpeak, he will kill us for Spies.* As they were thus deliberating what to do, *Gargantua* put them with the Lettice into a Platter of the Houſe as large as (2) the huge Tun of the *Ciſtertians*, which done,

(2) *The huge Tun of the Ciſtertians,*] *Robert Cenault*, who in his Treatiſe *de verâ menſurarum ponderumque ratione* (Edition 1547) ſpeaks of the pretended Tun of the *Ciſtertians*, ſays, that it was ſtill in Being, in his Time, and as entire as ever, tho', according to the Tradition of the Place, it was St. *Bernard* had cauſed it to be made. It held, he ſays, near 300 Hogſheads, and this other Ship of the *Argonauts* abundantly out-meaſured the Tun of *Erpach*, between *Hiedelberg* and *Francfort*, which *Althamer*, a *German* Author, repreſents in the following Verſes rather as a vaſt Sea than a Veſſel for Wine:

Quid vetat Erpachium vas annumerare vetuſtis
Miraclis? Quo non vaſtius Orbis habet.
Dixeris hoc rectè Pelagus vinique paludem:
Nectare quæ Bacchi *nocte dieque fluit.*
Fac Bernharde, *voces quot habet* Siſtertia *fratres:*
Hiſque tui omnigenos Ordinis adde viros.
Annua præbebit cunctis hæc pocula trulla,
Nondum dimidio deficiente mero.
Securè Erphacij Fratres ſorbete, Lagenâ
Hac ſalvâ, eſt vobis ulla timenda ſitis.

The World's eighth Wonder *Erpach* boaſts: a Tun
Of ſuch Dimenſions that the rolling Sun
Its Like ne'er ſaw; a Sea of Wine, it ſhows,
And Night and Day with *Bacchus'* Nectar flows.
Call, Bernard, the *Ciſtertians* all around!
Among them, let *thy* Order to be found!
This Veſſel ſhall their annual Stores ſupply,
Nor Danger run of ever being dry.
Swill, *Erpach*'s Monks! *Bacchanalian* Cheer!
This * Bacbuc ſafe, no Thirſt you need to fear.

* The

done, with Oil, Vinegar, and Salt, he eat them up, to refreſh himſelf a little before Supper, and had already ſwallowed up five of the Pilgrims, the ſixth being in the Platter, totally hid under a Lettice, except his *Staff* that appeared, and nothing elſe; which *Grangouſier* ſeeing, ſaid to *Gargantua*, I think that is the Horn of a Shell-ſnail, do not eat it. Why not (ſaid *Gargantua*) they are good all this Month, which he no ſooner ſaid, but drawing up the Staff, and therewith taking up the Pilgrim, he eat him very well, then drank a terrible Draught of excellent White-wine, and expected Supper to be brought up.

The Pilgrims, thus devoured, made ſhift to ſave themſelves as well as they could, by withdrawing their Bodies out of the Reach of the Grinders of his Teeth, but could not eſcape from thinking they had been put in the loweſt Dungeon of a Priſon. And when *Gargantua* whiffed the great Draught, they thought to have been drowned in his Mouth, and the Flood of Wine had almoſt carried them away in the Gulph of his Stomach. Nevertheleſs, ſkipping with their Staves, as (3) St. *Michael*'s

* The Reader will ſee that what I tranſlate, by the Word BACBUC, is in the original *Lagena*, which if he'll look for in the *Cambridge* Dictionary, he'll find to be in *Hebrew*, *Bacbuc*, or rather *Baqbuq*, for the *Hebrew* ק anſwers to our Q, not C. בקבוק, *Baqbuq*. As for the Word *Siſtertia*, it muſt mean *Ciſtertia*, tho' it happens to be miſpelt by *M. du Chat*. *Domus* muſt be underſtood there. *Voces* muſt be a Verb, not a Noun, for that would be falſe Quantity, as well as Nonſenſe. The Learned and Candid will pardon me for all this; the leſs learned will thank me. I ſhall conclude with *M. du Chat*'s Obſervation. *Rabelais*, and all thoſe who ſince or before him have ſpoke of this pretended Tun of the *Ciſterians*, are under a Miſtake, they ſhould have ſaid *Clervaux* (not *Ciſteaux*) where they ſhew a very large Tun, which is ſaid to contain as many Hogſheads as there are Days in the Year, as *Furetiere* aſſerts, under the Word *Tonne*; but I am aſſured by thoſe who have ſeen it, that it would not hold half ſo many. Neither is it any truer that St. *Bernard* cauſed it to be built. As for that of *Erpack* (called the great Tun of *Heidelberg*) whatever *Althamer* has ſaid of it, I have it from very good Hands, and from ſome Perſons who have taken the Dimenſions of it, that it will not hold full fourſcore Hogſheads, *Paris* Meaſure.

(3) *St.* Michael's *Palmers*] *Miquelots* in *French*. Theſe *Miquelots* are little Boys that go in Pilgrimage to St. *Michael* on the Sea, (almoſt over againſt *England*) and who take that Occaſion to beg. Thence

chael's Palmers uſe to do, they ſheltered themſelves from the Danger of that Inundation, under the Banks of his Teeth. But one of them by Chance, groping or ſounding the Country with his Staff to try whether they were in Safety or no, ſtruck hard againſt the Cleft of a hollow Tooth, and hit the *mandibulary* Sinew or Nerve of the Jaw, which put *Gargantua* to very great Pain, ſo that he began to cry for the Rage that he felt. To eaſe himſelf therefore of his ſmarting Ach, he called for his Tooth-picker, and, rubbing towards a young Walnut-tree, unneſtled you my Gentlemen Pilgrims.

For he caught one by the Legs, another by the Scrip, another by the Pocket, another by the Scarf, another by the Band of the Breeches, and the poor Fellow that had hurt him with the Staff, him he hooked to him by the Codpiece, which Snatch nevertheleſs did him a great deal of Good, for it broke upon him a pocky Botch he had in the Groin, which grievouſly tormented him ever ſince they were paſt *Ancenis*. The Pilgrims, thus diſlodged, ran athwart the (4) Plain a pretty faſt Pace, and the Pain ceaſed, even juſt at the Time when by *Eudemon* he was called to Supper, for all was ready. I will go then (ſaid he) and (5) piſs away my Misfortune, which he did do in ſuch a copious Meaſure, that, the Urine taking away the Feet from the Pilgrims, they were carried along with the Stream unto the Bank of a Tuft of Trees: Upon which, as ſoon as they had taken Footing, and that for their Self-preſervation they had run a little out of the Road, they on a ſudden fell all ſix, except *Fourniller*, into a Trap that had been made to take Wolves by a (6) Train; out of which they eſcaped nevertheleſs by the Induſtry of the ſaid *Fourniller*,

Thence comes a Saying in *France*, None but great Beggars go to St. *James* in *Gallicia*, and little ones to St. *Michael*.

(4) *Plain*] Read *Plantation* of Vines and other Trees. *Plante* in the Original, not *Plaine*. See *Plantate* in *du Cange*.

(5) *Piſs away my Misfortune*,] *Piſſer mon malheur*: Strictly this is ſaid of thoſe who have got a Clap, or have loſt at Gaming; when they go to make Water, People laugh and ſay, he is gone to piſs away his Misfortune.

(6) *Train*;] They trail a dead Horſe, or other Carrion along the Ground to a Place where 'tis almoſt impoſſible for the Wolves not to fall into a Trap laid for them.

who

who broke all the Snares and Ropes. Being gone from thence, they lay all the Reſt of that Night in a Lodge near unto *Goudry*, where they were comforted in their Miſeries, by the gracious Words of one of their Company, called *Sweertogo*, who ſhewed them that this Adventure had been foretold by the Prophet *David* in the *Pſalms*. *Quum exurgerent Homines in nos, fortè vivos deglutiſſent nos*; when we were eaten in the Sallet, with Salt, Oil, and Vinegar. *Quum traſceretur furor eorum in nos, forſitan aqua abſorbuiſſet nos*; when he drank the great Draught. *Torrentem pertranſivit anima noſtra*; when the Stream of his Water carried us to the Thicket. *Forſitan pertranſiſſet anima noſtra aquam intolerabilem*; that is, the Water of his Urine, the Flood whereof, cutting our Way, took our Feet from us. *Benedictus Dominus qui non dedit nos in captionem dentibus eorum: Anima noſtra ſicut paſſer erepta eſt de laqueo venantium*; when we fell in the Trap. *Laqueus contritus eſt*, by *Fournille*. *Et nos liberati ſumus. Adjutorium noſtrum, &c.*

CHAP. XXXIX.

How the Monk *was feaſted by* Gargantua, *and of the jovial Diſcourſe they had at Supper.*

WHEN *Gargantua* was ſet down at Table, and all of them had ſomewhat ſtayed their Stomachs, *Grangouſier* began to relate the Source and Cauſe of the War raiſed between him and *Picrochole*, and came to tell how *Friar John* of *des Entoumeures*, the *Funnels*, had triumphed at the Defence of the *Cloſe* of the Abbey, and extolled him for his Valour above *Camillus*, *Scipio*, *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, and *Themiſtocles*. Then *Gargantua* deſired that he might be preſently ſent for, to the End that with him they might conſult of what was to be done; whereupon, by a joint Conſent, the *Maſter d'Hotel* went for him, and brought him along merrily, with his Staff of the Croſs upon *Grangouſier*'s Mule. When he was come, a thouſand Huggings, a thou

thouſand Embracements, a thouſand good Days were given: Ha, Friar *John*, my Friend, Friar *John*, my brave Couſin Friar *John*, from *the Devil*, let me clip thee about the Neck; let me have thee in my Arms; I muſt gripe thee (my God) till thy Back crack; and, Friar *John*, the gladdeſt Man in the World, never was Man made welcomer, never was any more courteouſly and graciouſly received than Friar *John*. Come, come (ſaid *Gargantua*) a Stool here cloſe by me at this End. With all my Heart (ſaid the Monk) ſeeing you will have it ſo. Some Water (Page) fill, my Boy, fill, it is to refreſh my Liver. Give me ſome (*Child*) to gargle my Throat withal. *Depoſitâ cappâ* (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) let us pull off this Frock. Ho, by G—, Gentlemen, (ſaid the Monk) there is a Chapter in *Statutis Ordinis*, which oppoſeth my laying it down. Piſh, (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) a Fig for your Chapter. This Frock breaks both your Shoulders, put it off. My Friend (ſaid the Monk) let me alone with it, for by G— I'll drink the better that it is on, it makes all my Body jocund: If I ſhould lay it aſide, the waggiſh Pages would cut to themſelves Garters out of it, as I was once ſerved at *Caulaines*; and, which is worſe, I ſhould loſe my Appetite, but if in this Habit I ſit down at Table, I will drink by G— both to thee and thy Horſe, and ſo *Courage*, Frolick, God ſave the Company, I have already ſupped, yet I will eat never a Whit the leſs for that, for I have a paved Stomack, as hollow as (1) St. *Benet*'s Boot, always open like a Lawyer's Pouch (2). Of all Fiſhes but the Tench,

(1) *St.* Benet's *Boot*,] Lower, in *l.* 4. *c.* 16. *By St.* Benet's *ſacred Boot*. This is wrong tranſlated in both Places. It ſhould be *By St.* Benet's *holy But* (of Wine) not *Boot*. *Par la ſacre* Botte *de St.* Benoiſt. *Botte* ſometimes means a *Boot*, but here a *Butt*; as it does, and is tranſlated, in *l.* 4, *c.* 43. This *Butt* of St. *Benet* is ſtill to be ſeen at the *Benedictines* of *Bologna* on the Sea (right over againſt *England*) and is a Veſſel or Tun not much leſs than that of *Clervoux*. See *Menage*, at the Word *Bouteille*, Βοὺτις, *Cupa*. See likewiſe, in *Du Chat*, three or four curious Diſtinctions about the Word *Boot*, when made of Wood, Glaſs, or Leather, to put *Wine* in, not the *Legs* as Sir *T. U.* imagined.

(2) *Of all the Fiſhes but the Tench*, &c.) *Take the Back, and leave the Paunch. De tous Poiſſons, foſque la Tenche, prenez le Dos, laiſſez*

Tench, take the Wing of a Partridge, or the Thigh of a Nun (3): Doth not he die like a good Fellow that dies with a ſtiff *Catſo?* Our *Prior* loves exceedingly the White of a Capon. In that (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) he doth not reſemble the Foxes; for of the Capons, Hens, and Pullets which they carry away, they never eat the White: Why? (ſaid the Monk) Becauſe (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) they have no Cooks to dreſs them, and, if they be not competently made ready, they remain red and not white; the Redneſs of Meats being a Token that they have not enough of the Fire, except the Shrimps, Lobſters, Crabs, and Crayfiſhes, which are *Cardinaliſed* with boiling. God's Fiſh (ſaid the Monk) the Porter of our Abbey then hath not his Head well boiled, for his Eyes are as red as a Mazer made of an Alder-tree. The Thigh of this Leveret is good for thoſe that have the Gout. Some *natural* Philoſophy; *ha, ha,* What is the Reaſon that the *Thighs* of a Gentlewoman are always freſh and cool? This Problem (ſaid *Gargantua*) is neither in *Ariſtotle*, in *Alexander Aphrodiſeus*, nor in *Plutarch*. There are *three Cauſes* (ſaid the Monk) by which *that*

ſez la Panche. This is really the Proverb, which *H. Stephens* affirms to be a Proverb of *Picardy (Precell. du Lang. Fr. &c. p.* 139,) and which is here, by Friar *John*, accommodated to the Deſign of playing the Wag.

(3) *Doth not he die like a good Fellow that dies with a ſtiff* Catſo?] *N'eſt ce falotement mourir quand on meurt le caiche roidde?* The Adverb *Falotement* is very Energetick here. It equivocates both to the Word *Falot, i. e. Good Fellow*, and to a *Lantern* fixed at the End of a long Pole, which when the Light is ſpent, or otherwiſe put out, the Staff ſtill continues *in Statu quo, rigid* as it was before. It is eaſy to apply the Compariſon to ſuch as die in the Condition Friar *John* ſpeaks of. It is held, by Way of a merry Tradition, that Erection after Death happens to ſuch as have enjoyed a Nun, which has given occaſion to this Verſe, *Qui Monachâ potitur, virgâ tendente moritur*, reported firſt by *Joannes Vincentius Metulinus*, &c. See farther in *Du Chat* himſelf, who ſays *Falot* may likewiſe allude to the *Greek* Φαλλὸς (which ſee in *Cham.* Dict. ſynonimous to the *Italian Cazzo*, or as they pronounce it themſelves *Catſo*, and means what our merry Tranſlator calls ſometimes *the carnal Trap ſtick*, (though the Ladies call it, *their Sugar-ſtick*). *Rabelais*'s *Caiche*, above, comes from *Cazzo*, and ſo does *Cazzoni*, the famous Singer's Name, tho' it means a larger Sort of *Catzo*, an *Eleven-inch Sugar-ſtick*, &c. &c. &c. In the ſecond *Scaligerana*, *Cats* is interpreted *Braguette, a Cod-piece*, taking the *Continens* for the *Contentum*.

Place

Place is naturally refreſhed. *Primò*, becauſe the Water runs all along it. *Secundò*, becauſe it is a ſhady Place, obſcure and dark, upon which the Sun never ſhines. And thirdly, becauſe it is continually blown upon, and aired by a Reverberation from the *Back-door*, by the Fan of the *Smock*, and *Flipflap* of the *Codpiece*. And luſty my Lads, ſome bouſing Liquor, Page; ſo (4) *Crack*, *crack*, *crack*. O, what a good God have we, that gives us this excellent Juice; I call him to witneſs, if I had been in the Time of *Jeſus Chriſt*, I would have kept him from being taken by the *Jews* in the Garden of *Olivet*; and the Devil fail me, if I ſhould have failed to cut off the Hams of theſe Gentlemen *Apoſtels* who ran away ſo baſely after they had ſo well ſupped, and left their good Maſter in the Lurch. I hate that Man worſe than Poiſon that offers to run away, when he ſhould fight and lay ſtoutly about him. O, that I were but King of *France* for fourſcore or an hundred Years! by G— I ſhould whip like curtailed Dogs theſe *Runaways* of *Pavia*. A Plague take them, why did they not chuſe rather to die there than to leave their good Prince in that Pinch and Neceſſity? Is it not better and more honourable to periſh in fighting valiantly, than to live in Diſgrace by cowardly running away? We are like to eat no great Store of Goſlings this Year, therefore, Friend, reach me ſome of that roaſted Pig there.

Diavolo, is there no more *Muſt?* No more ſweet Wine? *Germinavit radix Jeſſe*. I renounce my Life, I die for Thirſt. This Wine is none of the worſt; what Wine drank you at *Paris?* I give myſelf to the Devil, if I did not once keep open Houſe at *Paris* for all Comers ſix Months together. Do you know Friar *Claude* of the *High Kilderkins?* O, the good Fellow that he is! But what Fly hath ſtung him of late, he is become ſo hard a Student? For my Part I ſtudy not at all. In our *Abbey* we never ſtudy, for fear of the (5) Mumps. Our

(4) Crack, &c.] Friar *John* expreſſes how quick he ſwallowed that Glaſs of Wine.

(5) *Mumps.*] *Auripeaulx*, an *Angevin* Word; as indeed *Rabelais* brings in all the various Words of the ſeveral Provinces of *France*, which

Our late Abbot was wont to ſay, that it is a (6) monſtrous Thing to ſee a learned Monk: by G— Maſter my Friend, *Magis Magnos, clericos, non ſunt, magis magnos ſapientes.* You never ſaw ſo many Hares as there are this Year. I could not any where come by a Gos-hawk, nor Taſſel of Falcon; my Lord *Beloniere* promiſed me a *Lanner*, [Hawk] but he wrote to me not long ago, that he was become purſy: The Partridges will ſo multiply henceforth, that they will go near to eat up our Ears; I take no Delight in the Stalking-horſe, for I catch ſuch cold, that I am like to founder myſelf at that Sport; if I do not run, toil, travel and trot about, I am not well at eaſe. True it is, that in leaping over Hedges and Buſhes (7) my Frock leaves always ſome of its Wool behind it; I have recovered a dainty Grey-hound; I give him to the Devil if he ſuffer a Hare to eſcape him. A Groom was leading him to my Lord *Hunt-little*, and I robbed him of him; did I ill? No Friar *John* (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) no, by all the Devils that are, no. (8) So (ſaid the Monk) do I atteſt theſe ſame Devils ſo long as they laſt; Virtue G— what could that gouty Limpard have done with ſo fine a Dog? By the Body of God he is better pleaſed, when one preſents him with a good Yoke of Oxen. How now (ſaid *Panocrates*) you ſwear, Friar *John*. It is only (ſaid the Monk) but to grace

which makes his Work the more humorous and diverting. It means the *Pain in the Ears*, *Orillons*, as 'tis called at *Paris*. It is an impoſthumous Swelling in the Parotides, which are the two Arteries on the right and left Side of the Throat going upward above the Ears. Intenſe Studying Friar *John* inſinuates, would ſo ſtrain and affect theſe Arteries as to cauſe the Ear-ach.

(6) *Monſtrous Thing*, &c.] *Gui Patin* affirms in one of his Letters, that formerly it was a Proverb: *Indoctus ut Monachus, Ignorant or Unlearned as a Monk:* And in our Time there has appeared a famous Abbot maintaining in Print, that it were to be wiſhed the ſame could be ſaid now-a-days.

(7) *My Frock*, &c.] It is true that this Way of living, for one of my Cloth, oftentimes brings upon me very mortifying Rebukes from my Superiors.

(8) *So——do I atteſt*, &c.] So may it happen to ſuch Sort of People as long as they live.

and

and (9) adorn my Speech; they are Colours of a *Ciceronian* Rhetoric.

CHAP. XL.

Why Monks are the Out-caſts of the World and wherefore ſome have bigger Noſes than others?

BY the Faith of a *Chriſtian* (ſaid *Eudemon*) I am highly tranſported, when I conſider what an honeſt Fellow this *Monk* is, for he makes us all merry. How is it then that they exclude the *Monks* from all good Companies; calling them Feaſt-troublers, as the Bees drive away the Drones from their Hives? *Ignavum fucos, pecus* (ſaid *Maro*) *à præſepibus arcent.* Hereunto, anſwered *Gargantua*, there is nothing ſo true, as that the *Frock* and *Cowle* draw to them the Opprobries, Injuries, and Maledictions of the World, juſt as the Wind called (1) *Cecias* attracts the Clouds; the peremptory Reaſon is becauſe they eat the Turd of the World, that is to ſay, they feed upon the Sins of the People: and as a noiſome Thing, they are caſt into the *Privies*; that is, the *Convents* and *Abbies*, ſeparated from civil Converſation, as the *Privies* and *Retreats* of a Houſe are; but if you conceive how an *Ape* in a Family is always mocked, and provokingly incenſed, you ſhall eaſily apprehend how *Monks* are ſhunned by all Men, both young and old: (2) the *Ape* keeps not the Houſe as a Dog doth: he draws not in the Plow as the Ox: he yields neither Milk nor Wool as the Sheep: he carrieth no Burthen as a Horſe doth: That which he doth is only to conſkit,

(9) *Adorn my Speech*;] *Menage* has marked at this Paſſage in his *Rabelais*, that *Longinus*, in his Diſcourſe of the Sublime, Sect. 14. actually ſays, that Swearing, now and then, on a proper Occaſion, does *grandem officere Orationem.*

(1) Cecias] this is taken from *Ariſtotle. Eſt etiam Ventus nomine* Cecias, *quem* Ariſtoteles *ita flare dicit, ut Nubes non procul propellat, ſed ut ad ſeſe vocet*; ſays *Aulus Gellius*, l. 2, c. 22.

(2) The Ape, &c.] Taken from *Plutarch.*

ſpoil

ſpoil and defile all, which is the Cauſe wherefore he hath of all Men Mocks, Frumperies, and Baſtinadoes.

After the ſame Manner a *Monk* (I mean thoſe little, idle, lazy *Monks*) (3) doth not labour and work as do the Peaſant and Artificer, doth not ward and defend the Country as doth the Soldier, cureth not the Sick and Diſeaſed as the Phyſician doth, doth neither preach nor teach as do the evangelical Doctors and Schoolmaſters, doth not import Commodities and Things neceſſary for the Commonwealth as the Merchant doth; therefore is it, that by and of all Men they are hooted at, hated, and abhorred. Yea, but (ſaid *Grangouſier*) they pray to God for us. Nothing leſs, (anſwered *Gargantua:*) True it is, with a tingle tangle, jangling of Bells, they trouble and diſquiet all their Neighbours about them. Right (ſaid the Monk) (4) *a Maſs, a Matine, a Veſper well rung is half ſaid.* They mumble out great Store of Legends and Pſalms, by them not at all underſtood; they ſay many *Patenotres*, interlarded with *Ave Maries*, without thinking upon, or apprehending the Meaning of what it is they ſay, which truly I call (5) *Mocking of*

(3) *Doth not labour*, &c.] This Reaſon of People's hating and deſpiſing the Monks ſo much, is expreſſed in the following Quatrain:

De plus d'un million de Bouches
Nous pouvons fournir aujourdhuy,
Qui ne ſervent, comme les Mouches,
Qu'à manger le Travail d'autruy.

In *Engliſh.*

Of Mouths above a Million, we
Can furniſh you each Hour,
Who, as the Drone defrauds the Bee,
Do others Gains devour.

It is true the Jeſuits are made to ſpeak thoſe Words in the Satire of the *Ratſplez* (A. 1678.) but the Quatrain anſwers to *Nos numerus ſumus & fruges conſumere nati*, a Verſe which is applicable to all Monks, and all Religious, though particularly fitted to the *Cordeliers*. See the Jeſuits *Paſſe par tout* in 1607.

(4.) A Maſs well rung is half ſaid.] In the ſame Senſe we ſay, A Beard well lathered is half ſhaved.

(5) Mocking of God, and not Prayers.] Perhaps *Rabelais*, who underſtood *High-Dutch*, had the *German* Proverb in View, *Gotts geſpatt, und nicht Gotts gebett*, which, however, ſounds better in that Tongue, becauſe of the Alluſion from *Geſpatt*, Mocking, to *Gebett*, Praying.

God, and not Prayers. But ſo help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to loſe their Victuals, their Manchets, and good fat Pottage. All true *Chriſtians*, of all Eſtates and Conditions, in all Places, and at all Times, ſend up their Prayers to God, and the Spirit prayeth and intercedeth for them, and God is gracious to them. Now ſuch a one is our good *Friar John*, therefore every Man deſireth to *have him* in his Company, he is no *Bigot*, he is not for Diviſion; he is an honeſt Heart, plain, reſolute, good Fellow; he travels, he labours, he defends the Oppreſſed, comforts the Afflicted, helps the Needy, and keeps the Cloſe of the *Abbey*: Nay, (ſaid the *Monk*) I do a great Deal more than that; for whilſt we are diſpatching our *Matines* and *Anniverſaries*, in the Choir, I make withal ſome Croſs-bow-ſtrings, poliſh glaſs Bottles and Boults; I twiſt Lines, and (6) weave Purſe-Nets, wherein to catch Conies. I am never idle; but *Hola*, fill, fill, ſome Drink, ſome Drink, here, bring the Fruit; theſe Chefnuts are of the Wood of (7) *Eſtrox*, and, with good new Wine, will make you a Compoſer of (8) Bum-ſonnets. You are not yet well liquored; by G— I drink at all Fords like a *Promoter*'s (10) [*Proctor*'s] Horſe. *Friar John*, (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) take away the Snot

(6) *Weave Purſe-nets*, &c.] *Facito aliquid operis: ut ſemper te Diabolus inveniat occupatum———vel fiſcellam texe junco: vel caniſtrum lentis plecte viminibus——Apum fabrica alvearia——Texantur & lina capiendis piſcibus*, ſays St. *Jerom* to the Monk *Ruſticus*, in the Canon *Numquam*, &c. The Abuſe of this Canon was got to ſuch a Pitch at the Time of the *Concordate*, that the Monks and Abbots, when their Repaſts, *&c.* were over, hardly minded any Thing elſe but theſe Trifles, and whiſtling to Canary Birds and Linnets. [See *Brantome Illuſt. Men.*] Friar *John*, a downright Rake, uſed to buſy himſelf in theſe Matters, during the Time of Divine Service, and when he was at Church at his Prayers.

(7) Eſtrox,] A certain Tract in lower *Poitou*, abounding with all Manner of good Fruit.

(8) *Bum-ſonnets.*] Farts, *Pets.*

(9) *Well liquored*;] It ſhould be well butlered, well provided of one to ſerve Wine as quick as he ſhould do. The Word uſed by *Rabelais* comes from *Mouſſe*, i. e. the Page of the Wine-Veſſels, from the *Spaniſh Moco.*

(10) *Proctor's Horſe*] I muſt refer the Reader to M. *Du Chat*, being preſſed to get done.

that

that hangs at your Nose. Ha, ha, (said the *Monk*) am not I in danger of drowning, seeing I am in Water even to the Nose? No, no, *quare? quia*, though it comes out thence abundantly, yet there (11) never goes in any; for it is well antidoted with Syrrup of the Vine.

O, my Friend, he, that hath Winter Boots made of such Leather, may boldly fish for Oisters, for they will never take Water. What is the Cause (said *Gargantua*) that *Friar John* hath (12) such a goodly *Nose?* (13) Because (said *Grangousier*) that God would have it so, who frameth us in such Form, and for such End, as is most agreeable to his divine Will, even as a Potter fashioneth his Vessels. Because (said *Ponocrates*) he came with the first to the *Fair of Noses*, and therefore made Choice of the faireſt and the greatest. Pish (said the *Monk*) that is not the Reason of it, but according to the true *monastical* Philosophy, it is because my Nurse had (14)

(11) *Never goes in any*;] He never drinks any Water. Friar *John*'s Thought answers to the *vino suffocatus aquam in nullam corporis partem admittit*, in *Bebelius*'s facetious Tales, *l.* 3. It has been made into a Song in a *French* Play, where a Tun-belly'd Toper is made to say thus:

Le Jus de la Treille
Dans une Bouteille
Court trop de Danger, &c.

Anglicè.

The Juice of the Grape
May make its escape,
If you in a Bottle do lodge it:
But it's safe, let me tell ye,
When stow'd in my *Belly*;
Nought but Water comes out of that *Budget*.

(12) *Such a goodly Nose?*] *Rabelais*, bringing in this Question towards the End of the Repast, has a View to an ancient Way of Speaking of those who, being quite unemployed, or out of Discourse, look at People's Noses as they pass by, *to see whose Snout is handsomest*.

(13) *Because that God would have it so*,] An Answer like that of *Xanthus* to his Gardener in *Æsop*'s Life.

(14) Soft Teats,] *Bouchet* in his 24th *Serée* (which I take to mean his *Evenings* Conferences, for I never saw the Book) says that Friar *John*'s Answer is not altogether a Joke, for that the famous Surgeon *Ambrose Paræus*, has maintain'd, that the Hardness of a Nurse's Breast may make the Child have a flat Nose.

ſoft Teats, by virtue whereof, whilſt ſhe gave me Suck, my *Noſe* did ſink in, as in ſo much Butter. The hard Breaſts of Nurſes make Children *ſhort-noſed*. But *hey day*, *Ad formam naſi cognoſcitur* (15) *ad te levavi*. I am for no ſweet Stuff with my Tipple, *Boy*: *Item*, rather ſome Toaſts.

CHAP. XLI.

How the Monk made Gargantua *ſleep, and of his Hours and Breviaries.*

SUpper being ended, they conſulted of the Buſineſs in hand, and concluded, that about Midnight they ſhould fall unawares upon the Enemy, to know what Manner of Watch and Ward they kept; and in the mean While take a little Reſt, the better to refreſh themſelves. But *Gargantua* could not ſleep by *any Means on which Side ſoever he turned himſelf*. Whereupon, the *Monk* ſaid to him, I never ſleep ſoundly but when I am at *Sermon* or *Prayers*. Let us therefore begin, you and I, the ſeven penitential *Pſalms*, to try whether you ſhall not quickly fall aſleep. The Conceit pleaſed *Gargantua* very well, and beginning the firſt of theſe *Pſalms*, as ſoon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell aſleep both the one and the other. But the *Monk* for his being formerly accuſtomed (1) to the Hour of *Clauſtral Matines*, failed not to awake a little before Midnight, and being up himſelf, awaked all the reſt, in ſinging aloud, and with a full, clear Voice, the Song,

(15) Ad te levavi.] *Bruſcambille* has repeated it in his Prologue on large Noſes. And from thence a certain pleaſant ſhe Sinner, being deceived, cryed out, *Naſe me decepiſti*: *Noſe, thou haſt deceived me*. (She would never judge of a Cock by his Comb any more.)

(1) *To the Hour of* Clauſtral Matines,] It is an Obſervation of Sir *Edwin Sandys*, That if the Pope ſhould take a Fancy to arm all the Monks of his Empire, and make them turn Soldiers, there would be no reſiſting ſuch Men, who have been ſo long accuſtomed to obey Orders, to live upon a little, to riſe early, and to ſleep upon hard Stones, or bare Boards. (I tranſlate M. *Du Chat*'s Words, not having Sir *Edwin*'s Book by me.)

Awake.

Awake, O Reinian, *awake,*
Awake, O Reinian, *Ho:*
Get up for a Pot and a Cake;
With a diddle dum, diddle dum, do.

When they were all rouz'd and up, he ſaid, *My Maſters*, it is a uſual Saying, *that we begin Matines with Coughing, and Supper with Drinking*; let us now (in doing clean contrarily) begin our *Matines* with Drinking, and, at Night before Supper, we will *cough* as hard as we can. What! (ſaid *Gargantua*) to drink ſo ſoon after Sleep, this is not to live by the Rule of *Phyſicians*; for you ought firſt to ſcour and cleanſe your Stomach of all its Superfluities. O, rot your *Phyſicians*, ſaid the *Monk*, a hundred Devils leap into my Body, if there be not *more old Drunkards than old Phyſicians*. I have made this Paction and Covenant with my *Appetite*, that it always lieth down, and goes to Bed with me (2) (for of that I take very good Care) and then it alſo riſeth with me the next Morning. (3) Tend your *Cures* as much as you will, I will get to me my *Tiring*. What *Tiring* do you mean (ſaid *Gargantua?*) My *Breviary* (ſaid the *Monk*) for juſt as the *Falconers*, before they feed their *Hawks*, do make them *tire* at a Hen's Leg, to purge their Brains of Phlegm, and ſharpen them to a good Appetite; ſo by taking this jolly little *Breviary* in the Morning, I ſcour all my Lungs, and find myſelf ready to drink.

After *what Manner* (ſaid *Gargantua*) do you ſay theſe (4) *belly Heures* of yours? (5) After the Manner of *Whipfield*,

(2) *For of that I take very good Care,*] By a great Deal of Exerciſe all the Day long.

(3) *Tend your* Cures, *&c.*] *Gargantua* had ſaid to Friar *John*, that he ought firſt to *ſcour (ecurer)* his Stomach, *&c.* The Friar therefore anſwers in Terms borrowed from Falconry, wherein the Word *Cures* means the Hawk's Excrements.

(4) Belly Heures] *Belles Heures. Fine Prayers.*

(5) *After the Manner of* Whipfield.] Read, *Jecundùm uſum Fecan. Fecan* is an Abbey of regular Canons, and was allowed the Privilege of the *Haute-Juſtice*, (ſee *Cotgrave*) by *Rich.* III. Duke of *Normandy*, who likewiſe obtained from the *Pope (John* XVII.) that the ſame Religious ſhould be exempt from the Archbiſhop of

Whipfield, ſaid the *Monk*, by (6) three Pſalms, and three Leſſons, or nothing all, he that will. I never tie myſelf to Hours, *les Heures* are made for the Man, and not the Man for *les Heures*; therefore is it that I make my Prayer in faſhion of *Stirrup-leathers*; I ſhorten or lengthen them when I think good. *Brevis Oratio penetrat Cœlos, & longa potatio evacuat Scyphos.* Where is that written? By my Faith, (ſaid *Ponocrates*) I cannot tell, my *Pillicock*, but thou art worth Gold. Like you, Sir, ſaid the *Monk*. But (7) *venite, apotemus.* Then made they ready Raſhers on the Coals in abundance, and good fat Brewis with Sippets, and the *Monk* drank at pleaſure. Some kept him Company, and did as he did; others let it alone. Afterwards, every Man began to arm and equip himſelf for Battle, and they armed the *Monk* againſt his Will; for he deſired no other Armour for Back and Breaſt, but his *Frock*, nor any other Weapon in his Hand, but the *Staff* of the *Croſs*; yet, at their Pleaſure, was he armed *Cap-a-pe*, and mounted (8) upon one of the beſt Horſes in the Kingdom, with

Roüen's Juriſdiction, and might take Cognizance of all Caſes relating to their own Men even in Spirituals. (See *Du Cheſne*) what had turned into a Proverb the Recital of the Prayers *(Heures)* of *Fecan*, was an extreme Relaxation of the Rule, and Remiſſneſs of Diſcipline among the Religious of that Abbey, who extended their Priviledges even to a total, or at leaſt partial Omiſſion of their Prayers.

(6) *Three Pſalms, and three Leſſons,*] Cavalier like. So the Draper in *Patelin:*

Il eſt Avocat potatif,
A trois Leçons & à trois Pſeaumes.

This Way of Speaking is borrowed from the Berviary (Maſs or Service-Book) where the Office is fixed to more or fewer Pſalms and Leſſons, according as the Day is more or leſs ſolemn.

(7) *Venite, apotemus.*] The Monk alludes to the *Venite Adoremus* of his Breviary.

(8) *Upon one of the beſt Horſes in the Kingdom.*] *Sus un bon Courſier du Roïaume.* M. *Du Chat* will have it that *Rabelais* here means a *Neapolitan Horſe*, and that he ſpeaks after the Way of the *Italians*, who by the bare Word *Kingdom*, commonly underſtand, and would have others alſo underſtand the Kingdom of *Naples*. Like our *Iriſhmen*, who when they mean ſuch a one is their Countryman, inſtead of ſaying he's *Iriſh*, or of *Ireland*, they ſay he's of the Kingdom. *Is ſuch a one of the Kingdom?* I have often heard them ſay ſo myſelf to one another.

a good

good flaſhing *Sabre* by his Side; together with him were *Gargantua*, *Ponocrates*, *Gymnaſt*, *Eudemon*, and five and twenty more of the moſt reſolute and adventurous of *Grangouſier*'s Houſe, all armed at Proof, with their Lances in their Hands, mounted like St. *George*, and every one of them having a Harquebuſe behind him.

CHAP. XLII.

How the Monk *encouraged his Fellow Champions, and how he hanged upon a Tree.*

THUS went out thoſe valiant Champions on their Adventure, in full Reſolution, to know what Enterpriſe they ſhould undertake, and what to be aware of in the Day of the great and horrible Battle. And the *Monk* encouraged them, ſaying, *My Children*, do not fear nor doubt, I will conduct you ſafely: God and St. *Benedict* be with us. If I had Strength anſwerable to my Courage, *by 'Sdeath* I would plume them for you (1) like Ducks. I fear nothing but the great Ordnance; yet I know a *Prayer*, which the *Sub-ſexton* of our *Abbey* taught me, that will preſerve a Man from the Violence of Guns and all Manner of Fire-engines; but *it will do me no Good becauſe I do not believe it.* However, my *Staff* of the Croſs will beat the Devil. *Parbleu*, (2) whoever is a *Duck* amongſt you, I give myſelf to the Devil, if I do not make a *Monk* of him in my Stead, and *hamper* [*ſwaddle*] him *within* my *Frock*, which is a Cure for Cowardice.

Did you never hear of my Lord (3) *Meurles* his Greyhound, which was not worth a Straw in the Fields; he

(1) *Like Ducks.*] The contrary Way, againſt the Grain, as they pluck Ducks.

(2) *Whoever is a Duck,*] Read *Whoever plays the Duck*, i. e. dips down his Head, as Ducks dive in the Water, when they're in Fear.

(3) Meurles] An ancient and an honourable Family at *Montpelier*, where they ſtill enjoy eminent Poſts both civil and military.

put a *Frock* about his Neck; by the Body of G— there was neither Hare nor Fox that could eſcape him; and which is more, he lined all the Bitches in the Country, though before that he was feeble-reined, and (4) *ex frigidis & maleficiates.*

The *Monk* uttering theſe Words in Choler, as he paſſed under a Walnut-tree, in his Way towards the Cauſey, he broached the Vizor of his Helmet on the Stump of a great Branch of the Tree; nevertheleſs, he ſet his Spurs ſo fiercely to the Horſe, who was full of Mettle, and quick on the Spur, that he bounded forwards, and the *Monk*, going about to ungrapple his Vizor, let go his Hold of the Bridle, and ſo hanged by his Hand upon the Bough, whilſt his Horſe ſtole away from under him. By this Means was the *Monk* left, hanging on the Walnut-tree, and crying for Help: Murder, Murder! and ſwearing alſo that he was betrayed. *Eudemon* perceived him firſt, and calling *Gargantua*, ſaid, *Sir*, come and ſee *Abſalom* hanging. *Gargantua*, being come, conſidered the Countenance of the *Monk*, and in what Poſture he hanged; wherefore he ſaid to *Eudemon*, You were miſtaken in comparing him to *Abſalom*, for *Abſalom* hung by his Hair, but this *ſhaveling Monk hangeth by the Ears.* Help me (ſaid the *Monk*), in the Devil's Name; is this a Time for you to flout? (5) You ſeem to me the *decretaliſt Preachers*, who ſay, *That whoſoever ſhall ſee his Neighbour in Danger of Death, ought,*

(4) Ex frigidis, &c.] *Frigid & Maleficiat* is properly ſaid of a Man that is impotent, either by Nature, or by ſome Witchery, ſuch as tying the Codpiece-point, which ſee explained elſewhere.

(5) *You ſeem to me the* decretaliſt Preachers,] This anſwers to that of St. *Auſtin*, in Reference to one who, rather than ſtrive to ſhake off his Sins, in puzzling his Brains about how it ſhould poſſibly be that Original Sin could deſcend from his Parents to him. The *Jocoſeria* of *Melander*, Tom. 1. n. 520. *Quomodo aut qua ratione fiat, ut peccatum & mors ab Adamo in omnes Homines dimanet atque derivetur, difficile cognitu eſt, neque ad Salutem neceſſarium. Quamobrem Auguſtini ſententiam ſalutarem eſſe puto, qui ſcribit, quemque noſtrûm potius debere ſtudere, qua Ratione ab hac labe & noxa Originali eximatur, quàm ut velit curiosè inquirere quomodo in eam ceciderit. Et narrant quendam ſemel in puteum cecidiſſe, qui cum ejularet & conquereretur ſupervenienti cuidam & ſollicitè inquirenti, quomodo illuc eſſet præcipitatus, reſpondit: Quomodo huc cediderim, quærere deſinas: illud verò quæſo te ſedulò cures ut me hinc extrahas.* D. Mart. 1. Cor. 15. p. 410.

upon

upon Pain of (6) *triſulk Excommunication, rather to admoniſh him to make Confeſſion and put his Conſcience in the State of Grace, than to help him.* And therefore, when I ſhall ſee them fallen into a River, and ready to be drowned, inſtead of lending them my Hand and pulling them out, I ſhall make them a fine long Sermon, *De contemptu mundi, & fuga ſeculi*, and when they are ſtark dead, then go to fiſh for them. Be quiet (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) and ſtir not, my Minion; I am now coming to unhang thee, for thou art a pretty little gentle *Monachus: Monachus in clauſtro non valet ova duo; ſed quando eſt extra bene valet triginta.* (7) I have ſeen above five hundred hanged, but I never ſaw any hang with ſo good a *Grace*; truly, if I had ſo good a one, I would willingly hang thus all my Life-time. What (ſaid the *Monk*) have you almoſt done Preaching? Help me, in the Name of God, ſeeing you will not in the Name of (8) the other Spirit, or by the Habit which I wear, you ſhall repent it. (9) *Tempore & Loco prælibatis.*

Then *Gymnaſt* alighted from his Horſe, and, climbing up the Walnut-tree, lifted up the *Monk* with one Hand, by the Guſhets of his Armour under the Armpits, and with the other undid his Vizer from the Stump of the broken Branch, which done, he let him fall to the Ground, and himſelf after. As ſoon as the *Monk* was down, (10) he put off all his Armour, and threw away one Piece after another about the Field, and taking to him again his *Staff* of the *Croſs*, remounted up to his Horſe, which *Eudemon* had caught in his running away. Then went they on merrily, riding on the Highway.

(6) Triſulk] Three-pointed, like *Jupiter's* Thunder.

(7) I *have ſeen above five hundred hanged,*] *Gymnaſt* ſpeaks here like the *Grand Prevot* of *Paris*, or of the Army.

(8) *The other Spirit,*] That is, the Devil, in whoſe Name he had at firſt cried out for Help. This is the Reverſe of *Virgil's Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperos, Acheronta movebo.*

(9) Tempore & loco prælibatis.] *Rabelais's* Motto, ſays the Author of the Judgment upon *Rabelais*. We might have believed him, had he brought any Proof of it.

(10) *He puts off all his Armour,*] Like *David*, when he went againſt *Goliah*.

CHAP. XLIII.

How the Scouts and Fore-party of Picrochole *were met with by* Gargantua, *and how the* Monk *ſlew Captain* Drawforth, *and then was taken Priſoner by his Enemies.*

Picrochole, at the Relation of thoſe who had eſcaped out of the Broil and Defeat wherein (1) *Tripet* was untriped, grew very angry that the *Devils* ſhould have ſo run upon his Men, and held all that Night a Council of War, at which (2) *Raſhcalf* and *Touchfaucet* concluded his Power to be ſuch, that he was able to defeat all the *Devils* of Hell, if they ſhould come to juſtle with his Forces.

This *Picrochole* did not fully believe, though he doubted not much of it. Therefore ſent he under the Command and Conduct of the Count (3) *Drawforth*, for diſcovering of the Country, the Number of ſixteen hundred Horſemen, all well mounted upon light Horſes for Skirmiſh, and (4) thoroughly beſprinkled with *Holy*

(1) Tripet] *Loiſque Tripet feut eſtripé.* Captain *Tripet*, of whom before, in Chap. 35, it is ſaid, that *Gymnaſt* made him diſembogue his Soul amidſt the Soops and Broths which came out of him through his Guts.

(2) Raſhcalf *and* Touchefaucet] *Haſtiveau* may be taken for *Raſhcalf* well enough I confeſs; but ſtrictly it means a Sort of Grape, ſo called, becauſe it comes in *Haſte*, *i. e.* it is ſooner ripe than other Grapes, and, as *C. Stephens* in his *Prædium ruſticum* obſerves, denotes a raſh Man, who is too *haſty* either to give or take Counſel. *Touquedillon*, I own, may likewiſe be made to mean *Touchfaucet*; but it is a Word properly of *Languedoc*, where they call a *Touquedillon* a Bully, *qui touche de Loin*, who touches at a Diſtance, but whoſe Heart fails him when he comes to a cloſe Engagement. The Artillery ſtrikes *de loin*, at a Diſtance, and therefore we ſee in Chap. 26, *Tonquedillion* was ſet over that of *Picrochole*.

(3) Drawforth, *Tiravant*. A Partiſan, whoſe Buſineſs was *tirer avant*, to *advance before*, to get Intelligence, and diſcover the Enemy and the Country round about.

(4) *Thoroughly beſprinkled with* Holy Water;] There's nothing in

ly Water; and every one for their Cognizance had a (5) *Star* in his Scarf, to ſerve at all Adventures, in caſe they ſhould happen to encounter with *Devils*; that by the Virtue, as well of that (6) *Gregorian* Water, as of the *Stars*, they might make the *Devils* (7) diſappear and vaniſh.

In this Equipage, they make an Excurſion upon the Country, till they came near to *Vauguyon*, and to the *Hoſpital*, but could never find any Body to ſpeak unto; whereupon they returned a little back, and by Chance in a Shepherd's Cottage near to *Coudray*, they found five *Pilgrims*; theſe they carried away bound and manacled, as if they had been Spies, for all the Exclamations, Adjurations, and Requeſts that they could make. Being come down from thence towards *Sevile*, they were heard by *Gargantua*, who ſaid then unto thoſe that were with him, *Comerades* and *Fellow-Soldiers*,

in all this that is not applicable to the ancient *Burgundian* Men-at-Arms. The People of the two *Burgundies* were, and ſtill are (thoſe of the Upper *Burgundy* eſpecially) extremely ſuperſtitious, and the *Bandoleer* of thoſe Men-at-Arms, with the *Burgundy* Croſs on 'em, was very like that Part of a Prieſt's Habiliment called a *Stole*.

(5) *A* Star] Read a *Stole*, not a *Star*: *Une Eſtole*, *Rabelais* ſays, not *une Etoile*.

(6) Gregorian *Water*,] *Gregory* I. was not the Introducer of the Holy Water, but he was a ſtrong Recommender of it, inſomuch that the very Huſbands who had converſed with their Wives, or as the Play ſays, had *Carnaliter'd* with them, were not to enter the Church till they had waſhed themſelves with that Water, 33. v. 4. c. *Rabelais* does not ſpell it *Gregoriene*, but *Gringoriane*, which is a Corruption of *Gregoriene*, as *Brinborion* comes from *Breviarium*, corruptly, and indeed contemptuouſly uſed for the *Romiſh* Pſalter.

(7) *Diſappear and vaniſh.*]

Les Diables fuit & Adverſaires,
Et chaſſe Fantaſmes contraires.

It drives away both carnal Foes and Devils,
And Guards from Sprights and all contrariant Evils.

Says, in *Peter Groſnet*'s Collection, an ancient Rhime, ſpeaking of the marvellous Effects of Holy Water. *Picrochole*'s People imagined they ſhould, by Virtue of this Bleſſed Water, put to Flight every Mother's Son of the *Gargantuiſts*, whom they took for real Devils, from the Time they beheld *Gymnaſt*'s wonderful Feats of Activity, he having likwiſe told them he was a Devil, though a poor one.

We

we have here met with an Encounter, and they are ten Times in Number more than we: Shall we charge them or no? What a Devil (ſaid the *Monk*) ſhall we do elſe? Do you eſteem Men by their Number, rather than by their Valour and Proweſs? With this he cried out, Charge, *Devils*, charge. Which when the Enemies heard, they thought certainly that they had been very *Devils*, and therefore, even then began all of them to run away as hard as they could drive, *Drawforth* only excepted, who immediately ſettled his Lance on its Reſt, and therewith hit the *Monk* with all his Force on the very Middle of his Breaſt; but coming againſt his horrifick *Frock*, the Point of the Iron, being with the Blow either broke off or blunted, it was in Matter of Execution, as if you you had ſtruck againſt an Anvil with a little Wax-candle. Then did the *Monk*, with his *Staff* of the *Croſs*, give him ſuch a ſturdy Thump and Whirret betwixt his Neck and Shoulders, upon the *Acromion* Bone, that he made him loſe both Senſe and Motion, and fell down Stone dead at his Horſe's Feet. And ſeeing the *Star* [Stole] which he wrote on his Scarf, he ſaid unto *Gargantua*, Theſe Men are but *Prieſts*, which is but the Beginning of a *Monk*: by St. *John* I am a perfect *Monk*, I will kill them like *Flies*. Then ran he after them at a ſwift and full Gallop, till he overtook the Rear, and felled them down (8) like Tree-leaves, ſtriking athwart, and alongſt, and every Way. *Gymnaſt* preſently aſked *Gargantua* if they ſhould purſue them. To whom *Gargantua* anſwered by no means; for, according to right military Diſcipline, *you muſt never drive your Enemy unto Deſpair*. For that ſuch a Streight doth multiply his Force, and encreaſe his Courage, which was before broken and caſt down. Neither is there any better Help for Men that are out of Heart, toiled, and ſpent, than to *hope for no Favour at all*. How many Victories

(8) *Like Tree-leaves*,] Read, like *Rye*, *Seille* in *French*, an old Word for *Ségle*, and both from the *Latin Secale*. Sir *T. U.* miſtook this *Seille* for *Feuille*. Rye, ſays M. *Du Chat*, is cut in the Beginning of the Harveſt, and doubtleſs, as the *Germans* mow it, ſo there are, or at leaſt were, in *France*, Provinces where they mowed it likewiſe. This makes *Rabelais* ſay, that Friar *John* felled down, like Rye, ſuch of the Enemy as came firſt to Hand.

have

have been taken out the Hands of the Victors by the Vanquiſhed, when they would not reſt ſatisfy'd with Reaſon, but attempted to put all to the Sword, and totally to deſtroy all their Enemies, without leaving ſo much as one to carry home News of the Defeat of his Fellows. Open, therefore, unto your Enemies, all the Gates and Ways, and make to them a Bridge of Silver rather than fail, that you may be rid of them. Yea, but (ſaid *Gymnaſt*) they have the *Monk*. Have they the *Monk*? (ſaid *Gargantua*) Upon mine honour then it will prove to their Coſt: But, to prevent all Dangers, let us not yet retreat, but halt here quietly, for I think I do already underſtand the *Policy* of our Enemies; they are truly more directed by Chance and meer Fortune, than by good Advice and Counſel. In the mean While theſe made a Stop under the *Walnut-trees*, the *Monk* purſued on the Chaſe, charging all he overtook, and giving Quarter to none, until he met with a Trooper, who carried behind him one of the poor *Pilgrims*, and there would have rifled him. The *Pilgrim*, in Hope of Relief at the Sight of the *Monk*, cried out, Ha, (9) my Lord *Prior*, my good Friend, my Lord *Prior*, ſave me, I beſeech you ſave me. Which Words being heard by thoſe that rode in the Van, they inſtantly faced about, and ſeeing there was nobody but the *Monk* that made this great Havock and Slaughter among them, they lodged [loaded] him with Blows as thick as they uſe to do an (10) Aſs with Wood: But of all this, he felt nothing, eſpecially when they ſtruck upon his *Frock*, his Skin was ſo hard. Then they committed him to two of the *Marſhal*'s Men to keep, and, looking about, ſaw no Body coming againſt them, whereupon they thought that *Gargantua* and his Party were fled. Then was it that they rode as hard as they could towards the *Walnut-trees* to meet with them, and left the *Monk* there all alone, with his two foreſaid Men to guard him. *Gargantua* heard the Noiſe and Neighing of the Horſes, and ſaid to his Men, *Comerades*, I hear the Track and

(9) *My Lord* Prior.] As yet Friar *John* was no more than the *Prior* of *Sermaiſe*. See Notes on Ch. 27.

(10) *As an Aſs with Wood*:] Back and Belly; for ſuch is the Loading of an Aſs carrying Wood to Market. He ſeems to be cover'd all over with it.

Beating

Beating of the Enemies Horſe-feet, and withal perceive that ſome of them come in a Troop and full Body againſt us; let us rally and cloſe here, then ſet forward in Order, and by this Means we ſhall be able to receive their Charge, to their Loſs and our Honour.

CHAP. XLIV.

How the Monk *rid himſelf of his Keepers, and how* Picrochole's *Forlorn Hope was defeated.*

THE Monk, ſeeing them break off thus without Order, conjectured that they were to ſet upon *Gargantua* and thoſe that were with him, and was wonderfully grieved that he could not ſuccour them. Then conſidered he the Countenance of the two *Keepers* in whoſe Cuſtody he was, who would have willingly run after the Troops to get ſome Booty and Plunder, and were always looking towards the Valley unto which they were going. Farther, he *ſyllogiſed*, ſaying, Theſe Men are but badly ſkilled in Matters of War, for they have not required my *Parol*; neither have they taken my Sword from me. Suddenly hereupon he drew his long Sword, wherewith he gave the *Keeper*, which held him on the right Side, ſuch a ſound Slaſh, that he cut clean through the *jugulary* Veins, and the *ſphagitid* Arteries of the Neck with the *Gargareon*, even unto the two *Adenes*, and redoubling the Blow, he opened the *ſpinal* Marrow betwixt the ſecond and the third *Vertebræ*; there fell down that *Keeper* ſtark dead to the Ground. Then the *Monk*, reining his Horſe to the left, ran upon the other, who ſeeing his Fellow dead, and the *Monk* to have the Advantage of him, cried with a loud Voice, Ah, my Lord *Prior*, Quarter; I yield, my Lord *Prior*, Quarter, Quarter; my good Friend, my Lord *Prior*: And the *Monk* cried likewiſe, my Lord *Poſterior*, my Friend, my Lord *Poſterior*, you ſhall have it upon your *Poſteriorums*. Ha, ſaid the *Keeper*, my Lord *Prior*, my dear Lord *Prior*, I pray God make you an *Abbot*. By the Habit (ſaid the *Monk*

Monk] which I wear, I will here make you a *Cardinal*. What do you uſe to pay Ranſoms to *religious* Men; You ſhall have now (1) a *red Hat* of my giving: And the Fellow cried, Ha, my Lord *Prior*, my Lord *Prior*, my Lord *Abbot* that ſhall be, my Lord *Cardinal*, my Lord *All*. *Ha, ha, hes*, no my Lord *Prior*, my good little Lord *Prior*, I yield, render, and deliver myſelf up to you. And I deliver thee (ſaid the *Monk*) to all the Devils in Hell; then at one Stroke he cut off his Head; cutting his *Scalp* upon the *Temple*-bones, and lifting up the two Bones, *Brigmatis*, together with the *ſagittal Commiſſure*, as alſo a great Part of the *Coronal* Bone; by which terrible Blow likewiſe he cut the two *Meninges*, and made a deep Wound in the two poſterior *Ventricles* of the Brain; ſo that the *Cranium* remain'd hanging upon his Shoulders, by the Skin of the *Pericranium* behind, in form of a *Doctor's Bonnet*, black without and red within. Thus fell he down alſo to the Ground ſtark dead.

And preſently the *Monk* gave his Horſe the Spur, and kept the Way that the Enemy held, who had met with *Gargantua*, and his Companions in the broad Highway, and were ſo diminiſhed of their Number, for the enormous Slaughter that *Gargantua* had made with his great Tree amongſt them, as alſo *Gymnaſt*, *Ponocrates*, *Eudemon*, and the reſt, that they began to retreat diſorderly, and in great Haſte, as Men altogether affrighted, and troubled in both Senſe and Underſtanding; and as if they had ſeen the very proper *Species* and Form of Death before their Eyes. Or rather, as when you ſee an Aſs with a *Brizze* under his Tail, or Fly that ſtings him, run hither and thither without keeping any Path or

(1) *A red Hat* of my giving:] That is, *I'll cut off your Head, and ſo give you a red Hat.* Thus *a Cardinal en Greve* (the Place of Execution at *Paris*) is proverbially ſaid of a Criminal that is beheaded, and upon this wretched Proverb turns the Sting of *James Spifame*'s Epitaph. *Menot*, who preach'd at the Beginning of the ſixteenth Century, once ſaid, towards the Cloſe of a Sermon of his, in the Paſſion Week, that tho' there were Preachers who durſt carry Truth with them into the Pulpit, they were threatened to be made Cardinals without going to *Rome*, &c. and the Authors of the *Catholicon d'Eſpagne*, long after that Preacher, made uſe of the ſame Expreſſion in two Places of that Satire.

Way,

Way, throwing down his Load to the Ground, breaking his Bridle and Reins, and taking no Breath nor Reſt, and no Man can tell what ails him, for they ſee not any Thing touch him. So fled theſe People, deſtitute of Wit, without having any Cauſe of flying, only purſued by a *Panic* Terror, which in their Minds they had conceived. The *Monk* perceiving that their whole Intent was to betake themſelves to their Heels, alighted from his Horſe, and got upon a big large Rock, which was in the Way, and with his great *Brackmard* Sword, laid ſuch Load upon thoſe Runaways, and with main Strength fetching a Compaſs with his Arm, without feigning or ſparing, ſlew and overthrew ſo many, that his Sword broke in two Pieces. Then thought he within himſelf, that he had ſlain and killed ſufficiently; and that the reſt ſhould eſcape to carry News. Therefore he took up a Battle-ax of thoſe that lay there dead, and got upon the Rock again, paſſing his Time to ſee his Enemy thus flying, and to tumble himſelf amongſt the dead Bodies, only that he ſuffered none to carry Pike, Sword, Lance, nor Gun with him, and thoſe who carried the *Pilgrims* bound, he made to alight, and gave their Horſes unto the ſaid *Pilgrims*, keeping them there with him under the Hedge, and alſo *Touchefancet*, who was then his Priſoner.

CHAP. XLV.

How the Monk *carried along with him the* Pilgrims, *and of the good Words that* Grangouſier *gave them.*

THIS Skirmiſh being ended, *Gargantua* retreated with his Men, excepting the *Monk*, and about the Dawning of the Day they came unto *Grangouſier*, who in his Bed was praying unto God for their Safety and Victory: And ſeeing them all ſafe and ſound, he embraced them lovingly, and aſked what was become of the *Monk? Gargantua* anſwered him, that without Doubt

Doubt the Enemies had the *Monk*. Then have they Miſchief and Ill-luck, ſaid *Grangouſier*, which was very true. Therefore it is a common Proverb to this Day, *To give a Man the Monk*. Then commanded he a good Breakfaſt to be provided for their refreſhment. When all was ready they called *Gargantua*, but he was ſo aggrieved that the *Monk* was not to be heard of, that he would neither eat nor drink. In the mean while the *Monk* comes, and from the Gate of the outer Court cries out aloud, *Freſh Wine, freſh Wine, Gymnaſt*, my Friend. *Gymnaſt* went out and ſaw that it was Friar *John*, who brought along with him five *Pilgrims*, and *Touchefaucet*, Priſoners. Whereupon *Gargantua* likewiſe went forth to meet him, and all of them made him the beſt Welcome that poſſibly they could, and brought him before *Grangouſier*, who aſked him of all his Adventures. The *Monk* told him all, both how he was taken, how he rid himſelf of his Keepers, and of the Slaughter he had made by the Way, and how he had reſcued the *Pilgrims*, and brought along with him Captain *Touchefaucet*. Then did they altogether fall to banqueting moſt merrily. In the mean Time *Grangouſier* aſked the *Pilgrims* what Countrymen they were, whence they came, and whither they went? *Sweertogo*, in the Name of the reſt, anſwered, My Sovereign Lord, I am of Saint *Genou*, in *Berry*, this Man is of *Paluau*, this other is of *Onzay*, this of *Argy*, and this Man of *Villebrenin*. We came from (1) Saint *Sebaſtian*, near *Nantes*, and are now returning, as we beſt may, by eaſy Journies. Yea, but ſaid *Grangouſier*, what went you to do at Saint *Sebaſtian?* We went, (ſaid *Sweertogo*) to offer up unto that *Sanct* our Vows againſt the *Plague*. Ah, poor Men (ſaid *Grangouſier*) do you think that the *Plague* comes from St. *Sebaſtian?* Yes truly (anſwered *Sweertogo*) our Preachers tell us ſo indeed. But is it ſo? (ſaid *Grangouſier.*) Do the falſe Prophets teach you (2) ſuch

(1) *St.* Sebaſtian *near* Nantes *&c.*] It is at *Peligny* near *Nantes*, where the Body of St. *Sebaſtian* is ſaid to be kept; tho' the Poſſeſſion of it is likewiſe inſiſted upon by *Rome*, *Soiſſons*, and *Norbonne*.

(2) *Such Abuſes?*] Without Offence to the well-meaning *Grangouſier*, there's no ſuch great Hurt in it as he fancies. If ſome Saints, when

ſuch Abuſes? Do they thus blaſpheme the *Saints* and *Holy* Men of God, as to make them like unto the Devils, who do nothing but Hurt unto Mankind? as *Homer* writeth that the *Plague* was ſent into the Camp of the *Greeks* by *Apollo*; and as the Poets feign a great Rabble of *Vejoves* and miſchievous Gods. So did a certain old Hypocrite preach at *Sinay*, that Saint *Antony* ſent the *Fire* into Men's Legs; that (3) Saint *Eutropius* made Men *hydropick*; Saint *Gildas*, *Fools*; and that Saint *Genou* made them *gouti∫h*. But I puniſhed him ſo exemplarily, though he called me *Heretick* for it, that ſince that Time no ſuch hypocritical Rogue durſt ſet his Foot within my Territories. And truly I wonder that your King ſhould ſuffer them in their Sermons, to publiſh ſuch ſcandalous Doctrine in his Dominions. For they deſerve to be chaſtiſed with greater ſeverity than thoſe who by *Magical* Art, or any other Device, have brought the *Peſtilence* into a Country. The *Peſt* killeth but the Bodies, but ſuch abominable *Impoſtors* empoiſon our very Souls. As he ſpake theſe Words, in came the *Monk* very reſolute, and aſked them, Wence are you, poor Wretches? Of St. *Genou* (ſaid they.) And how, ſaid (the *Monk*) doth the Abbot *Gallicut*, that true Toper; and the *Monks*, what Cheer make they? *Morbleau*, they'll have a Fling at your Wives whilſt you are upon your (4) gadding

when they are anger'd, ſend certain Diſtempers, as is believ'd by the *Romaniſts*, they likewiſe cure them when they pleaſe. This is what *H. Stephens* frankly confeſſes in ch. 38 of his Apology for *Herodotus*.

(3) *St.* Eutropius *made Men* hydropick, *&c.*] See *Agrippa*, ch. 57. *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, and *H. Stephens*, ch. 38, of the Apology for *Herodotus*. *Ridendi ſunt*, ſays the former, *qui à Nominis ſimilitudine & Vocum Confuſione, & per ſimilia futilia inventa Sanctis quædam Morborum genera adſcribunt, ut Germani caducum Morbum* Valentino, *quia hoc Nomen* (fallen) *cadere ſignificat, & Galli* Eutropio *adjcant* Hydopicos, *ob Conſimilem ſonum.*

(4) *Gadding Pilgrimage.*] Time was, that theſe devout Journeyings were in great Vogue, but they never had ſo much Succeſs as when the Pilgrim undertook them with a View to have Children. *Toleno*, in that Epigram of *Beza's Tollendæ cupidus Toleno prolis*, is a famous Example of this. The good Man was rich, but had no Children, tho' he had been married ſome Years. In full Aſſurance that he ſhould ſoon ſee himſelf a Father, could he but make Heaven his Friend, he courageouſly undertakes at once a Pilgrimage to *Loretto*, another to the

gadding Pilgrimage. *Hin, hen,* (ſaid *Sweertogo*) I am not afraid of mine; for he, that ſhall ſee her by Day, will never break his Neck to come to her in the Night-time. Yea, marry (ſaid the *Monk*) now you have hit it; let her be as ugly as ever was *Proſerpina*, ſhe will not keep her Arſe dry, if there dwell any *Monks* near her. For a *good Carpenter will make uſe of any Kind of Timber.* Let me be pepper'd with the Pox, if you find not all your Wives with Child at your Return; for the very Shadow of an *Abbey* Steeple is prolifick.

It is (ſaid *Gargantua*) like the Water of *Nilus* in *Egypt*, if you believe *Strabo* and *Pliny*, *lib.* 7. *cap.* 3. What Virtue will there be then in their Bullets of Concupiſcence, their Habits, and their Bodies.

Then (ſaid *Grangouſier*) go your Ways, poor Men, in the Name of God the Creator, to whom I pray to guide you perpetually; and henceforward, be not ſo ready to undertake theſe idle and unprofitable Journies. Look to your Families, labour every Man in his Vocation, inſtruct your Children, and live as the good Apoſtle St. *Paul* directeth you. In doing whereof, God, his Angels, and Saints will guard and protect you, and no Evil or *Plague* at any Time ſhall befal you.

Then *Gargantua* led them into the Hall to take their Refection; but the Pilgrims did nothing but ſigh, and ſaid to *Gargantua*: *O, how happy is that Land which hath ſuch a Man for their Lord!* We have been more edify'd and inſtructed by the Talk which he hath had with us, than by all the Sermons that ever were preached in our Town. This is (ſaid *Gargantua*) that which *Plato* ſaith, *lib.* 5, *De Republ.* That *thoſe Commonwealths are happy, whoſe* Rulers *Philoſophiſe, and whoſe* Philoſophers *rule.* Then cauſed he their Wallets to be filled with Victuals, and their Bottles with Wine, and gave unto

the holy Sepulchre, and a third to Mount *Sinai*. It is eaſy to imagine how great a Fatigue he underwent during ſo long a Peregrination. But how tranſported was he, when upon his Return home, after a three Years Voyage, he found his Family increaſed with three lovely Boys whom he had not the Trouble of getting? Certainly the Piety of our Anceſtors was of great Advantage in this Reſpect; and ſince it has inſenſibly grown cold. *Mademoiſelle Sevin* had good Reaſon to ſay in *Feneſtræ*, l. 3. *The World was going to be no more, and Mankind would ſoon be at an End, for want of Pilgrimages.*

each

each of them a Horſe to eaſe them upon the Way, together with ſome (5) Pence to live upon.

CHAP. XLVI.

How Grangouſier *did very kindly entertain* Touchefaucet *his Priſoner.*

Touchefaucet was preſented unto *Grangouſier*, and by him examined upon the Enterpriſe and Attempt of *Picrochole*, what it was he could pretend to, by this tumultuary Invaſion; whereunto he anſwered, that his End and Purpoſe was to conquer all the Country, if he could, for the Injury done to his *Cake-bakers*: It is too great an Undertaking, ſaid *Grangouſier*, and (as the Proverb is) *He, that gripes too much, holds faſt but little*: The Time is not *now* ſo to conquer Kingdoms, to the Loſs of our neareſt Chriſtian Brother. This Imitation of the ancient *Herculeſes*, *Alexanders*, *Hannibals*, *Scipios*, *Cæſars*, and other ſuch *Heroes*, is quite contrary to the Profeſſion of the *Goſpel* of *Chriſt*, by the which we are commanded to preſerve, keep, rule, and govern every Man his own Country and Lands, and not in a hoſtile Manner to invade others; and that which heretofore the *Saracens* and *Barbarians* called *Proweſs*, we do now call *Robbery* and *Wickedneſs*. It would have been more commendable in him to have contained himſelf within the Bounds of his own Territories, royally governing them, than to inſult and domineer in mine, pillaging and plundering every where, for *by ruling his own with Diſcretion, he might have increas'd his Greatneſs*; *but*

(5) *Some Pence.*] *Quelques Carolus*: *Some Carolus's*: a *Carolus*, *Cotgrave* ſays, is a Piece of white Money worth Ten-pence, *Tour*, (i. e. *Tournois*) or a juſt *Engliſh* Penny. *Carolus de Bezançon*, a Silver Coin, worth about nine Pence Sterling; *Carolus de Flandres*, another, worth about three Shillings Sterling. I apprehend our Author to mean the firſt, becauſe M. *Du Chat*'s Note is, *Carolus*, a Piece of Money worth ten Deniers, ſtamp'd with a large K. and a Crown over it: K. *Charles* VIII. was the firſt that caus'd this piece to be coin'd, and mark'd with the firſt Letter of his Name in *Latin*, viz. *Karolus*.

by

by robbing me, he cannot eſcape Deſtruction. Go your ways in the Name of God; do what is righteous; ſhew your King what is amiſs, and never counſel him with Regard unto your own particular Profit; for, with the public, will alſo be ſwallowed up the private. As for your Ranſom, I do freely remit it to you, and will, that your Arms and Horſe be reſtored to you; ſo ſhould good Neighbours do and ancient Friends, ſeeing this our Difference is not properly *War*. As *Plato*, *lib.* 5, *De Repub.* would not have it called *War* but *Sedition*, (1) not when the *Greeks* took up Arms againſt one another; and therefore when ſuch Combuſtions ſhould ariſe, his Advice was to behave themſelves with all Diſcretion and Modeſty. Although you call it *War*, it is but ſuperficial; it entereth not into the inmoſt Cabinets of our Hearts; for neither of us hath been wronged in his Honour, nor is there any Queſtion about us in the main; but only how to redreſs, by the bye, ſome (2) pretty Faults committed by our Men; I mean both yours and ours; which, altho' you knew, you ought to let paſs; for theſe quarrelſome Perſons deſerve rather to be contemned than mentioned, eſpecially ſeeing I offered them Satisfaction according to the Wrong.

God ſhall be the juſt Judge of our Variances, whom I beſeech, by Death rather to take me out of this Life, and to permit my Goods to periſh and be deſtroy'd before mine Eyes, than that by me, or mine, he ſhould in any Sort be wronged [offended.] Theſe Words utter'd, he call'd the *Monk*, and before them all ſpoke thus unto him: *Friar John*, my good Friend, is it you that took Priſoner the Captain *Touchefaucet* here preſent? Sir, ſaid the *Monk*, ſeeing himſelf is here, and that he is of the Years of Diſcretion, I had rather you ſhould know it by his Confeſſion than by any Words of mine. Then ſaid *Touchefaucet*, My ſovereign Lord, it is he indeed that took me, and I do therefore moſt freely yield myſelf his Priſoner. Have you put him to any Ranſom, ſaid *Grangouſier* to the *Monk*? No, ſaid the *Monk*, of that I take no Care. How much would you have for having

(1) *Not when the* Greeks, *&c.*] Read when the *Greeks*, &c.
(2) *Pretty*] Read *Petty*.

taken

taken him? Nothing, nothing, ſaid the *Monk*: I am not ſwayed by that, nor do I regard it. Then *Grangouſier* commanded, that, in Preſence of *Touchefaucet*, ſhould be delivered to the *Monk* for taking him, the Sum of threeſcore and two thouſand (3) *Saluts*, which was done, whilſt they made a Collation to the ſaid *Touchefaucet*; of whom *Grangouſier* aſk'd if he would ſtay with him, or choſe rather to return to his King. *Touchefaucet* anſwered, that he was content to take whatever Courſe he would adviſe him to. Then, ſaid *Grangouſier*, return unto your King, and God be with you.

Then he gave him an excellent Sword, a (4) *Vienna* Blade, with a golden Scabbard wrought with Vine-branch-like Flouriſhes, of fine Goldſmiths Work, and a Collar of Gold, weighing ſeven hundred and two thouſand Marks, garniſhed with precious Stones of the fineſt Sort, eſteemed at a hundred and ſixty thouſand Ducats, and ten thouſand crowns more, as an honourable preſent.

After this, *Touchefaucet*, got to his Horſe, and *Gargantua* for his Safety allowed him the Guard of (5) thirty Men

(3) Saluts,] Two Things occur to my Thoughts concerning this Species of Money, which I don't think *Rabelais* here has employ'd preferable to any other without ſome Reaſon. Firſt, that Friar *John* having *ſaved Touchefaucet*'s Life, and contented himſelf with only making him his Priſoner, it was a very proper Way of Rewarding him with *Saluts* (*Salut* ſignifying Safety, Preſervation, Safeguard, *&c.*) Secondly, that as this Coin was call'd *Salut*, only becauſe it had on one Side the Angelical *Salutation* repreſented with the Word *Ave*, God ſave you, by which our *(French)* Anceſtors expreſſed *Check* at Cheſs-play, and even *Check-mate*: the *Ave* of the *Saluts*, paid to Friar *John*, might always put him in mind of that gallant Action of his, in giving *Check* and *Mate* to one of *Picrochole*'s Generals. As to their Value, *Cotgrave* ſays *Saluts* were an old *French* Crown, worth about five Shillings Sterling.

(4) Vienna *Blade*,] Read, *Vienne* (not *Vienna*) *Blade*. At *Vienne*, in the Lower *Dauphiné*, are made excellent Sword-blades, by Means of certain *Martinets* (Water-mills for an Iron-forge, ſays *Cotgrave*) Theſe *Martinets* (or Hammers, as *Boyer* calls 'em) riſe and fall alternately, and with the greateſt Regularity poſſible, by the Motion of Wheels, which are turn'd by the Stream of a little River call'd *Gere*.

(5) *Thirty Men at Arms, and ſixſcore Archers.*] The *French Nobleſſe* (Gentry) being grown Plunderers and Free-booters in the Wars

Men-at-Arms, and ſixſcore Archers to attend him under the Conduct of *Gymnaſt*, to bring him even unto the Gate of the Rock *Clermond*, if there were Need. As ſoon as he was gone, the *Monk* reſtored unto *Grangouſier* the threeſcore and two thouſand *Saluts*, which he had received, ſaying, Sir, it is not as yet the Time for you to give ſuch Gifts. Stay till this War be at an End, for none can tell what Accidents may occur; and War, begun without good Proviſion of Money before-hand, is but as a Blaſt that will quickly paſs away: *Coin is the Sinews of War*. Well then, ſaid *Grangouſier*, at the End I will content you by ſome honeſt Recompence, as alſo all thoſe who ſhall do me good Service.

CHAP. XLVII.

How Grangouſier *ſent for his Legions, and how* Touchefaucet *ſlew* Raſhcalf, *and was afterwards executed by th Command of* Picrochole.

ABOUT this ſame Time, thoſe of *Beſſe*, of the *old Market*, of St. *James* Bourg, of the (1) *Drag-*

Wars of the preceding Reigns, they were reduced into a Body of regular Troops of Horſe, under King Charles VII. conſiſting of fifteen hundred Lancemen and Archers, the Companies whereof more or leſs ſtrong, were diſtributed to the Princes, and moſt experienced Captains of the Kingdom. Each Man-at-Arms had in his Train four Horſes, two of which were for the Service of himſelf to ride on, and the other two were, one of them a Sumpter-horſe, and the other for a Servant call'd *Coûtillier*, either becauſe he rode by his Maſter's Side *(Coté)* or rather, I ſhould think, becauſe he was armed with a good *Cutlaſs*. There were twice as many Archers oblig'd to have each two Horſes, one for himſelf, and the other for his Baggage: but two Archers had no more Pay than one Man-at-Arms, that is, per Day Half a Crown, value thirteen *Sous ſix Deniers*: Both the Man-at-Arms and Archer were to be Gentlemen. See farther on this Subject the Life of *Louis* XII. by *Seyſſel*, laſt *Ch.* & *Fauchet*, l. 2, c. 1, of his Treatiſe of Warfare and Arms.

(1) Draggage,] *Traimeau*, a Place ſo call'd.

gage, of *Parillé*, of the (2) *Rivers*, of the (3) Rocks St. *Pol*, of the *Vaubreton*, of *Pautillé*, of the *Brahemont*, of *Clainbridge*, of *Cravant*, of *Grandmont*, of the Town at the (4) *Badgerholes*, of *Huymes*, of *Segré*, of *Huſſe*, of St. *Livant*, of *Panzouſt*, of the *Coldraux*, of (5) *Vernon*, of *Coulaines*, of *Choſe*, of *Varenes*, of *Bourgueil*, of the (6) *Bouchard Claud*, of the *Croulay*, of *Narſie*, (7) *Cande*, of *Monſoreau*, and other bordering Places, ſent Ambaſſadors unto *Grangouſier*, to tell him, that they were adviſed of the great Worngs which *Picrochole* had done him; and in Regard of their ancient Confederacy, offered him what Aſſiſtance they could afford, both in Men, Money, Victuals, Ammunition, and other Neceſſaries for War. The Money, which by the joint Agreement of them all was ſent unto him, amounted to ſix-ſcore and fourteen millions, two Crowns and a Half of pure *Gold*.

The Forces, wherewith they did aſſiſt him, did conſiſt of fifteen thouſand (8) Cuiraſiers, two and thirty thouſand light Horſemen, fourſcore and nine thouſand (9) Dragoons, and a hundred and forty thouſand volunteer Adventurers. Theſe had with them eleven thouſand and two hundred Cannons, double Cannons, (10) *Baſiliſks*. Of Pioneers they had ſeven and forty Thouſand,

(2) Rivers,] *Riviere*. Another Place ſo called.

(3) *Rocks of St.* Pol,] Pariſh in the Dioceſe of *Tours*, in which there's a Priory dependant on the Abbey of St. *Paul de Cormeri*, of the Order of St. *Benet*.

(4) Badgerholes, *Des Bourdes*. I know not why the Tranſlator calls this Place the *Badgerholes*; nor why he omits the next (in *Rabelais's* Liſt) *Villaumere*.

(5) Vernon, Read *Verron*. He was wrong in almoſt all the Reſt, but I have rectify'd 'em.

(6) Bouchard Claud,] Read, *Bouchard Iſle*.

(7) Cande, Monſoreau, &c.] *Cande* is a Borough of *Touraine*, and *Montſoreau*, another very near *Cande*, where the *Vienne* enters the *Loire*. *Parillé* or *Parillai* is a Village half a League from *Chinon*, juſt at the End of the Nun's-bridge, (See *Du Cheſne's* Antiquities of the Towns, &c. Chap. of thoſe of *Chinon*.) The other Places mentioned here by *Rabelais* are of *Anjou*, *Touraine*, and Election of *Chinon*, for the moſt Part. At *Croulai*, which is very near *Chinon*, there's a Convent of *Cordeliers*.

(8) *Cuiraſiers*,] Called Men-at-Arms in the Original.

(9) *Dragoons*,] *Harquebuſiers*.

(10) Baſiliſks.] Add, and *Spirolles* (a ſmall Sort of Artillery)

all

all victualled and paid for six Months and four Days of Advance; which Offer *Gargantua* did not altogether refuse, nor wholly accept of; but, giving them hearty Thanks, said, that he would compound and order the War by such a Device, that there should not be found great Need to put so many honest Men to Trouble in the managing of it; and therefore was content, at that Time to give Order only for bringing along the Legions, which he maintained at his ordinary Garrison Towns of the *Deertier*, [*Devinere*,] *Chavignié*, of *Granot*, [*Gravot*,] and of *Quinquenais*, amounting to the Number of two thousand Cuirassiers, threescore and six thousand Foot-soldiers, and six and twenty thousand Dragoons, attended by two hundred Pieces of great Ordnance, two and twenty thousand Pioneers, and six thousand light Horsemen, all drawn up in Troops, so well befitted and accommodated with their Commissaries, Sutlers, Farriers, Harnels-makers, and other such like necessary Members in a military Camp, so fully instructed in the Art of Warfare, so perfectly knowing and following their Colours, so ready to hear and obey their Captains, so nimble to run, so strong at their Charging, so prudent in their Adventures, and every Day [Way] so well disciplined, that they seemed rather to be a Concert of Organ-pipes, or mutual Concord of the Wheels of a Clock, than an Infantry and Cavalry, or Army of Soldiers.

Touchefaucet immediately after his Return, presented himself before *Picrochole*, and related unto him at large all that he had done and seen, and at last endeavoured to persuade him with strong and forcible Arguments, to capitulate and make an Agreement with *Grangousier*, whom he found to be the honestest Man in the World; saying further, that it was neither Right nor Reason thus to trouble his Neighbours, of whom they never received any Thing but Good; and, in Regard of the main Point, that they should never be able to go through Stitch with that War, but to their great Damage and Mischief; for the Forces of *Picrochole* were not so considerable, but that *Grangousier* could easily overthrow them.

He had not well done ſpeaking, when *Raſhcalf* ſaid out aloud: Unhappy is that Prince, which is by ſuch Men ſerved, who are ſo eaſily corrupted as I know *Touchefaucet* is; for I ſee his Courage ſo changed, that he had willingly joined with our Enemies to fight againſt us, and betray us, if they would have received him; but as Virtue is of all, both Friends and Foes, praiſed and eſteemed, ſo is Wickedneſs ſoon known and ſuſpected; and, although it happen the Enemies do make Uſe thereof for their Profit, yet have they always the *Wicked* and *the Traitors in Abomination*.

Touchefaucet, being at theſe Words very impatient, drew out his Sword, and therewith ran *Raſhcalf* through the Body, a little under the Nipple of his left Side, whereof he died preſently, and, pulling back his Sword out of his Body, ſaid boldly, *So let him periſh that ſhall a faithful Servant blame*. *Picrochole* incontinently grew furious, and ſeeing *Touchefaucet*'s (11) new Sword, and his Scabbard ſo richly diapered with Flouriſhes of moſt excellent Workmanſhip, ſaid, Did they give thee this Weapon ſo feloniouſly therewith to kill, before my Face, my ſo good Friend *Raſtcalf*? Then immediately commanded he his Guard to hew him in Pieces, which was inſtantly done, and that ſo cruelly, that the Chamber was all dyed with Blood. Afterwards, he appointed the Corps of *Raſhcalf* to be honourably buried, and that of *Touchefaucet* to be caſt over the Wall into the Ditch.

The News of theſe exceſſive Violences were quickly ſpread through all the Army; whereupon, many began to murmur againſt *Picrochole*, in ſo far, that (12) *Pinchpenny* ſaid to him, my ſovereign Lord, I know not what the Iſſue of this Enterpriſe will be: I ſee your Men much dejected, and not well reſolved in their Minds, by conſidering, that we are here very ill provided of Victuals,

(11) *New Sword*, &c.] The ſame which *Grangouſier* had given him.

(12) Pinchpenny.] In the Original it is *Grippe-pineau*. *Gripe-grape*, not *Gripe* or *Pinch-penny*. The *Pineau*, ſays *Cotgrave*, is a Kind of white and longiſh Grape, whereof is made the *Vin Pineau*, excellent ſtrong Wine. M. *Du Chat* ſays, This Perſon was in all probability one that diſtinguiſhed himſelf at the ſacking of the Abbey-cloſe at *Seville*.

tuals, and that our Number is already much diminiſhed by three or four Sallies: Furthermore, great Supplies and Recruits come daily in to your Enemies; but we ſo moulder away, that if we be once beſieged, I do not ſee how we can eſcape a total Deſtruction. *Tuſh, Piſh*, ſaid *Picrochole*, you are like the *Melun* Eels, you cry (13) before they come to you: *Let them come, let them come, if they dare.*

CHAP. XLVIII.

How Gargantua *ſet upon* Picrochole, *within the Rock* Clermond, *and utterly defeated the Army of the ſaid* Picrochole.

Gargantua had the Charge of the whole Army, and his Father *Grangouſier* ſtaid in his Caſtle, who, encouraging them with good Words, promiſed great Rewards unto thoſe that ſhould do any notable Service. As ſoon as they had gained the *Ford* of *Vede*, Boats and Bridges being ſpeedily made, they paſt over in a Trice; then conſidering the Situation of the Town, which was on a high and advantageous Place, *Gargantua* thought fit to call his Council, and paſs that Night in Deliberation upon what was to be done; But *Gymnaſt* ſaid unto him, My Sovereign Lord, ſuch is the Nature and Complexion of the *French*, that *they are worth nothing but at the firſt Puſh*. Then are they more fierce than Devil's; but if they be wearied with Delays, they prove more faint than Women; my Opinion is therefore, that now, preſently, after your Men have taken Breath, and ſome ſmall Refection, you give Order for a reſolute Aſſault. The Advice was found very good, and, for effectuating thereof, he brought forth his Army into the plain Field, and placed the Reſerves on the Skirt or Riſing of a little Hill. The *Monk* took along with him ſix Companies of Foot, and two hundred Horſemen well armed, and

(13) *Before they come to you*:] Read, Before they begin to ſkin you. *Devant qu'on vous eſcorche.*

with great Diligence croſſed the Marſh, and valiantly got up to the Top of a green Hillock, even to the High-way which leads to *Loudun*. Whilſt the Aſſault was thus begun, *Picrochole*'s Men could not tell well which was beſt, to iſſue out and receive the Aſſailants, or keep within the Town and not ſtir; himſelf in the mean Time, without Deliberation, ſallied forth in a Rage with the Cavalry of his Guard, who were forthwith received, and royally entertained with great Cannon-ſhot, that fell upon them like Hail from the high Grounds, on which the Artillery was planted; whereupon the *Gargantuiſts* betook themſelves unto the Vallies, to give the Ordnance leave to play and range with the larger Scope.

Thoſe of the Town defended themſelves as well as they could, but their Shot paſt over, without doing any Hurt at all. Some of *Picrochole*'s Men, that had eſcaped our Artillery, ſet moſt fiercely upon our Soldiers, but prevail'd little; for they were all let in betwixt the Files, and there knocked down to the Ground; which their Fellow-ſoldiers ſeeing, they would have retreated, but the *Monk*, having ſeized upon the Paſs, by the which they were to return, they ran away and fled in all the Diſorder and Confuſion that could be imagined.

Some would have purſued after them, and followed the Chaſe; but the *Monk* withheld them, apprehending that in their Purſuit the Purſuers might loſe their Ranks, and ſo give Occaſion to the Beſieged to ſally out of the Town upon them. Then ſtaying there ſome Space, and none coming againſt him, he ſent the Duke *Phrontiſt* to adviſe *Gargantua* to advance towards the Hill upon the left Hand, to hinder *Picrochole*'s Retreat at that Gate; which *Gargantua* did with all Expedition, and ſent thither four Brigades under the Conduct of *Sebaſt*, which had no ſooner reach'd the Top of the Hill, but they met *Picrochole* in the Teeth, and thoſe that were with him ſcattered.

Then charged they upon them ſtoutly, yet were they much indamaged by thoſe that were upon the Walls, who galled them with all Manner of Shot, both from the great Ordnance, ſmall Guns, and Bows; which *Gargantua* perceiving, he went with a ſtrong Party to the

their Relief, and with his Artillery began to thunder ſo terribly upon that Canton of the Wall, and ſo long, that all the Strength within the Town, to maintain and fill up the Breach, was drawn thither. The *Monk* ſeeing that Quarter which he kept beſieged, void of Men and competent Guards, and in a Manner altogether naked and abandoned, did moſt magnanimouſly on a ſudden lead up his Men towards the Fort, and never left it till he had got up upon it, knowing *that ſuch as come to the Reſerve, in a Conflict*, bring with them always (1) more Fear and Terror, than thoſe that deal about them with their Hands in the Fight.

Nevertheleſs he gave no *Alarm* till all his Soldiers had got within the Wall, except the two hundred Horſemen, whom he left without to ſecure his Entry. Then did he give a moſt horrible Shout, ſo did all thoſe who were with him, and immediately thereafter, without Reſiſtance, putting to the Edge of the Sword the Guard that was at that Gate, they opened it to the Horſemen, with whom moſt furiouſly they altogether ran towards the *Eaſt-gate*, where all the Hurly-burly was, and coming cloſe upon them in the Rear, overthrew all their Forces.

The Beſieged, ſeeing that the *Gargantuiſts* had won the Town upon them, and that they were like to be ſecure in no Corner of it, ſubmitted themſelves to the Mercy of the *Monk*, and aſked for Quarter, which the *Monk* very nobly granted them, yet made them lay down their Arms. Then, ſhutting them up within Churches, gave Orders to ſeize upon all the *Staves* of the *Croſſes*, and placed Men at the Doors to keep them from coming forth. Then opening the *Eaſt-gate*, he iſſued out to ſuccour and aſſiſt *Gargantua*. But *Picrochole*, thinking it had been ſome Relief coming to him from the Town, adventured more forwardly than before, and was upon the giving of a moſt deſperate home Charge, when *Gargantua* cried out, Ha, Friar *John*, my Friend Friar *John*, you are come in a good Hour; which unexpected Accident ſo affrighted *Picrochole* and his Men, that, giving

(1) *More Fear*, &c.] This is almoſt Word for Word taken from *Thucydides*, l. 5, c. 2.

all for loſt, they betook themſelves to their Heels, and fled on all Hands. *Gargantua* chaſed them till they came near to *Vaugaudry*, killing and ſlaying all the Way, and then ſounded the Retreat.

CHAP. XLIX.

How Picrochole *in his Flight fell into great Misfortunes, and what* Gargantua *did after the Battle.*

Picrochole, thus in Deſpair, fled towards the *Bouchard* Iſland, and in the Way to *Rivere*, his Horſe ſtumbled and fell down, whereat he was on a ſudden ſo incenſed, that he with his Sword, without more ado, killed him in his Choler. Then, not finding any other whereon to remount, he was about to have taken an Aſs at the Mill that was thereby; but the Miller's Men did ſo baſte his Bones, and ſo ſoundly bethwack'd him, that they made him both black and blue with Strokes; then, ſtripping him of all his Clothes, gave him a ſcurvy old Canvas Jacket, wherewith to cover his Nakedneſs. Thus went along this poor cholerick Wretch, who paſſing the Water at *Porthuaux*, and relating his miſadventurous Diſaſter, was fortified by an old (1) *Lourpidon* Hag, that his Kingdom ſhould be reſtored to him (2) at the coming of

(1) *Lourpidon* Hag,] Dirty, naſty Hag. See *Du Chat* for the Etymon of that Word.

(2) *At the coming of the* Cocklicranes.] That is, Never. *Rabelais*, l. 4, c. 32, *If he ſtepped back, it was Sea-Cockle-Shells.* In the Original it is in both Places *Cocquecigrues*. The Shells of Sea Hedge Hogs are called *Cocquecigrues*, and, according to this laſt Paſſage, M. *Menage* thought that the proverbial Expreſſion, hinted at in the firſt, was occaſioned by the Sea Urchins, only turning themſelves in their Shells without moving forwards or backwards; and he quotes *Rondelet* for this: but he miſtook *Rondelet*'s Words, l. 18, *De Piſcibus. Omnibus* (Echinis) *cruſta eſt tenuis, undique ſpinis ſive aculeis armata quæ pro Pedibus ſunt. Ingredi eſt his in Orbe volvi.* This does not mean that the Sea Hedge Hogs, inſtead of walking, only turn in their Shells, but that the prickly ſharp Points of their Shells ſerve 'em for

of the *Cocklicranes*. What is become of him ſince, we cannot certainly tell; yet was I told that he is now a Porter at *Lyons*, as teſty and cholerick as ever, and always with a great Lamentation enquiring of all Strangers of the coming of the *Cocklicranes*, expecting aſſuredly (according to the old Woman's Prophecy) that at their Coming he ſhall be re-eſtabliſhed in his Kingdom. The firſt Thing *Gargantua* did, after his Return into the Town, was to call the Muſter Roll of his Men, which when he had done, he found that there were very few either killed or wounded, only ſome few Foot of Captain (3) *Tolmere*'s Company, and *Ponocrates*, who was ſhot with a Muſket Ball, (4) thro' the Doublet. Then he cauſed them all at, and in their ſeveral Poſts and Diviſions, to take a little Refreſhment, which was very plenteouſly provided for them, in the beſt Drink and Victuals that could be had for Money: and gave Order to the Treaſurers and Commiſſioners of the Army, to pay for, and defray that Repaſt, and that there ſhould be no Outrage at all, nor Abuſe committed in the Town, ſeeing it was his own. And furthermore commanded, that, immediately after the Soldiers had done with eating and drinking, they ſhould be drawn up on the *Piazza* before the Caſtle, there to receive ſix Months pay: all which was done. After this, by his Direction, were brought before him in the ſaid Place, all thoſe that remained of *Picrochole*'s Party; unto whom, in the Preſence of the Princes, Nobles, and Officers of his Court and Army, he ſpoke as followeth.

for Feet, and that they walk, or have a progreſſive Motion by rolling. As for the Word *Coquecigruës*, I'm of Opinion, that as the Ancients had their Sphinxes and Chimeras, we have our *Cocquecigruës*, or Creatures made up of a *Cock*, a *Cygnet* (young Swan) and a Crane (*grus*) to which ſometimes is added the Word *Sea*, to make the Thing more extraordinary, and at the ſame Time more ridiculous.

(3) Tolmere's.] Τολμηρος, audacious, raſh, one of *Gargantua*'s Captains.

(4) *Thro' the Doublet.*] This does honour both to *Gargantua* and *Ponocrates*, it being reaſonable to believe that the Preceptor, who, 'tis plain, was a *Univerſaliſt*, *i. e.* good at all Sorts of Game, as the Saying is, did not thus expoſe himſelf without being prompted thereto by a moſt commendable Zeal to follow every where his princely Pupil, whom a noble Ardor had hurry'd into the thickeſt of the Fight.

CHAP. L.

GARGANTUA's Speech to the Vanquiſhed.

OUR Fore-fathers and Anceſtors, in all Times, have been of this Nature and Diſpoſition, that, upon the winning of a Battle, they have choſen rather, for a Sign and Memorial of their Triumphs and Victories, to erect Trophies and Monuments in the Hearts *of the Vanquiſhed by* Clemency, *than by* Architecture *in the* Lands *which they had conquered. For they did hold in greater Eſtimation the lively remembrance of Men purchaſed by Liberality, than the dumb Inſcription of* Arches, Pillars, *and* Pyramids, *ſubject to the Injury of Storms and Tempeſts, and to the Envy of every one. You may very well call to mind the Courteſy, which by them was uſed towards the* Bretons, *in the* (1) *Battle of St.* Aubin *of* Cormier, *and at the demoliſhing of* Partenay. *You have heard, and hearing, admire their gentle Comportment* (2) *towards thoſe at the Barriers of* Spaniola, *when they had plundered, waſted, and ranſacked the maratime Borders of* Olone *and* Talmondois. *All this Hemiſphere of the World was filled with the Praiſes and Congratulations which yourſelves and your Fathers made when* (3) Alpharbal *King of* Canarre, *not ſatisfy'd with his own Fortunes, did moſt furiouſly invade the Land of* Onyx, *and with cruel Pyracies moleſt all the* Armorick *Iſlands, and*

(1) Battle, &c.] Near *Dol* in *Bretagne*, the 28th of *July* 1488.

(2) Towards thoſe of the Barriers of *Spaniola*,] Read, *Towards* the *Barbarians* (not *Barriers*) of *Spaniola*.

(3) *Alpharbal* King of *Canarre*,] In Ch. 13. there has been Notice taken of this War, and of the Defeat of the *Canarians*: but as in ſeveral Editions we read *Ganarrians*; and that in the Prol. of l. 4. the Author ſpeaks of the *Genoeſe* as Cheats (*Gannators*) and a People whoſe ſole View in every Thing is *Gain*, I know not, but that under the Name of *Canarre*, we are to underſtand the City of *Genoa*, there being, beſides, a wondrous Agreement between the Lenity which *Grangouſier* is here ſaid to have ſhown the *Ganarrians*, whom he had ſubdued, and the Clemency which the good King *Louis* XII. manifeſted towards the *Genoeſe* in 1507, when he forced that People to return to their Obedience under him.

confine

confine Regions of Brittany. *Yet was he,* (4) *in a ſet Naval Fight, juſtly taken and vanquiſhed by my Father,* whom God preſerve and protect. *But what? Whereas other Kings and Emperors, yea thoſe who entitle themſelves* Catholicks, *would have dealt roughly with him, kept him a cloſe Priſoner, and put him to an extream high Ranſom:* (5) *He entreated him very courteouſly, lodged him kindly with himſelf in his own Palace, and out of his incredible Mildneſs and gentle Diſpoſition, ſent him back with a ſafe Conduct, loaden with Gifts, loaden with Favours, loaden with all Offices of Friendſhip. What fell out upon it? Being returned into his Country, he called a* Parliament, *where all the Princes and States of his Kingdom being aſſembled, he ſhewed them the Humanity which he had found in us, and therefore wiſhed them to take ſuch Courſe by Way of Compenſation therein, as that the whole World might be edified by the Example, as well of their honeſt Graciouſneſs to us, as of our gracious Honeſty towards them. The Reſult hereof was, that it was voted and decreed by an unanimous Conſent, that they ſhould offer up entirely their Lands, Dominions, and Kingdoms, to be diſpoſed of by us according to our Pleaſure.*

Alpharbal, *in his own Perſon, preſently returned with nine thouſand and thirty eight great Ships of Burden, bringing with him the Treaſures, not only of his Houſe and royal Lineage, but almoſt of all the Country beſide. For he imbarquing himſelf to ſet ſail with a* Weſt-North-Weſt *Wind, every one in Heaps did caſt into the Ship, Gold, Silver, Rings, Jewels, Spices, Drugs, and Aromatical Perfumes, Parrots, Pelicans, Monkies, Civit-cats, black ſpotted Weſils, Porcupines,* &c. *He was accounted* no good Mother's Son, *that did not caſt in all the rare and precious Things he had.*

(4) In a ſet Naval Fight,] Inſtead of *Naval Fight* read only a *Fight*. The Word *Navale* in ſome Editions is wrong printed for *Navré*, which ſignifies *wounded*, and ſhould precede *taken and vanquiſhed*.

(5) He entreated him very courteouſly, &c.] Several Things ſeem here to agree with *Louis* XII. who when he was become King of *France*, diſdained to revenge himſelf on his Enemies, whoſe Cabalings had before occaſioned his being clapped up in the ſtrong Tower of *Bourges*, after he had loſt the Battle of St. *Aubin du Cormier*.

Being ſafely arrived, he came to my ſaid Father, and would have kiſſed his Feet: That Action was found too ſubmiſſively low, and therefore was not permitted, but in Exchange he was moſt cordially embraced: He offered his Preſents, they were not received, becauſe they were too exceſſive: He yielded himſelf voluntarily a Servant and Vaſſal, and was content his whole Poſterity ſhould be liable to the ſame Bondage: this was not accepted of, becauſe it ſeemed not equitable. He ſurrendered, by Virtue of the Decree of his great Parliamentary Council, *his whole Countries and Kingdoms to him, offering the Deed and Conveyance, ſigned, ſealed, and ratified by all thoſe that were concerned in it. This was altogether refuſed, and the Parchments caſt into the Fire. In the End, this free good Will and ſimple Meaning of the* Ganarrians *wrought ſuch Tenderneſs in my Father's Heart, that he could not abſtain from ſhedding Tears, and wept moſt profuſely; then by choice Words, very congruouſly adapted, ſtrove, in what he could, to diminiſh the Eſtimation of the good Offices which he had done them, ſaying, that any Courteſy, he had conferred upon them, was not worth a Ruſh, and what Favour ſoever he had ſhewed them, he was bound to do it. But ſo much the more did* Alpharbal *augment the Repeat thereof: What was the Iſſue? Whereas for his Ranſom in the greateſt Extremity of Rigour and moſt tyrannical Dealing could not have been exacted above* twenty Times a hundred thouſand Crowns, *and his eldeſt Sons detained as Hoſtages, till that Sum had been paid, they made themſelves perpetual Tributaries, and obliged to give us every Year two Millions of Gold at four and twenty Carats Fine: The firſt Year we received the whole Sum of two Millions; the ſecond Year, of their own Accord, they paid freely to us three and twenty hundred thouſand Crowns; the third Year ſix and twenty hundred thouſand; the fourth Year, three Millions, and do ſo increaſe it always out of their own good Will, that we ſhall, be conſtrained to forbid them to bring us any more. This is the Nature of Gratitude and true Thankfulneſs: For Time, which gnaws and diminiſheth all Things elſe, augments and increaſeth Benefits; becauſe, a noble Action of Liberality, done to a Man of Reaſon, doth grow continually by his generous thinking of it and remembering it.*

But,

But, unwilling therefore any Way to degenerate from the hereditary Mildneſs and Clemency of my Parents; I do now forgive you, ſet you at Liberty, and every Way make you as frank and free as ever you were before. Moreover, at your going out of the Gate, you ſhall have every one of you (6) *three Months Pay to bring you Home into your Houſes and Families, and ſhall have a ſafe Convoy of ſix Hundred Cuiraſiers, and eight Thouſand Foot, under the Conduct of* Alexander, *Eſquire of my Body, that the Clubmen of the Country may not do you any Injury.* God be with you; *I am ſorry from my Heart that* Picrochole *is not here; for I would have given him to underſtand, that this War was undertaken againſt my Will, and without any Hope to increaſe either Goods or Renown; but ſeeing he is loſt, and that no Man can tell where, nor how he went away,* It is my Will, *that* (7) *this Kingdom remain entire to his Son, who becauſe he is too young (he not being yet full five Years old) ſhall be brought up and inſtructed by the ancient Princes and learned Men of the Kingdom. And becauſe a Realm thus deſolate may eaſily come to Ruin, if the Covetouſneſs and Avarice of thoſe, who by their Places are obliged to adminiſter Juſtice in it, be not curbed and reſtrained: I ordain, and will have it ſo, that* Ponocrates *be Overſeer and Superintendent above all his Governors, with whatſoever Power and Authority is requiſite thereto, and that he be continually with the Child, until he find him able and capable to rule and govern by himſelf.*

Now I muſt tell you, that you are to underſtand how a too feeble and diſſolute Facility in pardoning Evil-doers giveth them occaſion to commit Wickedneſs afterward more readily; upon this pernicious Confidence of receiving Favour, I conſider that Moſes, *the meekeſt Man that was in his Time upon the Earth, did ſeverely puniſh the mutinous and ſeditious People of* Iſrael. *I conſider likewiſe, that* Julius Cæſar *who was ſo gracious an Emperor, that*

(6) Three Months Pay] At 105 *Sous* a Month, which was the Pay of the *French* Infantry at that Time. See *Cenault de Menſure*. &c. Edition of 1547.

(7) This Kingdom] Read, His Kingdom.

Cicero

Cicero *ſaid of him*, (8) *That* his Fortune had nothing more excellent than that he could, *and* his Virtue nothing better than that he would always ſave and pardon every Man: *He, notwithſtanding all this, did in certain Places moſt rigorouſly puniſh the Authors of Rebellion. After the Example of theſe good Men, it is my Will and Pleaſure that you deliver unto me before you depart hence, firſt, that fine Fellow* Marquet, *who was the prime Origin and Ground-work of this war, by his vain Preſumption and over-weening. Secondly, his fellow* Cake-bakers, *who were negligent in checking and reprehending his idle hair-brained Humour in the inſtant Time. And laſtly, all the Counſellors, Captains, Officers and Domeſticks of* Picrochole, *who had been Incendiaries or Fomenters of the War, by provoking, praiſing, or counſelling him to come out of his Limits thus to trouble us.*

CHAP. LI.

How the victorious Gargantuiſts *were recompenſed after the Battle.*

WHEN *Gargantua* had finiſhed his Speech, the ſeditious Men, whom he had required, were delivered up unto him, except *Swaſhbuckler*, *Durtaille*, and *Smaltraſh*, who ran away ſix Hours before the Battle; one of them as far as to the Neck of *Laniel* at one Courſe, another to the Valley of *Vire*, and the third even unto *Logroine*, without looking back, or taking Breath by the Way; and two of the Cake-bakers, who were ſlain in the Fight. *Gargantua* did them no other Hurt but that he appointed them to pull at the Preſſes of his Printing-houſe, which he had newly ſet up. Then thoſe who died there he cauſed to be honourably buried

(8) That *his Fortune*, &c.] *Nihil habet nec Fortuna tua majus, quàm poſſis; nec Natura tua melius, quàm ut velis conſervare quàm plurimos*, ſays *Cicero* to *Cæſar* in his Oration for *Q. Ligarius*.

in

in (1) *Black-ſoille* Valley, and (2) *Burn-hag-field*, and gave Order, that the wounded ſhould be dreſs'd and had care of, in his great Hoſpital at *Noſocome*. After this, conſidering the great Prejudice done to the Town and its Inhabitants, he reimburſed their Charges, and repaired all the Loſſes, that, by their Confeſſion upon Oath, could appear they had ſuſtained. And for their better Defence and Security in Times coming, againſt all ſudden Uproars and Invaſions, commanded a ſtrong Citadel to be built there with a competent Garriſon to maintain it. At his Departure, he did very graciouſly thank all the Soldiers of the Brigades, that had been at this Overthrow, and ſent them back to their Winter Quarters in their ſeveral Stations and Garriſons. (3) The *Decumane Legion* only excepted, whom in the Field on that Day he ſaw do ſome great Exploit, and their Captains alſo, whom he brought along with himſelf unto *Grangouſier*.

At the Sight and Coming of them, the good Man was ſo joyful, that it is not poſſible fully to deſcribe it. He made them a Feaſt, the moſt magnificent, plentiful, and delicious that ever was ſeen ſince the Time of the King *Aſſuerus*. At the taking up of the Table, he diſtributed amongſt them his whole Cupboard of Plate, which weighed eight hundred thouſand and fourteen *Beſants* of Gold, in great antique Veſſels, huge Pots, large Baſons, big Taſſes, Cups, Goblets, Candleſticks, Comfit-boxes, and other ſuch Plate, all of pure maſſy Gold, beſides the precious Stones, Enamelling, and

(1) Black-ſoille *Valley*,] *La Valle des Noirettes*. *Noir* does indeed ſignify *Black*: but here *Noirettes* means *Nucetum*, a Plantation of Walnut or other Nut Trees: and is the ſame as *Noiſette*. The common People of *Tours*, as well as thoſe of *Bourges*, *Orleans*, *Paris*, and elſewhere, often pronounce R for S, and S for R. True it is, that it was more cuſtomary for them to do ſo formerly than now a-days. They were wont to ſay *Jerus Maria*, for *Jeſus Maria*, and of Conſequence *Noirettes* for *Noiſettes*.

(2) Burn-hag-field.] Camp *De Bruſlevieille*.

(3) *The* Decumane Legion.] After the Example of the tenth Legion in *Julius Cæſar*'s Army. It is manifeſt from *Cæſar*'s own Account of the *Gauliſh* Wars, l. 1, from *Dion*. l. 38, and *Frontinus*'s *Stratag*. XI. that that Legion always perform'd better than any other of the ſame Army.

Work-

Workmanſhip, which by all Men's Eſtimation was more worth than the Matter of the Gold. Then unto every one of them out of his Coffers, cauſed he to be given the Sum of twelve hundred thouſand Crowns ready Money. And farther, he gave to each of them for ever and in Perpetuity (unleſs he ſhould happen to deceaſe without Heirs) ſuch Caſtles and neighbouring Lands of his, as were moſt commodious for them. To *Ponocrates* he gave the Rock *Clermond*; to *Gymnaſt*, the *Coudray*; to *Eudemon*, *Monpenſier*; *Rivau*, to *Tolmere*; to *Ithibolle*, *Monſaurean*; to *Acamas*, *Cande*; *Varenes*, to *Chironacte*; *Gravot*, to *Sebaſt*; *Quinquenais*, to *Alexander*; *Legre*, to *Sophrone*; and ſo of his other Places.

CHAP. LII.

How Gargantua *cauſed to be built for the* Monk *the Abbey of* Theleme.

THERE was left only the *Monk* to provide for, whom *Gargantua* would have made Abbot of *Seville*, but he refuſed it. He would have given him the Abbey of *Bourgueil*, or Sanct *Florent*, which was better, or both if it pleaſed him. But the Monk gave him a very peremptory Anſwer, that he would never take upon him the Charge nor government of *Monks*. *For how ſhall I be able* (ſaid he) *to rule over others*, (1) *that have not Power and Command over myſelf.* If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you any acceptable Service, give me Leave to found an *Abbey*

(1) That have not Power and Command over myſelf.] Carried away by the evil Cuſtom of the Times, *Gargantua* was going to commit two very conſiderable Faults, in offering two rich Abbies to Friar *John*, who was not of an Age nor of Morals regular enough to be fit for or deſerve either of them, much leſs both. But to excuſe his not accepting his Prince's Offer, the Monk, who prefers his Liberty to all Advantages whatever, repreſents to him, that, not knowing how to govern *himſelf*, he was much leſs able to govern *others*, which anſwers to the Senſe of the Law, *Abſurdam quippè eſt, ut alios regat, qui ſe ipſum regere neſcit*, quoted on this very Subject by *John* Biſhop of *Chiemſee*, Suffragan of *Saltzburg*, in ch. 27, n. 7, of his *Onus Eccleſiæ*.

after

after my own Mind and Fancy. The Motion pleaſed *Gargantua* very well, who thereupon offered him all the Country of *Theleme* by the River of *Loire*, till within two Leagues of the great Foreſt of *Port-huaut*. The Monk then requeſted *Gargantua* to inſtitute his religious Order *contrary* to all others. Firſt then (ſaid *Gargantua*) *you muſt not build a Wall* about your Convent, for all other Abbies are ſtrongly walled and *mured* about. (2) See (ſaid the *Monk*) and without Cauſe, where there is *Mur* before and *Mur* behind, there is Store of *Murmur*, Envy, and mutual Conſpiracy.

Moreover, ſeeing there are (3) certain Convents in the World, whereof the Cuſtom is, if any Woman come (I mean chaſte and honeſt Women) they immediately ſweep the Ground which they have trod upon. Therefore was it ordained, that if any *Man* or *Woman entered into religious Orders*, ſhould by Chance come within this new *Abbey*, all the *Rooms* ſhould be thoroughly *waſhed* and cleanſed, through which they had paſſed. And becauſe in all other Monaſteries and Nunneries all is compaſſed, limited, and regulated by *Hours*, it was decreed, that in this new Structure there ſhould be neither Clock nor Dial, but that, according to the Opportunities and incident Occaſions, (4) all *their Hours* ſhould be diſpoſed of. For (ſaid *Gargantua*) the greateſt

(2) *See (ſaid the* Monk) *and without Cauſe.*] Here, for Want of the Monoſyllable *not* both in Sir *T. U.* and Mr. *M*———*x*, they have rendered unintelligible one of the beſt *jeu de Mots*, in the whole five Volumes. It ſhould run thus: *Very true*, ſaid the Monk, *and* NOT *without Cauſe, for* (ſpeaking of Abbies being well always Walled) *where there is Mur* (a Wall) *before, and Mur behind, there is Store of Murmur* (Murmuring) *&c.* Which laſt is as true as the firſt; the more Shame for thoſe that live in them, and are ſo well provided for, as they generally are. To return to M. *Du Chat*; he ſays, this Drollery upon the Word *Murmur* (which in ſome Editions, but thoſe the worſt, is ſpelt *murmure*, three Syllables) this Jeſt, I ſay, has been copied by no leſs a Man than *Peter Viret*, page 435, of the Dialogue entitled Second Part of the Metamorphoſis, printed in 8vo, at *Geneva*, 1545.

(3) *Certain Convents in the World.*) The *Carthuſians*. *Peter Viret* of true and falſe Religion, l. 6, c. 6.

(4) *All their Hours*, &c.] What's the Meaning of this? It ſhould be all their *Works*, not all their *Hours*: *Toutes les Oeuvres*, not *toutes les Heures*.

Loſs

Loſs of Time that I know, is, (5) to count the *Hours*. What Good comes of it? Nor can there be any *greater Dotage* in the World, than for one to *guide and direct his Courſes by the Sound of a Bell*, and not by his own Judgment and Diſcretion.

Item, Becauſe at that Time they put no *Women* into Nunneries, but ſuch as were either (6) purblind, Blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favoured, miſ-ſhapen, Fools, ſenſeleſs, ſpoiled, or corrupt; nor encloiſtered *any Men*, but thoſe that were *either ſickly*, ſubject to Defluxions, (7) ill-bred Louts, ſimple Sots, or peeviſh Trouble-houſes. But to the Purpoſe, (ſaid the *Monk*) *A Woman that is neither fair nor good, to what Uſe ſerves ſhe?* To make a *Nun* of, ſaid *Gargantua*. Yea, (ſaid the *Monk*) and to make Shirts and Smocks. Therefore was it ordained, that *into this religious* Order ſhould be admitted *no Women* that were not fair, well featur'd, and of a ſweet Diſpoſition; nor *Men that* were not comely, perſonable, and (8) well-conditioned.

Item, Becauſe in the Convents of Women, Men come not but underhand, privily, and by Stealth; it was therefore enacted, that in this Houſe there ſhall be

(5) *To count the Hours.*] *Pantagruel* lays down the ſame Principle, l. 4, ch. 64, and proves it by ſeveral very pleaſant Arguments. I know a Tradeſman in *London*, a great Oeconomiſt, that curſes the Clocks, for making his Apprentices loſe ſo much Time in counting the Hours.

(6) *Pur-blind, Blinkers, lame, crooked*, &c.] This was one of the Abuſes of thoſe Times, if we believe the Author of the *Onus Eccleſiæ*, who thus delivers himſelf in ch. 22. art. 8. *Item, ut plurimum qui defectuoſiores inter Filios nobilium apparent, clericali ſtatui adjiciuntur, quaſi Mundo inutiles, licèt Deo execrabiles: Si quidem contra Dei præceptum eccleſiis & monaſteriis offeruntur, aut* claudi *aut* cæci, *aut in aliqua Parte deformes & debiles. Hinc contigit Legem frangi, quæ prohibet ne cæcus, vel claudus, vel torto Naſo, vel fracto Pede, ſeu manu, vel gibbus, vel lippus, vel albuginem habens in Oculo, vel jugiter ſcabioſus, vel impetiguoſus* (impetiginoſus) *vel hernioſus, aut quiſpiam alius maculam habens, accedat offerre hoſtias Deo. Quales ſæpenumero, nobiles in monaſteriis aliiſve eccleſiis apparent.*

(7) *Ill-bred.*] *Mal-nez*, which I take to mean *ill-conditioned, of an ungentle Nature*, or *perverſe Diſpoſition*. See next Note.

(8) *Well-conditioned.*] Or of a ſweet Diſpoſition: *bien naturez*, i. e. as M. *Du Chat* obſerves *Benè nati, d'un beau natural*. The Reverſe of the *Mal-nez*, mention'd in the laſt Note.

no

no Woman in caſe there be not Men, nor Men in caſe there be not Women.

Item, Becauſe both Men and Women that are received into religious Orders, after the expiring of their *Noviciat* or Probation Year, were conſtrained and forced perpetually to ſtay there all the Days of their Life; it was therefore ordered, that all whatever, Men or Women, admitted within this Abbey, ſhould have full Leave to depart with Peace and Contentment, whenſoever it ſhould ſeem good to them ſo to do.

Item, For that the religious Men and Women did ordinarily make three Vows, to wit, thoſe of *Chaſtity*, *Poverty*, and *Obedience*; it was therefore conſtituted and appointed, that in this Convent they might be honourably *married*, that they might be *rich*, and live at *Liberty*. In regard of the legitimate Time of the Perſons to be initiated, and Years under and above which they were not capable of Reception, the Women were to be admitted from *Ten till Fifteen*, and the Men from *Twelve to Eighteen*.

CHAP. LIII.

How the Abbey of the Thelemites *was built and endowed.*

FOR the Fabrick and Furniture of the Abbey, *Gargantua* cauſed to be deliver'd out in ready Money Seven and Twenty Hundred Thouſand Eight Hundred and One, and Thirty of thoſe (1) golden Rams of *Berrie*, which

(1) *Golden Rams*, &c.] *Rabelais* ſays *Moutons à la grande Laine*, *long-wool Sheep*; a gold Coin ſo call'd becauſe of a Lamb engraved on it, with theſe Words round it, *Agnus Dei qui tollis*, &c. They afterwards coin'd *Demi-moutons*, which, being no more than half the Value of the other, were for that Reaſon call'd *Moutons à la petite Laine*, *ſhort-wool Sheep*. To conclude, M. *Du Chat* obſerves, from *Pliny*, l. 8, c. 47, *Ovium ſumma Genera duo*, *tectum & colonicum*. The firſt Sort were the long-wool Sheep, in *Latin*, *Tectæ oves*, becauſe, to preſerve the Beauty of their Fleece, Care was taken to cover their Skins. The others were call'd *Oves colonicæ*, which were fed in Paſture-

which have a Sheep ſtamped on the one Side, and a flower'd Croſs on the other. And for every Year, until the whole Work were compleated, he allotted threeſcore and nine thouſand Crowns of the *Sun*, and as many of the *Seven Stars*, to be charged all (2) upon the Receipt of the *Cuſtom*. For the Foundation and Maintenance thereof for ever, he ſettled a perpetual Fee-farm-rent of three and twenty hundred, threeſcore and nine thouſand, five hundred and fourteen *Roſe Nobles* exempt from all Homage, Fealty, Service, or Burden whatſoever, and payable every Year *at the Gate of the Abbey*; and of this, by Letters Patent, paſſed a very good Grant. The Architecture was in a Figure *Hexagonal*, and in ſuch a Faſhion, that in every one of the ſix Corners there was built a great round Tower of threeſcore Feet in Diameter; and were all of a like Form and Bigneſs. Upon the North ſide ran along the River of *Loire*, on the Bank whereof was ſituated the Tower called *Arctick*. Going towards the *Eaſt*, there was another, called *Calaer*; the next following *Anatole*; the next *Meſembrine*; the next *Heſperia*, and the laſt *Criere*. Every Tower was diſtant from the other the Space of

Paſture-ground. The Fleece of theſe latter was indeed ſhorter and leſs fine conſiderably, but then their Fleſh incomparably nicer to eat, and by far the more nouriſhing Meat.

(2.) *Upon the Receipt of the* Cuſtom.] Here Sir *T. U.* and which is more ſurpriſing, M. *M*———*x*, miſtakes the Word *Dive* to mean *Douanne*; a River call'd *Dive* for a *Cuſtom-houſe*. *Rabelais* ſays, *ſus la Recepte de la Dive*, i. e. *upon the Receipt of the Dive*; which I confeſs I did not readily take for a River, till I look'd into *Morreri's* Dictionary (for neither *Du Chat* nor the *Dutch* Scholiaſt take the leaſt Notice of the Word *Diva*.) That Dictionary, under the Word *La Dive*, gives an Account of two Rivers of that Name, in *Latin Diva* & *Deva*: One in *Normandy*; the other, which I take to be that here meant, is in *Poitou*. *Morreri* gives a pretty curious Account of it, and of the *Hugonots* being defeated in an Engagement on the Banks of it in 1569, and other Particulars too long to be taken notice of here. But after all, the *Engliſh* Reader will aſk what *Rabelais* can mean by charging a Rent upon the Receipt of the *Dive*; in anſwer to which I may ſay, Perhaps there are Duties payable for Goods paſſing to and fro on that River; but M. *Du Chat* reſolves it into a Joke, by ſaying, that it is a common Thing in *France*, by way of Banter, to aſſign a Rent-charge upon the Vapors or *Fogs* of the River *Seine*, *Loire*, &c. Effects, add they, very *liquid*, but not over *clear*. (*Liquide*, in Buſineſs, ſignifies an Accompt *ſettled*. Now the Reader ſees the Joke, or his Underſtanding muſt be very foggy.)

three

three hundred and twelve Paces. The whole Edifice was every where ſix Stories high, reckoning the Cellars under Ground for one. The Second was arch'd after the Faſhion of a Baſket-handle. The reſt were cieled with pure Wainſcoat, flouriſhed with *Flanders* Fret-work, in the Form of the Foot of a Lamp; and covered above with fine Slates, with an Indorſement of Lead, carrying the antique (3) Figures of little Puppets, and Animals of all Sorts, notably well ſuited to one another, and gilt, together with the Gutters, which jetting without the Walls, from betwixt the croſs Bars in a diagonal Figure, painted with Gold and Azure, reach'd to the very Ground, where they ended into great Conduit Pipes, which carried all away unto the River from under the Houſe.

This ſame Building was a hundred Times more ſumptuous and magnificent than ever was (4) *Bonnivet*, *Chambourg*, or *Chantilly*. For there was in it nine thouſand, three hundred, and two and thirty Chambers; every one whereof had a withdrawing Room, a handſome Cloſet, a Wardrobe, an Oratory, and neat Paſſage, leading into a great and ſpacious Hall. Between every Tower, in the Midſt of the ſaid Body of Building, there was a Pair of winding Stairs, whereof the Steps were Part of Porphyry, Part of *Numidian* Stone, and Part of *Serpentine* Marble; each of thoſe Steps being two and twenty Feet in length, and three Fingers thick, and the juſt

(3) *Figures of little Puppets,*] *Manequins* in the Original. It means, ſays *Du Chat*, in this Place, not Puppets, but a certain very common and pretty Ornament in Architecture, *viz.* Oſier or other Baſkets fill'd with Flowers and Fruits. *Manequin* comes from *Mane*, becauſe ſuch a Baſket is eaſy to carry in the Hand (*Manus.*) From whence our *Engliſh* Word *Maund*, among the Market People, which means a large Baſket full of Apples, Greens, or the like. *Manequins*, ſays *Du Cange*, *Arca penar' quæ manu geſtatur.* The latter *Greeks* call this *Manequin* Μανίσκιον. The word *Manequin* is now extended to all ſorts of Baſkets.

(4) Bonnivet, Chambourg, *or* Chantilly.] The Edition of 1535, and that of *Dolet*, ſpeak only of *Bonnivet*, a Caſtle or Palace begun on a magnificent Plan, in Sight of *Chatteleraut*, by Admiral *Bonnivet*, who did not live to finiſh it, being kill'd at the Battle of *Pavia*. See *Brantome*, Tom. I. p. 203. As for *Chambourg*, or rather *Chambort*, (where K. *Staniſlaus* lately reſided) which is likewiſe unfiniſh'd, it was begun by *Francis* I. See *Brantome*, p. 275, of Tom. I.

Number

Number of twelve betwixt every Reſt or Landing-place. In every Reſting-place where two fair antique Arches where the Light came in; and by thoſe they went into a Cabinet, [Cloſet] made even with, and of the Breadth of the ſaid Winding, and the Re-aſcending above the Roofs of the Houſe ending *conically* in a Pavilion. By that *Vize* or Winding, they entered on every Side into a great Hall, and from the Halls into the Chambers. From the *Arctick* Tower unto the *Criere*, were the fair great Libraries in *Greek*, *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *French*, *Italian* and *Spaniſh*, reſpectively diſtributed in their ſeveral Cantons, according to the Diverſity of theſe Languages. In the midſt there was a wonderful winding Stair, the Entry whereof was without the Houſe, in a Vault or Arch, ſix Fathoms broad. It was made in ſuch Symmetry and Largeneſs, that ſix Men-at-Arms, with their Lances in their Reſts, might together in a Breaſt ride all up to the very Top of all the Palace. From the Tower *Anatole* to the *Meſembrine*, were ſpacious Galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient Proweſſes, Hiſtories, and the Deſcriptions of the World. In the midſt thereof there was likewiſe ſuch another Aſcent and Gate, as we ſaid there was on the River Side. Upon that Gate was written, in great antique Letters, that which followeth.

CHAP. LIV.

The Inſcription ſet upon the great Gate of *Theleme*.

HERE enter not, religious Boobies, Sots,
Impoſtors, ſniveling Hypocrites, Bigots:
Dark-brain diſtorted Owls, worſe than the Huns
Or Oſtrogots; (1) *Fore-runners of Baboons:*

Curs'd

(1) Fore-runners of Baboons.] I know not what Sir *T. U.* means by *Fore-runners of Baboons:* It ſhould be, *Ye wrinkled old Baboons. Vieulx Matagots.* M. *Du Chat* obſerves, that this Strophe (or Stanza) in which the Author's Satire falls particularly on all Sorts of Religious,

Curs'd Snakes, (2) *diſſembling Varlets, ſeeming Sancts,*
Slipſhop Caffards, Beggars pretending Wants;
Fomentors of Diviſions and Debates,
Elſewhere, not here, make Sale of your Deceits.
Your filthy Trumperies,
Stuff'd with pernicious Lies,
(Not worth a Bubble)
Would only trouble
Our earthly Paradiſe.
Your filthy Trumperies.

Here enter not Attornies, Barratters,
Nor bridle-champion-law Practitioners:
Clerks, Commiſſaries, Scribes, nor Phariſees,
Wilful Diſturbers of the People's Eaſe,
Judges, Deſtroyers, with an unjuſt Breath,
That, like Dogs, worry honeſt Men to Death.
We want not your Demurrers, *nor your* Pleas;
So, at the Gibbet go and ſeek your Fees.
We are not for Attendance or Delays;
But would with Eaſe and Quiet paſs our Days.
Law-ſuits, Debates, and Wrangling
Hence are exil'd, and Jangling.
Here we are very
Frolick and merry,
And free from all Intangling
Law-ſuits, Debates, and Wrangling.

Here enter not baſe pinching Uſurers,
Pelf-lickers, everlaſting Gatherers;

ligious, *viz.* Monks, and others, given up to what they call a Contemplative Life, under the Name of *Matagots* which is but *Magots* lengthened out, and which means a Sort of very large Monkey, *Rabelais* points at the oldeſt among the Monks. Before, in ch. 40, with Reſpect to the idle, ſlothful Life of the Monks, he compares them to Monkies; and lower, in ch. 60, l. 4, he actually calls them *Matagots*, when like ſo many Noddies (Μάταιος, *ineptus*) he ſends them to conſider of, philoſophiſe upon, and contemplate the Cloſe-ſtool-pan of *Gaſter*, *Greek* for Belly, whom he ſuppoſes to be the Idol of Monks, and other S'ow-bellies.

(2) Diſſembling Varlets,] This ſhould be *Varlets with Mittins*, *Gueux mitouflex: Mendicants*, who, tho' not allowed to wear Gloves at any Time of the Year, may, in the Depth of a rigorous Winter, wear Mittins of black Cloth, or at leaſt of a ſmoke-dried colour.

Gold

Gold-graſpers, Coin-gripers, Gulpers of Miſts,
With Harpy-griping Claws, who, tho' your Cheſts
Vaſt Sums of Money ſhould to you afford,
Would nevertheleſs be adding to the Hoard:
And yet not be content; ye clunteh-fiſt Daſtards,
Inſatiable Fiends, and Pluto's *Baſtards;*
Greedy Devourers, chichy, Sneak-bill Rogues;
Hell-maſtiffs knaw your Bones, you rav'nous Dogs.
You beaſtly-looking Fellows,
Reaſon doth plainly tell us,
That we ſhould not
To you allot
Room here, but at the Gallows;
You beaſtly-looking Follows.

Here enter not, unſociable Wight,
Humourſome Churl, by Day, nor yet by Night.
No grumbling Auf, none of the ſharping Trade,
No huff-cap Squire, nor Brother of the Blade.
A Tartar *bred, or in* Alſatia *Wars,*
The Ruſſian comes not hither with his Bears.
Elſewhere for Shelter ſcour, ye Bully-rocks,
And Rogues, that rot with Infamy and Pox.
Grace, Honour, Praiſe, Delight,
Here ſojourn Day and Night,
Sound Bodies, lin'd
With a good Mind,
Do here purſue with Might
Grace, Honour, Praiſe, Delight.

Here enter you, and welcome from our Hearts,
All noble Sparks, endow'd with gallant Parts.
This is the glorious Place which nobly ſhall
Afford ſufficient to content you all;
Were you a thouſand, here you ſhall not want
For any Thing; for what you aſk, we grant.
The Brave, the Witty, here we entertain,
And, in a Word, all worthy Gentlemen,
Men of heroick Breaſts
Shall taſte here of the Feaſts,
Both privily
And civilly

All

All you are welcome Gueſts,
Men of heroick Breaſts.

Here enter you, pure, honeſt, faithful, true,
Expounders of the Scriptures, *Old and New;*
Whoſe Gloſſes do not the plain Truth diſguiſe,
And with falſe Light diſtract or blind our Eyes.
Here ſhall we find a ſafe and warm Retreat,
When Error beats about and ſpreads her Net.
Strange Doctrines here muſt neither reap nor ſow,
But Faith and Charity together grow.
In ſhort, confounded be their firſt Device,
Who are the Holy Scripture's *Enemies.*
Here in the Holy Word
Truſt all, with one Accord;
It will ſome Help afford:
Tho' you be Knight or Lord,
You may find Shield and Sword.
Here in the Holy Word.

Here enter Ladies all, of high Degree,
Of godly Shape, of Humour gay and free;
Of lovely Looks, of ſprightly Fleſh and Blood:
Here take, here chuſe, here ſettle your Abode.
The Gent, the Briſk, the Fair, whoever comes,
With Eyes that ſparkle, or whoſe Beauty blooms.
This Bower *is faſhion'd by a gentle Knight,*
Ladies, for you, and innocent Delight.
This is deſign'd a Place
For every charming Grace;
The Witty and the Fair
Hither may all repair;
For every lovely Face
This is deſign'd a Place.

CHAP.

CHAP. LV.

What Manner of Dwelling the Thelemites had.

IN the Middle of the lower Court there was a ſtately Fountain of fair Alabaſter; upon the Top thereof ſtood the three *Graces*, with their *Cornucopias*, and did jett out the Water at their Breaſts, Mouth, Ears, Eyes, and other open Paſſages of the Body. The Inſide of the Buildings in this lower Court ſtood upon great Pillars of *Caſſydony* Stone, and *Porphyry* Marble, made Arch-ways, after a goodly antique Faſhion: within thoſe ſpacious Galleries, long and large, adorned with curious Pictures, the Horns of Bucks and Unicorns; with *Rhinoſceroſes*, *Water-horſes*, called *Hippopotames*; the Teeth and Tuſks of Elephants, and other Things well worth the holding [beholding.] The Lodging of the Ladies took up all from the Tower *Arctick* unto the Gate *Meſembrine*. The Men poſſeſſed the reſt. Before the ſaid Lodging of the Ladies, that they might have their Recreation between the two firſt Towers, on the Outſide were placed the *Tilt-yard*, the *Theatre*, and *Natatory*, with moſt admirable Baths (1) in three Stages, ſituated above one another, well furniſhed with all neceſſary Accommodations, and Store of *Myrtle-water*. By the River Side was a fine Pleaſure *Garden*, and in the midſt of that a *Labyrinth*. Between the two other Towers were the Courts for *Tennis* and the *Baloon*. Towards the Tower *Criere* ſtood the *Orchard* full of all Fruit-trees, ſet and ranged in a *quincunical* Order. At the End of that was the great *Park*, abounding with all Sorts of Veniſon. Betwixt the third Couple of Towers were the *Butts* and Marks for ſhooting with a Snap-work Gun, an ordinary Bow for common

(1) *In three Stages.*] That is, in three Stories; on one was a hot Bath; on another, a lukewarm Bath; and on the third, one quite cold, into each of which, by Means of Pipes, the Water was diſtributed juſt as they'd have it. Sir *T. U.*'s Tranſlation is here miſerably miſpointed.

Archery,

Archery, or with a Croſs bow. The *Office-houſes* were without the Tower *Heſperic*, of one Story high. The *Stables* were beyond the Offices, and before them ſtood the *Falconry*, managed by Oſtridge-keepers and Falconers, very expert in the Air [Art.] And it was yearly ſupplied and furniſhed by the *Candians*, *Venetians*, and *Sarmates* with all Sorts of the moſt excellent *Hawks*, *Eagles*, *Gerfalcons*, *Goſſe-hawks*, *Sacres*, *Laniers*, *Falcons*, *Spar-hawks*, *Marlins*, and all other Kinds of them; ſo gentle and perfectly well manned, that flying of themſelves ſometimes from the Caſtle, for their own Diſport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The *Venery*, where the Beagles and Hounds were kept, was a little farther off drawing towards the Park.

All the Halls, Chambers, and Cloſets, or Cabinets, were richly hung with Tapeſtry, and Hangings of divers Sorts, according to the Variety of the Seaſons of the Year. All the Pavements and Floors were covered with green Cloth; the Beds were all embroidered. In every Back Chamber or withdrawing Room, there was a Looking Glaſs of pure Cryſtal, ſet in a Frame of fine Gold, garniſhed all about with Pearls, and was of ſuch Greatneſs, that it would repreſent to the full the whole Lineaments and Proportion of the Perſon that ſtood before it. At the going out of the Halls, which belong to the Ladies Lodgings, were the *Perfumers* and *Trimmers*, through whoſe Hands the Gallants paſt when they were to viſit the Ladies. Thoſe ſweet Artificers did every Morning furniſh the Ladies' Chambers with the Spirit of *Roſes*, (2) *Orange* Flower Water and *Angelica*; and to each of them gave a little precious Caſket, vapouring forth the moſt odoriferous Exhalations of the choiceſt aromatical Scents.

(2) Orange *Flower Water.*] It is in the Original *Eaue de Naphe*, on which M. *Du Chat* obſerves, that *Franciosini*, at the Word *Nanfa*, confounds the *Eau de Naphe* with *Orange Flower Water*. But *Boccace*, in Journ. 8, *Nov.* 10, of his *Decameron*, makes two different Sorts of 'em, on which ſee *Ruſcelli* in his Edition of the *Decameron*. *Torriano* ſays, *Nanfa* is a Mixture of Muſk and Orange Flowers. I have neither Time nor Room now to ſay more on this Head.

CHAP. LVI.

How the Men and Women of the Religious Order of Theleme *were apparelled.*

THE Ladies at the *Foundation* of this Order were apparalled after their own Pleaſure and Liking; but ſince that, of their *own Accord* and Free-will, they have reformed themſelves; their Accoutrements are in manner as followeth. They wore Stockings of ſcarlet crimſon, or ingrained purple Die, which reached juſt three Inches above the Knee, having a Liſt beautified with exquiſite Embroideries, and rare Inciſions of the Cutters' Art; their Garters were of the Colour of their Bracelets, and circled the Knee a little, both over and under: their Shoes, Pumps and Slippers, were either of red, violet, or Crimſon Velvet, pinked and jagged like Lobſters' Wadles.

Next to their Smock they put on the pretty Kirtle or Vaſquin of pure Silk Camblet; above that went the Taffety or Tabby Vardingale, of white, red, tawny, grey, or of any other Colour: Above this Taffety Petticoat they had another of Cloth of Tiſſue or Brocado, embroidered with fine Gold, and interlaced with Needle Work, or as they thought good, and according to the Temperature and Diſpoſition of the Weather, had their upper Coats of Satin, Damaſk, or Velvet, and thoſe either orange, tawny, green, aſh-coloured, blue, yellow, bright, red, crimſon, or white, and ſo forth; or had them of Cloth of Gold, Cloth of Silver, or ſome other choice Stuff, enriched with Purple, or embroidered according to the Dignity of the feſtival Days and Times wherein they wore them.

Their Gowns, being ſtill correſpondent to the Seaſon, were either of Cloth of Gold, frizzled with a Silver-rais'd Work; of red Satin, covered with Gold Purple; of Tabby or Taffety, white, blue, black, tawny, &c. of Silk Serge, Silk Camblet, Velvet, Cloth of Silver, Silver Tiſſue, Cloth of Cold, Gold Wire, figured

Velvet, or figured Satin, tinſelled and overcaſt with golden Threads, in divers variouſly purpled Draughts.

In *Summer*, ſome Days, inſtead of Gowns, they wore light handſome Mantles, made either of the Stuff of the aforeſaid Attire, or like *Moreſco* Rugs, of Violet, Velvet frizzled, with a raiſed Work of Gold upon Silver Purl; or with a knotted Cord-work of Gold Embroidery, every where garniſhed with little Indian Pearls. They always carried a fair *Pannache* or Plume of Feathers of the Colour of their Muff, bravely adorned and tricked out with gliſtering Spangles of Gold. In the *Winter* Time they had their Taffety Gowns of all Colours, as above-named: And thoſe lined with the rich Furrings of Hind-wolves or ſpeckled Linxes, black-ſpotted Weſils, Martlet-ſkin of *Calabria*, Sables, and other coſtly Furs of ineſtimable Value. Their Beads, Rings, Bracelets, Collars, Carcanets, and Neck Chains, were all of precious Stones, ſuch as Carbuncles, Rubies, Baleus, Diamonds, Saphires, Emeralds, Turquoiſes, Garnets, Agates, Berilles, and excellent Margarites. Their Head-dreſſing alſo varied with the Seaſon of the Year, according to which they decked themſelves. In *Winter* it was of the *French* Faſhion; in the *Spring* of the *Spaniſh*; in *Summer* of the Faſhion of *Tuſcany*, except only upon the Holidays and *Sundays*, at which Time they were accoutered in the *French* Mode, becauſe they accounted it more honourable, and better befitting the Garb of a *matronal Pudicity*.

The Men were apparalled after their Faſhion: Their Stockings were of Tamine, or of Cloth Serge, of white, black, ſcarlet, or ſome other ingrained Colour: Their Breeches were of Velvet, of the ſame Colour with their Stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their Fancy. Their Doublet was of Cloth of Gold, of Cloth of Silver, of Velvet, Satin, Damaſk, Taffaties, *&c.* of the ſame Colours, cut, embroidered, and ſuitably trimmed up in Perfection. The Points were of Silk of the ſame Colours; the Tags were of Gold well enameli'd. Their Coats and Jerkins were of Cloth of Gold, Cloth of Silver, Gold, Tiſſue, or Velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their Gowns were every whit as coſtly as thoſe of the Ladies. Their

Girdles were of Silk, of the Colour of their Doublets. Every one had a gallant Sword by his Side, the Hilt and Handle whereof were gilt, and the Scabbard of Velvet of the Colour of his Breeches, with a Chape of Gold, and pure Goldſmiths Work. The Dagger was of the ſame. Their Caps or Bonnets were of black Velvet, adorned with Jewels and Buttons of Gold; upon that they wore a white Plume, moſt prettily and minion-like parted by ſo many Rows of gold Spangles, at the End whereof hung dangling in a more ſparkling Reſplendency fair Rubies, Emeralds, Diamonds, &c. but there was ſuch a Sympathy betwixt the Gallants and the Ladies, that every Day they were apparelled in the ſame Livery. And that they might not miſs, there were certain Gentlemen appointed to tell the Youths every Morning, what Veſtments the Ladies would on that Day wear; for all was done according to the Pleaſure of the Ladies. In theſe ſo handſome Cloaths and Habiliments ſo rich, think not that either one or the other of either Sex did waſte any Time at all; for the Maſters of the Wardrobes had all their Raiments and Apparels ſo ready for every Morning and the Chamber Ladies ſo well ſkill'd, that in a Trice they would be dreſſed, and compleatly in their Clothes from Head to Foot. And to have thoſe Accoutrements with the more Conveniency, there was about the Wood of *Theleme* a Row of Houſes of the Extent of half a League, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the Goldſmiths, Lapidaries, Jewellers, Embroiderers, Taylors, Gold-drawers, Velvet-weavers, Tapeſtry-makers, and Upholſterers, who wrought there every one in his own Trade, and all for the aforeſaid jolly Friars and Nuns of the new Stamp. They were furniſh'd with Matter and Stuff from the Hands of the (1) Lord *Nauſiclete*, who every Year brought

(1.) *Lord* Nauſiclete,] Seigneur *Nauſiclete*. *Seigneur* means only *Sire*, which in *French* is the general Appellation of a rich Merchant, or great wholeſale Dealer. As for the Word *Nauſiclete*, the old *Dutch* Scholiaſt ſays *Nauſiclete* comes from Ναυσίκλυτος, which, adds he, ſignifies one that's renown'd for having a Multitude of Ships. But from Ναυσίκλυτος, can be form'd, in *French*, nothing but *Nauſiclute* or *Nauſiclyte*. Beſides, Ναυσίκλυτος does not ſignify one renown'd

brought them ſeven Ships from the *Perlas* and *Cannibal* Iſlands, laden with Ingots of Gold, with raw Silk, with Pearls, and precious Stones. And if any *Unions* [*Pearls*] began to grow old, and loſe ſomewhat of their natural Whiteneſs and Luſtre, (2) thoſe with their Art did renew, by tendering them to Eat to ſome pretty Cocks, as they uſe to give caſting unto Hawks.

CHAP. LVII.

How the Thelemites *were governed, and of their Manner of Living.*

ALL their Life was ſpent not in Laws, Statutes, or Rules, but according to their own Free-will and Pleaſure. They roſe out of their Beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labour, ſleep, when they had a Mind to it, and were diſpos'd for it. None did awake them, none did offer to conſtrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for ſo had *Gargantua*

nown'd for the Multitude of his Ships, but one in general who has acquir'd Fame by his Ships: and that is what is ſignify'd by Ναυσίκλειτος, from which comes *Nauſiclete*, as from πολύκλειτος, *Polyclete*.

(2.) *Thoſe by their Art did renew*, &c.] We ſee here that even in *Rabelais*'s Time, the Art of re-blanching, or making tarniſh'd Pearls look white, was no Secret in *France*; and yet in *Henry* the Great's Time, an *Italian*, one *Tontuchio*, who likewiſe made counterfeit Pearls to a great Degree of Perfection, was accounted the Inventor of the Secret of whitening again the true Pearls when they began to turn yellow. This is what we learn from *Bartholomew Moriſot* in theſe Terms of the 46th ch. of his *Henricus Magnus*. *Suffuſcas & liventes margaritas Tonthuchius tergere & dealbare reperit: etiam & veras ita ſimulare, ut crederes cœleſti rore in mari genitas.* Perhaps the Secret found out by the *Italian* was not the ſame which *Rabelais* ſpeaks of; but ſince, even in that Caſe, the Secret which that Man had of recovering the Whiteneſs of Pearls was neither the only one, nor the firſt that had been practis'd in *France* in the ſixteenth Century, *Moriſot* ſeems to be liable to Cenſure for going about to make us believe ſo, in Derogation to that other Perſon who is here ſpoken of.

eſtabliſhed it. In all their Rule and ſtricteſt Tye of their Order, there was but this one Clauſe to be obſerved:

DO WHAT THOU WILT.

Becauſe Men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and converſant in honeſt Companies, have naturally an *Inſtinct* and Spur that prompteth them unto virtuous Actions, and withdraws them from Vice, which is called *Honour*. Thoſe ſame Men, when by baſe Subjection and Conſtraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aſide from that noble Diſpoſition, by which they formerly were inclined to *Virtue*, to ſhake off that Bond of Servitude, wherein they are ſo tyrannouſly inſlaved; for it is agreeable to the Nature of Man to long after Things forbidden, and to deſire what is denied us. By this Liberty they entered into a very laudable Emulation, to do all of them what they ſaw did pleaſe one. If any of the Gallants or Ladies ſhould ſay, *Let us drink*, they would all drink. If any one of them ſaid, *Let us play*, they all played. If one ſaid, *Let us go a walking into the Fields*, they went all. If it were to go a hawking, or a hunting, the Ladies mounted upon dainty well-pac'd Nags, (1) ſeated in a ſtately Palfrey Saddle, carried on (2) their lovely Fiſts *Miniardly begloved* every one of them, either a Sparhawk, or a Laneret, or a Marlin, and the young Gallants carried the other kinds of Hawks. So nobly were they taught, that there was neither he nor ſhe amongſt them, but could read, write, ſing, play upon ſeveral muſical Inſtruments, ſpeak five or ſix ſeveral Languages, and compoſe in them all very quaintly, both in Verſe and Proſe. Never were ſeen ſo valiant *Knights*, ſo noble and worthy, ſo dexterous and ſkilful both on Foot and Horſeback, more briſk and lively, more nimble and quick, or bet-

(1) *Sated in a ſtately Palfrey Saddle,*] This is not the Meaning of *avecque leur palefroy Gorrior*: it means *follow'd by their Horſes of Parade, their ſtately Palfries.*

(2) *Their lovely Fiſts*] *Rabelais* ſays only *Fiſts*, without any Epithet: *ſus le poing*. The Ladies *lovely Fiſts* puts me in Mind of the Addreſſers from ——— in Queen *Anne*'s Time, *Madam, we kiſs your Great Hand.*

ter

ter handling all Manner of Weapons, than were there. Never were ſeen *Ladies* ſo proper and handſome, ſo miniard and dainty, leſs forward, or more ready with their Hand, and with their Needle, in every honeſt and free Action belonging to that Sex, than were there. For this Reaſon, when the Time came that any *Man* of the ſaid *Abbey*, either at the Requeſt of his Parents, or for ſome other Cauſe, had a Mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the *Ladies*, (3) namely, her, whom he had before that choſen for his *Miſtreſs*, and were married together. And if they had formerly in *Theleme* lived in good Devotion and Amity, they did continue therein, and increaſe it to a greater Height in their State of Matrimony; and did entertain that mutual Love till the very laſt Day of their Life, in no leſs Vigour and Fervency than at the very Day of their Wedding. Here muſt I not forget to ſet down unto you a Riddle which was found under the Ground, as they were laying the Foundation of the *Abbey*, engraven on a Copper-plate, and it was thus as followeth.

CHAP. LVIII.

(1) A prophetical Riddle in the Style of *Merlin*.

POOR Martals, who wait for a happy Day,
Cheer up your Hearts, and hear what I ſhall ſay;
If it be lawful firmly to believe,
That the Cæleſtial Body *can us give*
Wiſdom to judge of Things that are not yet,
Or if from Heaven ſuch Wiſdom we may get,

(3) *Namely, her, whom he had before that choſen for his Miſtreſs,*] Quite contrary. Read, *Namely, her, who had before that choſen him for her humble Servant: celle laquelle l'auroit prins pour ſon Devot*, i. e. Her who had conſented that he ſhould *devote* himſelf to her Service on the Footing of a declared Lover.

(1) A prophetical Riddle in the Style of *Merlin*.] *Rabelais* only ſays, *A Prophetical Riddle*; not a Word of the *Style of* Merlin.

As

As may with Confidence make us diſcourſe
Of Years to come, their Deſtiny and Courſe;
I to my Hearer give to underſtand,
That this next Winter, *tho' it be at Hand,*
Yea, and before, there ſhall appear a Race
Of Men *who, loath to ſit ſtill in one Place,*
Shall boldly go before all People's Eyes
Suborning *Men of divers Qualities,*
To draw them unto Covenants and Sides,
In ſuch a Manner, that whate'er betides,
They'll move you, if you give them Ear (no Doubt)
With both your Friends *and Kindred to fall out.*
They make a Vaſſal *to withſtand his Lord,*
And Children *their own* Parents; *in a Word,*
All Reverences *ſhall then be baniſhed,*
No true Reſpect to others ſhall be had.
They'll ſay, that every Man *ſhould have his Turn,*
Both in his going forth, and his Return;
And hereupon there ſhall ariſe ſuch Woes,
Such Jarrings, and confuſed to's *and* fro's;
That never were in Hiſtory ſuch Coyles,
Set down as yet, ſuch Tumults and Garboyles;
Then ſhall you many gallant Men *ſee by*
Valour ſtirr'd up, and youthful Fervency;
Who, truſting too much in their hopeful Time,
Live but a While, and periſh in their Prime;
Neither ſhall any, who this Courſe ſhall run,
Leave off the Race, *which he hath once begun;*
Till they the Heavens with Noiſe *by their Contention*
Have fill'd, and with their Steps *the Earth's Dimenſion.*
Then thoſe ſhall have no leſs Authority,
That have no Faith, *than thoſe that will not lie;*
For then ſhall all be govern'd by a rude,
Baſe, ignorant, and fooliſh Multitude;
The verieſt Lowt *of all ſhall be their* Judge,
O, *horrible and dangerous* Deluge!
Deluge *I call it, and that for good Reaſon,*
For this ſhall be omitted in no Seaſon;
Nor ſhall the Earth of this foul Stir be free,
Till ſuddenly you in great Store ſhall ſee,
The Waters iſſue *out, with whoſe* Streams *the*
Moſt moderate of all ſhall moiſten'd *be;*

And

And juſtly too, becauſe they did not ſpare
The Flocks *of Beaſts that* innocenteſt *are;*
But did their Sinews; *and their* Bowels *take,*
Not to the Gods a Sacrifice *to make;*
But uſually to ſerve themſelves for Sport,
And now conſider, I do you exhort.
In ſuch Commotions *ſo continual,*
What Reſt can take the Globe-terreſtrial?
Moſt happy then are they, that can it hold,
And uſe it carefully as precious Gold,
By keeping it in Goal, *whence it ſhall have*
No Help but him, who being to it gave:
And to increaſe his mournful Accident
The Sun, *before it ſet in th'* Occident,
Shall ceaſe to dart upon it any Light
More than in an Eclipſe, *or in the Night:*
So that at once its Favour ſhall be gone,
And Liberty *with it be left alone:*
And yet, before it come to ruin thus,
Its Quaking *ſhall be as impetuous*
As Ætna's *was, when* Titan's *Sons lay under,*
And yield, when loſt, *a fearful Sound like Thunder*
Inarimé *did not more* quickly move,
When Typheus *did vaſt huge Hills remove;*
And for Deſpite, into the Sea them threw.
Thus ſhall it then be loſt *by Ways not few,*
And changed *ſuddenly, when thoſe, that have it,*
To other Men *that after come ſhall leave it.*
Then ſhall it be high Time to ceaſe from this
So long, ſo great, ſo tedious Exerciſe;
For the great Waters *now foretold by me,*
Will make each think where his Retreat ſhall be;
And yet before that they be clean diſperſt,
You may behold in the Air, where Nought was erſt,
The burning Heat *of a great Flame to riſe,*
Lick up the Water, *and the Enterpriſe.*
It reſteth after thoſe Things to declare,
That thoſe ſhall ſit content, who choſen *are;*
With all good Things, and with cæleſtial Manne
And richly recompenſed *every* Man;
The other at the laſt all ſtripp'd *ſhall be,*
That after this great Work all Men may ſee,

How

How each ſhall have his Due, *this is their* Lot,
O, he is worthy Praiſe that ſhrinketh not.

No ſooner was this ænigmatical Monument read over, but *Gargantua*, fetched a deep Sigh, ſaid unto thoſe that ſtood by, it is not now only (I perceive) that People called to the Faith of the Goſpel, and convinced with the certainty of evangelical Truths, are perſecuted; but happy is that Man that ſhall not be ſcandalized, but ſhall always continue to the End in aiming at that Mark, which God by his dear Son hath ſet before us, without being diſtracted or diverted by his carnal Affections and depraved Nature.

The *Monk* then ſaid, what do you think in your Conſcience is meant and ſignified by this Riddle? What! (ſaid *Gargantua*) the Progreſs and carrying on of the Divine Truth. By (2) St. *Goderan* (ſaid the *Monk*) that is not my Expoſition; (3) it is the Style of the Prophet *Merlin*; make upon it as many grave Allegories and Gloſſes as you will, and dote upon it, you and the Reſt of the World as long as you pleaſe; for

(2) *St.* Goderan] There is a St. *Goderanç*, Biſhop of *Seez*, Brother of St. *Opportunus*, maſſacred by an Emiſſary of *Chrodebert*, who had invaded the Poſſeſſions of the Church.

(3) *It is the Style of the Prophet* Merlin.] *Rabelais* means *Merlin de Saint-Gelais*, who died in 1555, ſixty-ſeven Years old. This Poet's Chriſtian Name is generally written *Merlin*; many have writ it *Mellin*, in Imitation of thoſe who in *Latin* have it *Mellinus*: Yet there's no ſuch Saint as either *Melin* or *Mellin*. *Longueil* is perhaps the firſt that, by Alluſion to *Merlin*, has called St. *Galais Merlinus Gelaſianus*: *Marot* afterwards called him *Merlin* in his Eclogue to the King, and in a Tranſlation (which he addreſſes to him) of *Martial*'s 9th Epigr. *l.* 3. *John Bouchet* alſo calls him *Merlin*, in the 100th Epiſtle written to the Abbot *Ardillon* in *October* 1536.

Under a Suppoſition that thoſe Verſes are a Sort of Prophecy, one would be apt to think Friar *John* meant to aſcribe it to the *Engliſh Merlin*, famous about the Year 500, for his Prophecies printed in *Folio* at *Paris* in 1498; but that is far from being the Caſe, except as to the Style of the Ænigma, which is indeed myſterious, for as to the Piece itſelf, which the Monk was the better able to give the Explanation of, as he had met with it in the Works of the Poet *Melin de St. Gelais*, his Cotemporary, it was actually that Poet, that wrote it, except the two firſt, and the ten laſt Verſes, which are *Rabelais*'s own; and that's the Reaſon why they are diverſly read, according as the Author thought fit to alter them in the different Editions that were made of the firſt Book of his Romance.

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my Part, I can conceive no other meaning in it, but a Deſcription of a Set at *Tennis* in dark and obſcure Terms.

The Suborners of Men are the Makers of Matches, which are commonly *Friends*. After the two *Chaſes* are made, he that has the upper End of the *Tennis-Court* goeth out, and the other cometh in. They believe the firſt, that ſaith the *Ball* was over or under the *Line*. The *Waters* are the Heats that the Players take till they ſweat again. The Cords of the Rackets are made of the Guts of Sheep or Goats. The Globe terreſtrial is the *Tennis-Ball*. After playing, when the Game is done they refreſh themſelves before a clear Fire, and change their Shirts; then very willingly they make all good Cheer, but moſt merrily thoſe that have gained: and ſo farewel.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM